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## NOTO: AN UNEXPLORED CORNER OF JAPAN.

## I.

## AN UNKNOWN.

THE fancy took me to go to Noto.

It seemed a strange fancy to my friends. Yet I make no apology for it; for it was a case of love at first sight.

Scanning, one evening, in Tōkyō, the map of Japan, in a vague, itinerary way, with the look one first gives to the crowd of faces in a ballroom, my eye was caught by the pose of a province that stood out in graphic mystery from the western coast. It made a striking figure there, with its deep-bosomed bays and its bold headlands. Its name, it appeared, was Noto; and the name too pleased me. I liked its vowel color; I liked its consonant form, the liquid *n* and the decisive *t*. Whimsically, if you please, it suggested both womanliness and will. The more I looked the more I longed, until the desire carried me not simply off my feet, but on to them.

Nobody seemed to know much about my inamorata. Indeed, those I asked asked me, in their own want of information, why I went, and what there was to see: of which questions, the second itself did for answer to the first. Why not in fact have set my heart on going to Noto just because it was not known? Not that it is well to believe all the unseen to be much worth the seeing, but that I had an itching sole to tread what others had not already effacingly betrod-den.

Privately, I was delighted with the general lack of knowledge on the subject. It served admirably to put me in conceit with my choice; although I will own I was rather at a loss to account for it, and I can only explain it now by the fact that the place was so out of the way, and not very unlike others, after all. Being thus candid, I ought perhaps to go a step farther and renounce the name. But, on the two great principles that the pursuit is itself the prize and that the means justifies the end, I prefer to keep it. For there was much of interest to me by the way; and I cling to the name out of a kind of loyalty to my own fancy. I like to think that Xenophon felt as much in his *Anabasis*, though but one book out of eight deals with the going up, the other seven being occupied with the getting safely away again. It is not told that Xenophon regretted his adventure. Certainly I am not sorry I was wedded to my idea.

To most of my acquaintance Noto was scarcely so much as a name, and its local habitation was purely cartographic. I found but one man who had been there, and he had dropped down upon it, by way of harbor, from a boat. Some sympathetic souls, however, went so far toward it as to ask where it was.

To the westward of Tōkyō, so far west that the setting sun no longer seems to lose itself among the mountains, but plunges for good and all straight into the shining Nirvana of the sea, a strangely

shaped promontory makes out from the land. It is the province of Noto, standing alone in peninsular isolation.

It was partly in this position that the fascination lay. Withdrawn from its fellows, with its back to the land, it faced the glory of the western sky, as if in virginal vision gazing out upon the deep. Doubly withdrawn is it, for that the coast from which it stands apart is itself almost unvisited by Europeans, — an out-of-the-world state in marked contrast to the shore bordering the Pacific, which is now a curbstone on the great waterway round the earth, and incidentally makes a happy parenthesis of promenade for the hasty globe-trotter. The form, too, of the peninsula came in for a share in its attraction. Its coast line was so coquettishly irregular. If it turned its back on the land, it stretched its hands out to the sea, only to withdraw them again the next moment, — a double invitation. Indeed, there is no happier linking of land to water. The navigator in such parts becomes himself a delightfully amphibious creature, at home in both elements. Should he tire of the one, he can always take to the other. Besides, such features in a coast suggest a certain clean-cut character of profile, — a promise, in Japan at least, rarely unkept.

To reach this topographically charming province, the main island had to be crossed at its widest, and, owing to lofty mountain chains, much tacking to be done to boot. Atmospherically the distance is even greater than afoot. Indeed, the change in climate is like a change in zone; for the trend of the main island at this point, being nearly east and west, gives to the one coast a southerly exposure, and to the other a northerly one, while the highest wall of peaks in Japan, the Hida-Shinshiu range, shuts off most meteorological communication. Long after Tōkyō is basking in spring, the west coast still lies buried in deep drifts of snow.

It was my misfortune to go to this out-of-the-way spot alone. I was duly sensible of my commiserable state at times. Indeed, in those strange flashes of dual consciousness when a man sees his own condition as if it were another's, I pitied myself right heartily; for I hold that travel is like life in this, at least, that a congenial companion divides the troubles and doubles the joys. To please one's self is so much harder than to be pleased by another; and when it comes to doubt and difficulty, there are drawbacks to being one's own guide, philosopher, and friend. The treatment is too homœopathic by half.

An excuse for a companion existed in the person of my Japanese *boy*, or cook. He had been *boy* to me years before; and on this return of his former master to the land of the enlightened, he had come back to his allegiance, promoting himself to the post of cook. During the journey he acted in both capacities indifferently, — in one sense, not in the other. In addition to being capable he was willing and of great endurance. Besides, he was passionately fond of travel.

He knew no more about Noto than I, and at times, on the road, he could not make out what the country folk said, for the difference in dialect; which lack of special qualification much increased his charm as a fellow-traveler. He neither spoke nor understood English, of course, and surprised me, after surprising himself, on the last day but one of our trip, by coming out with the words "all right." His surname, appropriately enough, meant mountain-rice-field, and his last name — which we should call his first name — was Yejiro, or lucky-younger-son. Besides cooking excellently well, he made paper plum blossoms beautifully, and once constructed a string telephone out of his own head. I mention these samples of accomplishment to show that he was no mere dabbler in pots and pans.

In addition to his various culinary contrivances we took a large and motley stock of canned food, some of his own home-made bread, and a bottle of whiskey. We laid in but a small supply of beer; not that I purposed to forego that agreeable beverage, but because, in this Europeanized age, it can be got in all the larger towns. Indeed, the beer brewed in Yokohama to-day ranks with the best in the world. It is in great demand in Tōkyō, while its imported, or professedly imported, rivals have freely percolated into the interior, so popular with the upper and upper middle classes have malt liquors become. Nowadays, when a Japanese thinks to go in for Capuan dissipation regardless of expense, he treats himself to a bottle of beer.

These larder-like details are not meant to imply that I made a god of my palate, but that otherwise my digestion would have played the devil with me. In Japan, to attempt to live off the country in the country is a piece of amateur acting the average European bitterly regrets after the play, if not during its performance. We are not inwardly contrived to thrive solely on rice and pickles.

It is best, too, for a journey into the interior, to take with you your own bedding; sheets, that is, and blankets. The bed itself Yejiro easily improvised out of innumerable *fūtons*, as the quilts used at night by the Japanese are called. A single one is enough for a native, but Yejiro, with praiseworthy zeal, made a practice of asking for half a dozen, which he piled one upon the other in the middle of the room. Each had a perceptible thickness and a rounded loglike edge; and when the time came for turning in on top of the lot, I was always reminded of the latter end of a Grecian hero, the structure looked so like a funeral pyre. When to the above indispensables were added clothes, camera, dry plates, books, and sundries, it made a collection of household goods quite ap-

palling to consider on the march. I had no idea I owned half so much in the world from which it would pain me to be parted. As my property lay spread out for packing, I stared at it aghast.

To transport all these belongings, native ingenuity suggested a thing called a *yanagi-gori*; several of them, in fact. Now the construction of a *kori* is elementally ingenious. It consists simply of two wicker baskets, of the same shape, but of slightly different size, fitting into each other upside down. The two are then tied together with cord. The beauty of the idea lies in its extension; for in proportion as the two covers are pulled out or pushed home will the pair hold from a maximum capacity of both to a minimum capacity of one. It is possible even to start with more than a maximum, if the contents be such as are not given to falling out by the way. The contrivance is simply invaluable when it comes to transporting food; for then, as you eat your way down, the obliging covers shrink to meet the vacuum. If more than one *kori* be necessary, an easy step in devices leads to a series of graded sizes. Then all your baskets eventually collapse into one.

The last but most important article of all was my passport, which carefully described my proposed route, and which Yejiro at once took charge of and carried about with him for immediate service; for a wise paternal government insisted upon knowing my intentions before permitting me to visit the object of my choice.

## II.

### OFF AND ON.

It was on the day but one before the festival of the fifth moon that we set out, or, in English, the third of May; and those emblems of good luck, the festival fishes, were already swimming in the air above the house eaves, as we scurried

through the streets in jinrikisha toward the Uyeno railway station. We had been a little behindhand in starting, but by extra exertions on the part of the runners we succeeded in reaching the station just in time to be shut out by the gatekeeper. Time having been the one thing worthless in old Japan, it was truly sarcastic of fate that we should reach our first goal too late. As if to point chagrin, the train still stood in waiting. Remonstrances with the wicket man about the imported five-minute regulation, or whatever it was, proved of no avail. Not one jot or tittle of the rule would he yield, which perhaps was natural, inasmuch as, however we might have managed alone, our companions the baskets never could have boarded the train without official help. The intrinsic merits of the baggage failed, alas, to affect its mobility. Then the train slowly drew out.

To be stopped on the road is the common lot of travelers; but to be stopped before one has fairly started is nothing less than to be mocked at. It is best, however, to take such gibes in good part. Viewing the situation in this light, the ludicrousness of the disconnection struck me so forcibly as very nearly to console me for my loss, which was not trifling, since the next train did not leave for above three hours; too late to push on beyond Takasaki that night, a thing I had most firmly purposed to do. Here I was, the miserable victim of a punctuality my own people had foisted on a land only too happy without it! There was poetic justice in the situation, after all. Besides, the course of one's true love should not run too smooth. Judicious difficulty whets desire.

There was nothing to turn to on the spot, and I was ashamed to go home. Then I opportunely remembered something.

I have always thought we limited our pharmacopœia. We prescribe pills

enough for the body, while we leave the mind to look after itself. Why should not the spirit also have its draughts and mixtures, properly labeled and dispensed! For example, angling appears to be a strong mental opiate. I have seen otherwise normal people stupefied beyond expression when at the butt of a rod and line. Happening to recall this effect, I instantly prescribed for my perturbed state of mind a good dose of fishing, to be taken as suited the day. So I betook me down a by-street, where the aerial carp promised the thickest, and, selecting a house well placed for a view, asked permission to mount upon the roof. It chanced to be a cast-off clothing shop, along whose front some fine, if aged, garments were hung to catch the public eye. The camera and I were inducted up the ascent by the owner, while my boots, of course, waited dog-like in the porch below.

The city made a spectacle from above. On all sides superb paper carp floated to the breeze, tugging at the strings that held them to the poles quite after the manner of the real fish. One felt as though, by accident, he had stepped into some mammoth globe of goldfish. The whole sky was alive with them. Eighty square miles of finny folk inside the city, and an untold company without. The counterfeit presentments were from five to ten feet long, and painted to mimic life. The breeze entered at the mouth and passed out somewhat less freely at the tail, thus keeping them well bellied and constantly in motion. The way they rose and dove and turned and wriggled was worthy of free will. Indeed, they had every look of spontaneity, and lacked only the thing itself to turn the sky into an ocean, and Tōkyō into a sea bottom with a rockery of roof. Each fish commemorates the birth of a boy during the year. It would thus be possible to take a census of the increase of the male population yearly, at the trifling cost of scaling a

housetop, — a set of statistics not without an eventual value.

While we were strolling back, Yejiro and I, we came, in the way, upon another species of fish. The bait, which was well designed to captivate, bade for the moment to exceed even the angler's anticipations. It was a sort of un-Christmas tree with fishing-pole branches, from which dangled articulated figures, bodied like men, but with heads of foxes, tortoises, and other less likely beasts, — bewitching objects in impossible evolution to a bald-pated urchin who stood gazing at it with all his soul. The peddler sat with his eyes riveted on the boy, visions of a possible catch chasing themselves through his brain. I watched him, while the crowd behind stared at me. We made quite a tail of curiosity. The opiate was having its effect; I began to feel soporifically calm. Then I went up to the restaurant in the park and had lunch as quietly as possible, in fear of friendly discovery.

Sufficiently punctual passengers being now permitted to board the next train, I ensconced myself in a kind of parlor compartment, which, fortunately, I continued to have all to myself, and was soon being rolled westward across the great Musashi plain, ruminating. My chief quarrel with railway rules is, I am inclined to think, that they preach to the public what they fail to practice themselves. After having denied me a paltry five minutes' grace at the station, the officials proceeded to lose half an hour on the road in a most exasperating manner. Of course the delay was quite exceptional. Such a thing had never happened before, and would not happen again — till the next time. But the phenomenal character of the occurrence failed to console me, as it should no doubt have done. My delay, too, was exceptional — on this line. Nor was I properly mollified by repeated offers of hard-boiled eggs, cakes, and oranges, which certain enterprising peddlers

hawked up and down the platforms, when we stopped, to a rhythmic chant of their own invention.

The only consolation lay in the memory of what travel over the Musashi plain used to be before trains hurried one, or otherwise, into the heart of the land. In those days the journey was done in jinrikisha, and a question of days, not hours, it was in the doing. Two days' worth of baby carriage, of which the tediousness lay neither in the vehicles nor in the way, but in the amount of both. Or, if one put comparative speed above comparative comfort, he rose before the lark, to be tortured through a summer's day in a *basha*, or horse vehicle, suitable only for disembodied spirits. My joints ached again at the thought. Clearly, to grumble now was to sin against proportion.

Besides, the weather was perfect: arcosies of fleecy cloud sailing slowly across a deep blue sky; a broad plain in all its spring freshness of color, picked out here and there with fruit trees smothered in blossom, and bearing on its bosom the passing shadows of the clouds above; in the distance the gradually growing forms of the mountains, each at first starting into life only as a faint wash of color, barely to be parted from the sky itself, pricking up from out the horizon of field. Then, slowly, timed to our advance, the tint gathered substance, grew into contrasts that, deepening minute by minute, resolved into detail, until at last the whole stood revealed in all its majesty, foothill, shoulder, peak, one grand chromatic rise from green to blue.

One after the other the points came out thus along the southern sky: first the summits behind Ome; then Bukōsan, like some sentinel, half-way up the plain's long side; and then range beyond range stretching toward the west. Behind Bukōsan peeped Cloud's Rest, the very same outline in fainter tint, so like the double reflection from a pane of glass

that I had to shift to an open window to make sure it was no illusion. Then the Nikko group began to show on the right, and the Haruna mass took form in front; and as they rose higher and the sunbeams slanted more, gilding the motes in the heavy afternoon air, they rimmed the plain in front into one great bowl of fairy *eau de vie de Dantzic*. Slowly above them the sun dipped to his setting, straight ahead, burnishing our path as we pursued in two long lines of flashing rail into the west-northwest. Lower he sank, luring us on, and lower yet, and then suddenly disappeared beyond the barrier of peaks.

The train drew up, panting. It was Takasaki, now steeped in saffron afterglow. The guards passed along, calling out the name and unfastening the doors. Everybody got out, and shuffled off on their clogs. The baskets, Yejiro, and I followed, after a little, through the gloaming.

It was not far to the inn. It was just far enough, at that hour, to put us in heart for a housing. Indeed, twilight is the time of times to arrive anywhere. Any spot, be it ever so homely, seems homelike then. The dusk has snatched from you the silent companionship of nature, to leave you poignantly alone. It is the hour when a man draws closer to the one he loves, and the hour when most he shrinks from himself, though he want another near. It is then the rays of the house lights wander abroad and appear to beckon the houseless in; and that must be, in truth, a sorry hostelry to seem such to him.

Even Takasaki bore a look of welcome alike to the foreign and the native stranger, which was certainly wonderful for Takasaki. The place used not to fancy foreigners, and its inns bandied the European traveler about like a bale of undesirable merchandise with the duties still due. But now what a change! The innkeeper not only received us, but led the way at once to the best room,—

a room in the second story of the fire-proof storehouse at the back, which he hoped would be comfortable. Comfortable! The room actually proffered us a table and chairs. No one who has not, after a long day's tramp, sought in vain to rest his weary body propped up against a side beam in a Japanese inn can enter into the feeling a chair inspires, even long afterward, by recollection.

I cannot say I loved Takasaki in former days. Was it my reception or was it sentiment that made me see it all now through a mist of glamour? Unsuspected by us, that atmosphere of time tints everything. Few things but look lovelier seen down the vista of the years. Indeed, sentiment is a kind of religion; or is it religion that is a kind of sentiment? Both are so subtly busy canonizing the past, and crowning with aureoles very every-day things as well as very ordinary people. Not men alone take on a sanctity when they are no more.

### III.

#### THE USUI PASS.

The first object to catch my eye, when the *shōji* were pushed apart, the next morning, was a string of the ubiquitous paper fish, dangling limp in the motionless May air from a pole in a neighboring yard; highly suggestive of having just been caught for breakfast. The sight would have been painfully prophetic but for the food we had brought with us; for, of all meals, a Japanese breakfast is the most cold, the most watery, and the most generally fishy in the world. As it was, breakfast consisted of pathetic copies of consecrated originals. It might have been excellent but for the canned milk.

No doubt there are persons who are fond of canned milk; but, for my part, I loathe it. The effect of the sweetish



glue upon my inner man is singularly nauseating. I have even been driven to drink my matutinal coffee in all its after-dinner strength rather than adulterate it with the mixture. You have, it is true, the choice of using the stuff as a dubious paste, or of mixing it with water into a non-committal wash; and, whichever plan you adopt, you wish you had adopted the other. Why it need be so unpalatably cloying is not clear to my mind. They tell me the sugar is needed to preserve the milk. I never could make out that it preserved anything but the sugar. Simply to see the stuff ooze out of the hole in the can is deterrent. It is enough to make one think seriously at times of adding a good milch cow to his already ample trip encumbrance, at the certain cost of delaying the march, and the not improbable chance of being taken for an escaped lunatic. Indeed, to the Japanese mind, to be seen solemnly preceding a caravan of cattle for purposes of diet would certainly suggest insanity. For cows in Japan are never milked. Dairy products, consequently, are not to be had on the road, and the man who fancies milk, butter, or cheese must take them with him.

It used to be the same in Tōkyō, but in these latter days a dairy has been started at Hakone, which supplies fresh butter to such Tōkyōites as like it. One of my friends, who had been many years from home, was much taken with the new privilege, and called my attention to it with some pride. The result was a colorless lardy substance that looked like poor oleomargarine (not like good oleomargarine, for that looks like butter), but which was held in high esteem, nevertheless. My friend, indeed, seriously maintained to me once that such was the usual color of fresh butter, and insisted that the yellow hue common elsewhere must be the result of dyes. He was so positive on the point that he almost persuaded me, until I had left him and rea-

son returned. It took me some time to recover from the pathos of the thing: a man so long deprived of that simple luxury that he had quite forgotten how it looked, and a set of cows utterly incapable, from desuetude, of producing it properly.

After I had duly swallowed as much as I could of the doubtful dose supposed to be *café au lait*, the cans were packed up again, and we issued from the inn to walk a stone's throw to the train.

Takasaki stands well toward the upper end of the plain, just below where the main body of it thrusts its arms out into the hills. Up one of these we were soon wending. Every minute the peaks came nearer, frowning at us from their crumbling volcanic crags. At last they closed in completely, standing round about in threatening pinnacles, and barring the way in front. At this, the train, contrary to the usual practice of trains in such seemingly impassable places, timidly drew up.

In truth, the railway comes to an end at the foot of the Usui tōge (*tōge* meaning "pass"), after having wandered up, with more zeal than discretion, into a holeless pocket. Such untimely end was far from the original intention; for the line was meant for a through line along the Nakasendō from Tōkyō to Kiōto, and great things were expected of it. But the engineering difficulties at this point, and still more at the Wada tōge, a little farther on, proving too great, the project was abandoned, and the through line built along the Tokaidō instead. The idea, however, had got too much headway to be stayed. So it simply jumped the Usui tōge, rolled down the Shinano valley, climbed another divide, and came out, at last, on the Sea of Japan.

The hiatus caused by the Usui pass is got over by a horse railroad! Somehow, the mere idea seemed comic. A horse railroad in the heart of Japan over a pass a mile high! To have suddenly

come upon the entire Comédie Française giving performances in a tea house at the top could hardly have been more surprising. The humor of the thing was not a whit lessened by its looks.

To begin with, the cars were fairly natural. This was a masterly stroke in caricature, since it furnished the necessary foil to all that followed. They were not, to my eye, of any known species, but, with the exception of being evidently used to hard lines, they looked enough like trams to pass as such. Inside sat, in all seriousness, a wonderful cageful of Japanese. To say that they were not to the horse car born conveys but a feeble notion of their unnaturalness. They were propped, rather than seated, bolt upright, with a decorum which would have done more than credit to a funeral. They did not smile; they did not even stir, except to screw their heads round to stare at me. They were dummies pure and simple, and may pass for the second item in the properties.

The real personnel began with the horses. These were very sorry-looking animals, but tough enough admirably to pull through the performance. Managing them with some difficulty stood the driver on the front platform, arrayed in a bottle-green livery, with a stiff military cap which gave him the combined look of a German officer and of a musician from a street band. His energy was spent in making about three times as much work for himself as was needed. On the tail of the car rode the guard, also notably appareled, whose importance outdid even his uniform. He had the advantage of the driver in the matter of a second-class fish-horn, upon which he tooted vigorously whenever he thought of it; and he was not a forgetful man.

Comédie Française, indeed! Why, here it all was in Japanese farce! From the passivity of the passengers to the pantomime of the driver and guard, it could hardly have been done better;

and the actors all kept their countenances, too, in such a surprising manner. A captious critic might have suggested that they looked a thought too much at the audience; but, on the whole, I think that rather added to the effect. At all events, they were excellently good, especially the guard, whose consequential airs could not have been happier if they had been studied for years.

There was no end of red tape about the company. Though the cars were some time in starting, so that I got well ahead of them, they could not admit me on the road, when my baggage *kuruma* turned out to be too slow, because I had not bought a ticket at the office. So I was obliged to continue to tramp afoot, solacing myself with short cuts, by which I gained on them, to my satisfaction, and by which I gained still more on my own baggage, to my disgust, in that I ceased to be near enough to hasten it.

I had to wait for the latter at the parting of the ways; for the tram had a brand-new serpentine track laid out for it, while the old trail at this point struck up to the right, coming out eventually at a shrine that crowned the summit of the pass. Horse railroads not being as new to me as to the Japanese, I piously chose the narrow way leading to the temple, to the lingering regret of the baggage trundlers, who turned sorry eyes down upon the easier secular road at every bend in our own.

A Japanese pass has one feature which is invariable: it is always longer than you think it is going to be. I can, of my own experience, recall but two exceptions to this distressing family likeness, both of which were occasions of company which no doubt forbade proper appreciation of their length, and vitiates them as scientific observations. When toiling up a *tôge* I have been tempted to impute acute ascentomania to the Japanese mind, but sober second thought has attributed this inference to



an overheated imagination. It seems necessary, therefore, to lay the blame on the land, which, like some people, is deceptive from very excess of uprightness. There is so much more soil than can possibly be got in by simple directness of purpose, or even by one, more or less respectable, slope.

It was cold enough at the summit to cool anything, imaginary or otherwise. Even devotion shivered, as, in duty bound, it admired the venerable temple and its yet more venerable tree. The roofs of the chalets stood weighted with rocks to keep them there, and the tree, raised aloft on its stone-girded parapet, stretched bare branches imploringly toward the sky. So much for being a mile or so nearer heaven, while still of the earth and earthy.

Half-way down the descent, Asamaya came out from behind the brow of a hill, sending his whiffs of smoke dreamily into the air; and a little lower still, beyond a projecting spur on the opposite side, the train appeared, waiting in the plain, with its engine puffing a sort of antiphonal response. The station stood at the foot of the tramway, which tumbled to it after the manner of a cascade over what looked to be a much lower pass, thus apparently supporting the theory of "supererogatory climb." The baggage passed on, and Yejiro and I followed leisurely, admiring the view.

Either the old trail failed to connect with the railway terminus, which I suspect, or else we missed the path, for we had to supply a link ourselves. This resulted in a woefully bad cut across a something between a moor and a bog, supposed to be drained by ditches, most of which lay at right angles to our course. We were not much helped, half-way over, by a kindly intentioned porter, who dawned upon us suddenly in the distance, rushing excitedly out from behind the platform, gesticulating in a startling way and shouting that time was up. We made what sorry speed was possi-

ble under the circumstances, getting very hot from exertion, and hotter still from anxiety, and then waited impatiently ten good minutes in our seats in the railway carriage for the train to start. I forget whether I tipped that well-meaning but misguided man.

The tram contingent had already arrived, — had in fact finished feeding at the many mushroom tea houses gathered about the station, — and were now busy finding themselves seats. Their bustle was most pleasing to witness, till suddenly I discovered that there were no first-class carriages; that it was my seat, so to speak, for which they were scrambling. The choice, it appeared, began with second-class coaches, doomed therefore to be doubly popular. Second-class accommodation, by no means merely nominal, was evidently the height of luxury to the patrons of the country half of this disjointed line, which starts so seductively from Tōkyō. Greater comfort is strictly confined to the more metropolitan portion.

The second-class coaches had of course the merit of being cheaper, but this was more than offset by the fact that in place of panes of glass their windows had slats of wood with white cotton stretched over them, — an ingenious contrivance for shutting out the view and a good bit of the light, both of which are pleasing, and for letting in the cold, which is not.

"If you go with the crowd, you will be taken care of," as a shrewd financier of my acquaintance used to say about stocks. This occurred to me by way of consolation, as the guard locked us into the carriage, in the approved paternal government style. Fortunately the locking in was more apparent than real, for it consisted solely in the turning of a bar, which it was quite possible to unturn, as all travelers in railway coaches are aware, by dropping the window into its oubliette and stretching the arm well down outside, — a trick of which I did not scruple to avail myself. My fellow-

passengers the Japanese were far too decorous to attempt anything of the kind, which compelled me to do so surreptitiously, like one who committeth a crime.

These fellow-passengers fully made up for the room they took by their value as scientific specimens. I would willingly have chloroformed them all, and presented them on pins to some sartorial museum; for each typified a stage in a certain unique process of evolution, at present the Japanese craze. They were all just so many samples of unnatural development in dress, from the native Japanese to the imitated European. The costume usually began with a pot-hat, and ended in extreme cases with congress boots. But each man exhibited a various phase of it according to his self-emancipation from former etiquette. Sometimes a most disreputable Derby, painfully reminiscent of better bygone days, found itself in company with a refined *kimono* and a spotless cloven sock. Sometimes the metamorphosis embraced the body, and even extended down the legs, but had not yet attacked the feet, in its creeping paralysis of imitation. In another corner, a collarless, cravatless semiflannel shirt had taken the place of the under tunic, to the worse than loss of looks of its wearer. Opposite this type sat the supreme variety which evidently prided itself upon its height of fashion. In him the change had gone so far as to recall the east end rough all over, an illusion dispelled only by the innocence of his face.

Whilst still busy pigeonholing my specimens, I chanced to look through the open window, and suddenly saw pass by, as in the shifting background of some scenic play, the lichen-veiled stone walls and lotus-mantled moats of the old feudal castle of Uyeda. Poor, neglected, despised bit of days gone by! — days that are but yesterdays, æons since as measured here. Already it was disappearing down the long perspective of

the past; and yet only twenty years before it had stood in all the pride and glory of the Middle Ages. Then it had been

A daimyo's castle, wont of old to wield  
Across the checkerboard of paddy field  
A rook-like power from its vantage square  
On pawns of hamlets; now a ruin, there,  
Its triple battlements gaze grimly down  
Upon a new-begotten bustling town,  
Only to see self-mirrored in their moat  
An ivied image where the lotus float.

Some subtle sense of fitness within me was touched as it might have been a nerve; and instantly the motley crew inside the car became not merely comic, but shocking. It seemed unseemly, this shuffling off the stage of the tragic old by the farce-like new. However little one may mourn the dead, something forbids a harlequinade over their graves. The very principle of cosmic continuity has a decency about it. Nature holds with one hand to the past even as she grasps at the future with the other. Some religions consecrate by the laying on of hands; Nature never withdraws her touch.

#### IV.

##### ZENKOJI.

We were now come more than half-way from sea to sea, and we were still in the thick of Europeanization. So far we had traveled in the track of the comic. For if Japan seems odd for what it is, it seems odder for what it is no longer.

One of the things which imitation of Western ways is annihilating is distance. Japan, like the rest of the world, is shrinking. This was strikingly brought home that afternoon. A few short hours of shifting panorama, a varying foreground of valley that narrowed or widened like the flow of the stream that had made it, peaks that opened and shut on one another like the changing flies in some spectacular play, and we had com-

passed two days' worth of old-time travel when a man made every foot of ground his own, and were drawing near Zenkoji.

I was glad to be there; hardly as glad to be there so soon. There are lands made to be skimmed, tame samenesses of plain or weary wastes of desert, where even the iron horse gallops too slow. Japan is not one of them. A land which Nature herself has already crumpled into its smallest compass, and then covered with vegetation rich as velvet, is no land to hurry over. One may well linger where each mile builds the scenery afresh. And in this world, whose civilization grows at the expense of the picturesque, it is something to see a culture that knows how least to mar.

Upon this mood of unsatisfied satisfaction my night fell, and shortly after the train rolled into the Zenkoji station, amid a darkness deepened by falling rain. The passengers bundled out. The station looked cheerless enough. But from across the open space in front shone a galaxy of light. A crowd of tea houses posted on the farther side had garlanded themselves all over with lanterns, each trying to outvie its neighbor in apparent hospitality. The display was perceptibly of pecuniary intent; but still it was grateful. To be thought worth catching partakes, after all, of the nature of a compliment. What was not so gratifying was the embarrassment of choice that followed; for each of these gayly beckoning caravansaries proved to be a catch-pilgrim for its inn up town. Being on a hill, Zenkoji is not by way of easy approach by train; and the pilgrims to it are legion. In order, therefore, to anticipate the patronage of unworthy rivals, each inn has felt obliged to be personally represented on the spot.

The one for which mine host of Takasaki had, with his blessing, made me a note turned out so poorly prefaced that I hesitated. The extreme zeal on the

part of its proprietor to book me made me still more doubtful. So, sending Yejiro off to scout, I walked to and fro, waiting. I did not dare sit down on the sill of any of the booths, for fear of committing myself.

While he was still away searching vainly for the proper inn, the lights were suddenly all put out. At the same fatal moment the jinrikisha, of which a minute before there had seemed to be plenty, all mysteriously vanished. By one fell stroke there was no longer either end in sight nor visible means of reaching it.

"In the street of by and by  
Stands the hostelry of never,"

as a rondel of Henley's hath it; but not every one has the chance to see the Spanish proverb so literally fulfilled. There we were — nowhere. I think I never suffered a bitterer change of mood in my life.

At last, after some painful groping in the dark, and repeated resolves to proceed on foot to the town and summon help, I chanced to stumble upon a stray *kuruma*, which had incautiously returned, under cover of the darkness, to the scene of its earlier exploits. I secured it on the spot, and by it was trundled across a bit of the plain and up the long hill crowned by the town, to the pleasing jingle of a chime of rings hung somewhere out of sight beneath the body of the vehicle. When the trundler asked where to drop me, I gave at a venture the name that sounded the best, only to be sure of having guessed awry when he drew up before the inn it designated. The existence of a better was legible on the face of it. We pushed on.

Happily the hosteries were mostly in one quarter, the better to keep an eye on one another; for in the course of the next ten minutes I suppose we visited nearly every inn in the place. The choice was not a whit furthered by the change from the outposts to the originals. At last, however, I got so far in decision as to pull off my boots, — an act

elsewhere as well, I believe, considered an acquiescence in fate, — and suffered myself to be led through the house along the indoor piazza of polished board exceeding slippery, up several breakneck, ladder-like stairways even more polished and frictionless, round some corners dark as a dim *andon* (a feeble tallow candle blinded by a paper box), placed so as not to light the turn, could make them, until finally we emerged on the third story, a height that itself spoke for the superiority of the inn, and I was ushered into what my bewildered fancy instantly pictured a mediæval banquet hall. It conjured up the idea on what I must own to have been insufficient grounds, namely, a plain deal table and a set of questionably made, though rather gaudily upholstered chairs. But chairs, in a land whose people have from time immemorial found their own feet quite good enough to sit on, were so unexpected a luxury, even after our Takasaki experience, that they may be pardoned for suggesting any flight of fancy.

The same might formerly have been said of the illumination next introduced. Now, however, common kerosene lamps are no longer so much of a sight even in Japan. Indeed, I had the assurance to ask for a shade to go with the one they set on the table in all the glaring nudity of a plain chimney. This there was some difficulty in finding, the search resulting in a green paper visor much too small, that sat on askew just far enough not to hide the light. The Japanese called it a hat, without the least intention of humor.

By the light thus given the room stood revealed, an eyrie, encased on all sides except the one of approach by *shōji* only. Into these had been let a belt of glass eighteen inches wide all the way round the room, at the height at which a person sitting on the mats could see out. It is much the fashion now thus to graft a Western window upon a Far-

Eastern wall. The idea is ingenious and economical, and has but two drawbacks, — that you feel excessively indoors if you stand up, and strangely out-of-doors if you sit down.

I pushed the panels apart, and stepped out upon the narrow balcony. Below me lay the street, the lanterns of the passers-by flitting like fireflies through the dark; and from it stole up to me the hum of pleasure life, a perfume of sound, strangely distinct in the still night air.

Accredited pilgrim though one be not, to pass by so famous a shrine as Zen-koji without the tribute of a thought were to be more or less than human, even though one have paid his *devoirs* before. Sought every year by thousands from all parts of Japan, it serves but to make the pilgrimage seem finer that the bourne itself should not be fine. Large and curious architectural-ly for its roof, the temple is otherwise a very ordinary structure, more than ordinarily besotted. There is nothing rich about it; not much that is imposing. Yet in spite of poverty and dirt it speaks with a certain grandeur to the heart. True shrine, whose odor of sanctity is as widespread as the breeze that wanders through its open portals, and which comes so near the wants of the world that the very pigeons flutter in to homes among its rafters. The air-beats of their wings heighten the hush they would seem to break, and only enhance the sacred quiet of the nave, — a stillness such that the coppers of the faithful fall with exaggerated ring through the lattice of the almsbox, while the swiftly mumbled prayers of the givers rise in all simplicity straight to heaven.

In and about the courtyard live the sacred doves, and he who will may have their company for the spreading of a feast of crumbs. And the rush of their wings, as they descend to him from the sky, seems like drawing some strange benediction down.

## V.

## NO.

My quest still carrying me westward along the line of the new railway, I took the train again, and in the compartment of the carriage I found two other travelers. They were a typical Japanese couple in middle life, and in something above middle circumstances. He affected European clothes in part, while she still clung to the costume of her ancestors. Both were smoking, — she her little pipe, and he the fashionable cigarette. Their mutual relations were those of substance to shadow. She followed him inevitably, and he trod on her feelings regardless of them. She had been pretty when he took her to wife, and though worn and withered she was happy still. As for him, he was quite satisfied with her, as he would have been quite satisfied without her.

The roadbed soon left the Shinano plain, across which peered the opposite peaks, still hooded with snow, and wound up through a narrow valley, to emerge at last upon a broad plateau. Three mountains flanked the farther side in file, the last and highest of the three, Myokōsan, an extinct volcano; indeed, hardly more than the ruins of one. Time has so changed its shape, and the snow whitens its head so reverently, it would be possible to pass it by without a suspicion of its wild youth. From the plateau it rose proudly in one long sweep from moor to shoulder, from shoulder to crag, from crag to snow, up into the leaden sky, high into its second mile of air. Subtly the curve carried fancy with it, and I found myself in mind slowly picking my way upward, threading an *arête* here and scaling a slope there with all the feelings of a genuine climb. While I was still ascending in this insubstantial manner, clouds fell upon the summit from the

sky, and from the summit tumbled down the ravines into the valley, and met me at Naoyetsu in a drizzling rain.

Naoyetsu is not an enlivening spot to be landed at in a stress of weather; hardly satisfactory, in fact, for the length of time needed to hire jinrikisha. It consisted originally of a string of fishermen's huts along the sea. To these the building of the railway has contributed a parallel row of reception booths, a hundred yards in shore; and to which of the two files to award the palm for cheerlessness it would be hard to know. The huts are good of a kind which is poor, and the booths are poor of a kind which is good. To decide between such rivals is a matter of mood. For my part, I hastened to be gone in a jinrikisha, itself not an over-cheerful conveyance in a pour.

The rain shut out the distance, and the hood and oil-paper apron eclipsed the foreground. The loss was not great, to judge by what specimens of the view I caught at intervals. The landscape was a geometric pattern in paddy fields. These, as yet unplanted, were swimming in water, out of which stuck the stumps of last year's crop. It was a tearful sight. Fortunately the road soon rose superior to it, passed through a cutting, and came out unexpectedly above the sea, — a most homesick sea, veiled in rain-mist, itself a disheartening drab. The cutting which ushered us somewhat proudly upon this inhospitable outlook proved to be the beginning of a pass sixty miles long, between the Hida-Shinshiu Mountains and the Sea of Japan.

I was now to be rewarded for my venture in an unlooked-for way; for I found myself introduced here to a stretch of coast worth going many miles to see.

The provinces of Hida and Etchū are cut off from the rest of Japan by sets of mountain ranges, impassable throughout almost their whole length. So bent on barring the way are the chains that, not content with doing so in

mid-course, they all but shut it at their ocean end; for they fall in all their entirety plumb into the sea. Following one another for a distance of sixty miles, range after range takes thus its header into the deep. The only level spots are the deltas deposited by the streams between the parallels of peak. But these are far between. Most of the way the road belts the cliffs, now near their base, now cut into the precipice hundreds of feet above the tide. The road is one continuous observation point. Along it our *jinrikisha* bowled. In spite of the rain, the view had a grandeur that compensated for much discomfort. It was, moreover, amply diversified. Now we rushed out to the tip of some high cape, now we swung round into the curve of the next bay; now we wound slowly upward, now we slipped merrily down. The headlands were endless, and each gave us a seascape differing from the one we folded out of sight behind; and a fringe of foam, curving with the coast, stretched like a ribbon before us to mark the way.

We halted for the night at a fishing village called No: two lines of houses hugging the mountain side, and a single line of boats drawn up, stern on, upon the strand; the day and night domiciles of the amphibious strip of humanity, in domestic tiff, turning their backs to one another, a stone's throw apart. As our *kuruma* men knew the place, while we did not, we let them choose the inn. They pulled up at what caused me a shudder. If this was the best inn, what must the worst be like! I thought. However, I bowed my head to fate in the form of a rafter lintel, and passed in. A dim light, which came in part from a hole in the floor, and in part from an ineffective lamp, revealed a lofty, grotto-like interior. Over the hole hung a sort of witches' caldron, swung by a set of iron bars from the shadowy form of a soot-begrimed rafter. Around the kettle crouched a circle of gnomes.

Our entrance caused a stir, out of which one of the gnomes came forward, bowing to the ground. When he had lifted himself up enough to be seen, he turned out quite human. He instantly bustled to fetch another light, and started to lead the strangers across the usual slippery sill and up the nearly perpendicular stairs. Why I was not perpetually falling down these same stairways, or sliding gracefully or otherwise off the corridors in a heap, will always be a mystery to me. Yet, with the unimportant exception of sitting down occasionally to put on my boots, somewhat harder than I meant, I remember few such mishaps. It was not the surface that was unwilling; for the constant scuffle of stocking feet has given the passageways a polish mahogany might envy.

The man proved anything but inhuman, and very much mine host. How courteous he was, and in what a pleased mind with the world, even its whims of weather, his kind attentions put me! He really did so little, too. Beside numberless bows and profuse politeness, he simply laid a small and very thin quilt upon the mats for me to sit on, and put a feeble brazier by my side. So far as mere comfort went, the first act savored largely of supererogation, as the mats were already exquisitely clean, and the second of insufficiency, since the brazier served only to point the cold it was powerless to remove. But the manner of the doing so charmed the mind that it almost persuaded the grumbling body of content.

As mine host bowed himself out, a maid bowed herself in, with a tray of tea and sugar plums, and a grace that beggared appreciation.

"You are well come," she said, as she sank to her knees and bowed her pretty head till it nearly touched the mats; and the voice was but a thought too human for heaven, so unconsciously was it the better part of a caress.

"Would you deign to take some tea?"



Truly you must be very tired;" and, pouring out a cup, she placed it beside me as it might have been some beautiful rite, and then withdrew, leaving me, beside the tea, the perfume of a presence, the sense that something exquisite had come and gone.

I sat there thinking of her in the abstract, and wondering how many maids outside Japan were dowried with like grace and the like voice. With such a one for cupbearer, I could have continued to sip tea, I thought, for the rest of my natural, or, alas, unnatural existence.

There I stayed, squatting on my feet on the mats, admiring the mimic volcano which in the orthodox artistic way the charcoal was arranged to represent, and trying my best to warm myself over the idea. But the idea proved almost as cold comfort as the brazier itself. The higher æsthetic part of me was in paradise, and the bodily half somewhere on the chill confines of outer space. The spot would no doubt have proved wholly heaven to that witty individual who was so anxious to exchange the necessities of life for a certainty of its luxuries. For here, according to our scheme of things, was everything one had no right to expect, and nothing that one had. My European belongings looked very gross littering the mats; and I seemed to myself a boor beside the unconscious breeding of those about me. Yet it was only a poor village inn, and its people were but peasants, after all.

I pondered over this as I dined in solitary state; and when I had mounted my funeral pyre for the night, I remember romancing about it as I fell asleep.

I was still a knight-errant, and the princess was saying all manner of charming things to me in her still more charming manner, when I became aware that it was the voice of the evening before wishing me good-morning. I opened my eyes to see a golden gleam flooding the still-shut *shōji*, and a diamond glitter stealing through the cracks that set the

blood dancing in my veins. Then, with a startling clatter, my princess rolled the panels aside.

Windows are but half-way shifts at best. The true good-morning comes afield, and next to that is the thrill that greets the throwing your whole room wide to it. To let it trickle in at a casement is to wash in a dish. The true way is to take the sunshine with the shock of a plunge into the sea, and feel it glow and tingle all over you.

The rain had taken itself off in the night, and the air sparkled with freshness. The tiny garden court lay in cool, rich shadow, flecked here and there with spots of dazzle where a ray reflected found a pathway in, while the roofs above glistened with countless star-points.

Nor was mine host less smiling than the day, though he had not overcharged me for my room. I was nothing to him, yet he made me feel half sorry to go. A small pittance, too, the tea money seemed, for all that had gone with it. We pay in this world with copper for things gold cannot buy. Humanities are so cheap — and so dear.

The whole household gathered in force on its outer sill to wish us good luck as we took the street, and threw *sayonaras* ("if it must be so") after us as we rolled away.

There is a touch of pathos in this parting acquiescence in fate. If it must be so, indeed! I wonder did mine host suspect that I did not all leave, — that a part of me, a sort of ghostly lodger, remained with him who had asked me so little for my stay? Probably in body I shall never stir him again from beside his fire, nor follow as he leads the way through the labyrinth of his house; but in spirit, at times, I still steal back, and I always find the same kind welcome awaiting me in the guest room in the ell, and the same bright smile of morning to gild the tiny garden court. The only things beyond the grasp of change are our own memories of what once was.

Percival Lowell.

## A NEW UNIVERSITY COURSE.

WHATEVER may be said as to the limitations of college curricula, no conception of a university is complete which does not include some representation of all the great departments of mental activity, whether this activity is expended upon material or psychical phenomena. Indeed, if its name mean anything, the university is, potentially, to systematize all knowledge, and to group separate intellectual energies into well-considered orders. The special investigator may be pursuing his studies without any thought of the relation which they hold to other studies, and, under the impulse of a common interest, a great many experiments may be making on parallel lines, which await the correlating thought of some generalizing mind. It is the business of the university to take account of such movements, and, by the very classification which it makes, to direct attention to the order into which certain studies fall. If it be the function of such scientists as Fourier, Clausius, Faraday, Helmholtz, Sir William Thomson, Clerk-Maxwell, and Joseph Henry to lay the foundations for such inventors as Watt, Fulton, Morse, William Thomson, Bell, and Edison, it is once more the function of men of science, collectively engaged in formulating the results thus reached and putting them into systematized form, to make them the intellectual property of new students.

The published literature of the past year shows how vigorously researches in mechanics, chemistry, electrics, thermotics, acoustics, and optics are being prosecuted by the aid both of mathematics and of experiment. An examination of the courses of study in our leading universities will show that these subjects hold a prominent place, and are provided for in laboratory work and class-room exercises. On the other hand, the lit-

erature of one great department of higher science shows but slow progress, and I see no indication that the universities recognize its importance, and are making preparation for its adequate presentation. No doubt the impetus to scientific study in the subjects mentioned above has been very forcible from the immediate pressure of material interest; science can scarcely help being absorbed in electricity when capital is seeking outlet through electrical appliances; but though the university is bound to follow whither capital beckons, it owes a larger debt to those fields of research which concern vaster problems, but have not the attraction of immediate and visible material gain.

My plea, then, is for a recognition by our highest institutions of learning of the claims of terrestrial physics as a distinct department of research and of instruction. The problems specifically included under this term embrace all those in which we consider the land, the ocean, and the atmosphere, respectively, as units, or as parts of the greater unit which astronomers call "the earth," — problems in which the phenomena depend more or less upon the size, the shape, the diurnal rotation, and annual revolution of our globe, or upon the viscosity, the elasticity, the density, and the mutual attraction of its parts. The phenomena to be studied are often of entrancing beauty, and always of such importance as to justify one in spending time and labor upon their investigation.

Terrestrial physics is the study of the globe upon which we live as distinguished from the study of the matter by which we live; as the matter studied in molecular physics is a part of man, so man is a part of the globe. Man can alter the molecular conditions of food substances until he adapts them to the



conditions of his own physiology, but he cannot alter the greater terrestrial conditions surrounding him. He may experiment with earth, and air, and water, but not with the earth, the ocean, and the atmosphere; these he may only study and understand so as to adapt himself to them. The establishment of observatories, laboratories, schools, and other institutions for the promotion of terrestrial physics will contribute directly to the advancement of civilization by just so far as they contribute to an increased knowledge of the environment of the human race.

The present condition of mathematical, astronomical, chemical, and molecular studies is traceable to the careful nurture of observatories and laboratories, and to the general instruction in these matters; the patrons of these sciences are the sovereigns and universities of the nations of the world. But the number of those who have been free to devote themselves to either experimental or mathematical work in terrestrial physics is comparatively small, and their financial means still smaller relatively to the former class of workers. Could we see a corresponding attention given to the nurture of the latter, and a corresponding encouragement to students to devote themselves to this work, we should certainly see corresponding excellent results. But, not to stop at generalizations, let us glance particularly at some branches of our subject.

I. *Vulcanology.*• The most difficult problems are those relating to the conditions of the interior of the earth, and the reaction of that on the surface. The growth of our knowledge of these questions was ably set forth at the Toronto meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Mr. R. S. Woodward, and his historical sketch affords a fine illustration of the attention given by astronomers to physical problems. But astronomy and pure mathematics will never alone settle these questions; in the nature of things, they

never can, and I propose that they be relegated to the conjunction of astronomers with experimental and mathematical physicists and chemists, and that means be provided for the study of terrestrial matter under high pressures and temperatures. It is possible — nay, probable — that the internal heat of the earth is not necessarily so excessive as was formerly supposed, and certainly the internal pressure is vastly greater than is generally realized.

The fluidity of the earth's interior is due to pressure quite as much as to heat. Our globe is of the nature of a plastic and viscous mass, and this has sufficed to enable it to become spheroidal without the need of assuming that it was once a limpid fluid. Give it time enough, and it will slowly take any required shape; release the interior masses from heavy pressure, and they will become as rigid as we see them at the surface. The lava and trap disgorged from beneath the earth's surface may have given a wrong impression as to the general state of the deepest interior regions; for they may come from moderate depths, and their heat and liquidity may be in great part the result of unknown chemical changes that slowly mature at moderate temperatures under enormous crushing pressures. We know little about the effect of such long-continued temperatures and pressures, because they are beyond the reach of our present experimental researches, but I understand that an earnest effort is being made in this line of work by our Geological Survey.

In common with others, I have for years hoped that observations of terrestrial magnetism would give us some idea as to the condition of the depths of the earth; but I shall show that we must give this up, so that we are forced to base our hopes upon experimental work on the chemical and physical behavior of solids under great pressure, and upon mathematical work on the laws of elas-

ticity of a large non-homogeneous mass of viscous matter such as is our so-called globe. The experimental work may be considered as already begun; the foundations of the mathematical work known as the theory of elasticity in viscous solids have been laid by Clebsch and Saint Venant and their numerous followers.

II. Geognosy. From the deeper depths, hidden from touch or sight within the earth, we ascend to the surface, or crust, where a variety of important phenomena and problems present themselves. Have the general locations and features of the continents and the ocean beds always been as now? What is the mechanism of the rise and fall of mountain chains, and the crumpling of strata that once were horizontal? The phenomena we observe belong to geology, but their explanation belongs to geognosy, and is a matter for experimental mechanics and physics.

It has already become evident that the steady action of great pressure upon hard, solid rock will mould it like clay into all the forms that we have observed, if only time enough be given. There is nothing known that is absolutely rigid; warmth, pressure, and time change all things. A ball of glass is highly elastic; its molecules transmit the most rapid vibrations of the spectrum to give us light, while its mass, struck by a hammer, vibrates less rapidly with a clear-sounding note to give us the slower vibrations of sound. But substitute a long-continued pressure for this quick blow, and the glass becomes as permanently deformed as does the plastic clay; it is elastic to quick blows, but plastic to very long continued pressures. The experimental study of the relations of pressure, temperature, and time, or the so-called "flow of solids" at ordinary temperatures, was begun recently, and is now carried on by many. The manufacture of lead pipes and spun pans, of gold medals or of cold-drawn wire, illustrates to every one what we mean by the flow

of solids. The temperature and the plastic deformations of our earth's crust demand careful study. The experimental researches in mountain building by H. M. Cadell, and the deep-bore temperatures by Dunker, are the latest contributions to these subjects, and much more of that kind of work remains to be done by special physical laboratories. Even the gas and oil wells and coal beds have their stories to tell in regard to their formation during the slow process of terrestrial crumpling. Why do we not study the problems? Is it for want of money or for lack of opportunity?

The origin of these great crumpling pressures has long been debated, but in my next section I shall maintain that we are not to attribute this crumpling and mountain building in recent geological ages altogether to pressures resulting from contraction, itself the result of the general cooling of the earth's surface. This cooling is undoubtedly a true cause, and has afforded magnificent problems for Fourier and his followers; but it has become a less important cause as compared with another one, the evidences of whose existence are now everywhere apparent.

III. Seismology. Our earth is subject to earthquakes: some of these are local; others start with a shock, and spread as a vibration far and wide. What are these shocks? In general, it seems to me, we must reply that the attractions of the sun and moon produce a system of strains within the earth. On the one hand, these strains cause a part or even the whole of the external crust sometimes to slide a little about its viscous interior; on the other hand, these strains occasionally and systematically combine, so that the crust cracks and separates, or crumples and faults a little, and this operation is repeated accumulatively age after age, until mountain chains and continents are formed. The specific day when such cracks are most likely to occur is that

when the sun and moon are in conjunction and in perigee. At that time we have the greatest tidal strains. This condition endures for a day or two as the moon moves past the sun. During each day, at this period of conjunction, the earth, by its rotation, presents each meridian successively to the sun and moon, and causes all its substance to pass through the region of greatest strain. Now, our globe is not strictly homogeneous as to density nor as to strength, and when its weakest great circle comes into the plane of greatest strain there is a slight give, an earthquake, a fault, a dislocation of strata, a squeezing up of lava. Thus it goes on, age after age. The steady process of crumpling is therefore caused by lateral pressures, that are due not so much to cooling as to the tidal strains in the solid but plastic globe itself.

The dependence of the earthquakes of the Pacific Ocean on the sun and moon is suggested by statistics. The great circle of the Andes, Rocky Mountains, and eastern Asia marks the principal plane of weakness of the earth's crust: this divides the great depressions of the bed of the Pacific Ocean from the elevations of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; or, it divides the land from the water hemispheres.

Doubtless in early ages our crust may have yielded more frequently than now to special strains produced at every conjunction or opposition of the sun and moon, but for a long time past the principal yieldings must have been those which occurred when sun and moon were in perigee; and in this way has been brought about that remarkable configuration throughout the world of mountain ranges and coast lines whose great circles are tangent to the Arctic and Antarctic circles. A very similar slower tidal strain in the body of the moon has given her surface a bulge and a series of ridges that are admirably prominent to the eye of the astronomer.

The pressure due to luni-solar tidal strain is a more potent factor and a more systematic agent in producing sliding and crumpling than that due to contraction by cooling. But the motions of the strata are liable to be spasmodic, and the earthquake shocks become earthquake vibrations that run over a large portion of the earth's surface: the study of these vibrations may properly be expected to enable us to trace each to its origin, and thus show to us the depth to which the tidal strain is effective. Below this depth it is evident that a species of rock welding goes on; the rocks, under great pressure and moderate heat, weld into one continuous plastic mass. This strata of welded rock is the extreme limit of the earth's crust.

The new electric welding process offers special advantages for studying the exact temperatures and pressures (and therefore the exact depth of the earth) at which rock welding takes place. The study of earthquakes and vibrations is a fundamental problem for any institution that is devoted to terrestrial physics. I have for many years labored to stimulate the observation and active study of these phenomena, and hope that the United States, like Europe, will foster an interest therein.

IV. Nutation and Rotation. The earth's axis of rotation coincides very closely with its axis of maximum inertia, namely, its shortest polar diameter or "principal axis." So long as these exactly coincide, our latitudes and longitudes will be constant; whatever causes either axis to differ will introduce slight periodic changes in latitudes and longitudes, due to the revolution of the instantaneous axis of rotation about the principal axis of inertia; and if the earth were a perfectly elastic mass, this periodic change would continue indefinitely. But, in so far as the earth is a truly homogeneous viscous mass, it will slowly accommodate its figure to the new conditions; it will stretch a lit-

tle with each rotation about the instantaneous axis of rotation, and will flatten out a little more at the poles, and finally settle down to permanently steady rotation around a new permanent or sub-permanent axis of maximum inertia, situated between the two axes of rotation and of maximum inertia, with a new rate of rotation a little slower than before. Thus it happens that, principally, as it seems to me, through the action of the sun and moon, producing occasional geological and orographic changes in the crust of the earth, our latitudes have at present small periodic changes, dying away to a period of constancy or rest, followed by a new set of changes, and again a period of rest, while, on the whole, the day is slowly lengthening and the longitudes are diminishing, all of which would not occur were the earth perfectly elastic or perfectly rigid. This process will continue until our equatorial bulge is as large as the sun's and the moon's attractions combined with the earth's centrifugal force are any way able to maintain. Our globe may not be old enough to have as yet attained its maximum bulge. In former ages, the globe may have been, more emphatically than now, a non-homogeneous viscous mass; and then, as shown by Schiaparelli, much larger periodic changes of latitude may have occurred, due to the sliding of the exterior crust over the interior softer mass.

The astronomers were the first to suspect the existence of these movements of the earth's crust, and their reality is now beginning to be acknowledged; it remains for the physicist and the student of elasticity to show the meaning of the changes that trouble the delicate measurements of astronomy and geodesy, and to deduce the general average coefficient of viscosity of our globe. We may even be able to elucidate the process of disintegration by which, apparently, Saturn's rings were formed.

V. Gravitation. The attraction of

the earth as a whole for other objects has long been a favorite subject of observation and study. The time of vibration of the ordinary pendulum gives us the means of measuring the relative force of gravity at different points. Simpler instrumental means are desirable, and the physicist must supply them if he can. In the pendulum, gravity is opposed to the inertia of the mass of the pendulum. In the spring balance, gravity is opposed to the elasticity (or, more precisely, to the inertia of the molecules) of the metallic spring, whose temperature is far above that absolute zero where there can be no elasticity. In the horizontal pendulum and the torsion balance, we have the means of measuring attractions by methods parallel in principle to the two preceding respectively. A fine series of determinations of gravity, such as those made for the Coast Survey by Mr. E. D. Preston during the recent expedition under Professor D. P. Todd, is an important contribution to the general question of the attraction of islands and oceans relatively to the whole earth. But a minute pendulum survey of the territory of the United States, especially of the mountain chains, is now very desirable. Every one will recognize that such determinations of gravity form an important branch of terrestrial physics. Will not some one devise a sufficiently delicate form of spring balance, some adaptation of Michelson's refractometer, to replace the laborious pendulum?

VI. Terrestrial Magnetism. There is no more mysterious yet practically useful force than the so-called terrestrial magnetism. Strange that we should know so little about that which is daily manifest to us. When we handle a bar of magnetic iron, we know that, although we do not understand what magnetism is, at least we can say that it exists within this bar. Now, the earth acts like a great magnet, yet we dare not say it is a magnet; we even hesitate to

reason upon the general hypothesis that Gauss assumed in his *Theoria*, which is that it has magnetic matter distributed irregularly throughout it. The fact is, the recent work on "recalcrescence" shows that at a temperature of 690° Centigrade iron and steel cease to be magnetic. Now, that temperature must be attained at a depth of 27,500 metres, if the earth's temperature goes on increasing downward at the rate of 25° C. per thousand metres, as found by Dunker at the bore at Sprenberg; or at the depth of 25,500 metres, if the rate of increase is 27° C., as found by him at Schladebach. Therefore all magnetized iron must be within a thin outer crust that is scarcely twelve miles deep. But Gauss showed that the average magnetism at the surface of the globe corresponds to the distribution throughout its whole interior of seven one-pound steel magnets per cubic metre. If this magnetic force is to be all confined to such an outer thin crust, then the average magnetic charge of its mass must be one hundred times greater per cubic metre. But this is preposterous, and we must conclude either that the interior of the earth has not this high temperature, or else that the material of the earth is not truly magnetic; no more so, that is, than is the copper wire which conducts a current around an electro-magnet, and which coil in fact has all the properties of a magnet without being one. The latter alternative we can easily adopt, but we have still to demonstrate the origin of the electric current that circulates around the globe and makes it an electro-magnet.

The observers and students of terrestrial magnetism are numerous, but Nature still holds fast her secret; and in this field of investigation we especially need the best talent in mathematical and experimental physics. I may, however, indicate the fact that, apparently, one feature of the subject has been unriddled, namely, the systematic diurnal,

annual, and twenty-six-day perturbations, and also the irregular storms. This is the work of Professor Bigelow, of Washington, who has published a synopsis of his recent studies in a bulletin of the Eclipse expedition to the West Coast of Africa. He finds these perturbations fully explained qualitatively, and we hope quantitatively also, by considering the action of a conducting globe within a less perfectly conducting atmospheric envelope, rotating diurnally and revolving annually in a field of electric force such as must proceed from the sun concurrently with that other influence that gives us light and heat as its effects on our senses.

Thus much for the perturbations, but the main phenomenon, the sub-permanent magnetism, is still unsolved, though I think the most plausible view is that the tidal strains that we have already had to consider produce a steady supply of piezo-electricity, that manifests itself in ground currents, the flow of which is mainly east to west, and converts our earth into an electro-magnet. This conclusion forced itself upon me in 1888 or early in 1889, but now seems to have been long since arrived at by no less an authority than Clerk-Maxwell, whom I most unexpectedly find to have suggested it in the second volume of his *Treatise on Electricity*.

VII. Oceanography. The relation between the ocean and the land, as well as the special phenomena of the ocean itself, offers a new series of problems to be studied, of which we would especially mention those relating to tides and currents and deep-sea temperatures. The researches of the Challenger expedition, and those of our own Coast Survey and navy, have opened to wondering eyes an unknown world in the depths of the sea.

The average temperature of the ocean bottom is but a little more constant than the average temperature of the surface of the land; therefore, so far as the

conduction of heat is concerned, the interior of the earth gives up no more annually to the sea than it does to the atmosphere, namely, sufficient to melt one fourth inch of ice per annum; therefore, the ocean beds have not been formed by special cooling processes. The theory of contraction by cooling fails to account for the great watery hemisphere of our globe, with its centre at the antipodes of London. This great deformation is undoubtedly the work of those insidious lunar and solar tidal strains above alluded to; and the same mathematical analysis that, in the hands of Darwin, deals with these strains has, in the hands of Rayleigh, dealt with the tides of the great watery oceans. The ocean and the earth beneath it differ only in quality, not in kind: they are both viscous, yielding masses.

From the study of the great tidal waves we may pass to that of the long earthquake waves that cross the Atlantic and the Pacific, and then to that of the great storm waves, and finally to the study of the short swell of the ocean: each of these classes of waves offers an important field of study; probably no more magnificent illustration of the interference of waves can be found than is shown in the phenomenon of the "rollers" and "double rollers" of the islands of Ascension and Saint Helena. The recent Eclipse expedition afforded me an admirable, almost unique opportunity to perceive the nature of this dreaded phenomenon, in that, from a high hill, I found myself looking down upon a wide expanse of ocean covered with intersecting systems of waves. Such problems as these on ocean waves cannot easily be studied in a permanent institution, but the experimental results obtained there should be verified by sending the experimenters to observe at the localities where they are best developed.

<sup>1</sup> Report on the Scientific Results of the Voyage of H. M. S. Challenger during the Years 1873-76. Physics and Chemistry, Vol. II.

VIII. Meteorology. Our atmosphere is a part of our earth. It is included in its mass when the astronomer speaks of the mutual attraction of the earth, the sun, and the moon; it is the most important factor in our geological history; it is also the most important factor in the existence of man,—he may live forty days without food, but not forty minutes without fresh air. The phenomena of the atmosphere generally take place on too large a scale to be called local. A large region of the atmosphere is affected by every storm. The winds carry the seeds of plants and germs of disease from one continent to another. The droughts and floods, the heat and cold, of America depend on what is doing in Asia and the tropics. There can be no proper study of meteorology except as one includes the whole globe in his thoughts.

The past thirty years have seen the establishment in every civilized country of weather bureaus and storm warnings, but each has only a local jurisdiction; and even our National Signal Office, covering as it does the largest region of any, has recognized that our storms and weather are affected by atmospheric conditions far beyond our borders. In 1871 it began to collect ocean data, and since 1875 has compiled a daily weather map of the whole northern hemisphere. There has just come to hand a most extensive work by Buchan,<sup>1</sup> published as one of the scientific results of the voyage of the Challenger, which shows month by month the condition of the atmosphere over the whole northern hemisphere.

But statistical and climatic averages are not dynamic meteorology, and it is in this latter field that the general problems of atmospheric pressure and motion press hard for solution. The past decade has seen important memoirs

Part 5: Report on Atmospheric Circulation, by Alexander Buchan. London, 1889. 347 pages, 3 plates, 52 maps.



on fundamental questions from the hands of our most able mathematical physicists: those of Helmholtz and Sir William Thomson on vortex motions and stationary waves; Oberbeck on the general circulation of the air and on cyclonic motions; Hertz on adiabatic motions, and Bezold on non-adiabatic motions; Buchan, Hann, and Rayleigh on diurnal barometric fluctuations; E. Poincaré on lunar tides in the atmosphere.

Hitherto, the professional meteorologist has too frequently been only an observer, a statistician, an empiricist, rather than a mechanic, mathematician, and physicist. He has studied the atmosphere out-of-doors, without having had a preliminary indoor training in the laws of fluid motion, so that much that has been written on dynamic meteorology has proved unsatisfactory. In fact, there are even now very few laboratories in the world where the instruction can be given, and thirty years ago there were none; but the recent advent of our foremost physicists into this field of investigation, and the erection of laboratories for all manner of mechanical work, raise our hopes to the highest pitch.

The problems of meteorology are important enough and difficult enough to excite the ambition of the ablest men. By their help, we shall yet make great progress in the prediction not only of daily weather, but of extensive climatic changes and of droughts and floods, months in advance; eventually we shall be able to state what climates must have obtained in past geological ages.

Here I close this rapid sketch of the various divisions of terrestrial physics. Our German brethren have coined for it the appropriate title "*Geo-physik*," and have already given us some extensive treatises covering the ground that I have indicated. We have thus a distinct branch of geo-physical study that has too rarely been recognized either in our universities or our observatories. A few general remarks, or a chapter

in some treatise on geology or physical geography or meteorology, and the subject is dismissed and forgotten, in the midst of the numerous other studies. We maintain seventy American and two hundred and fifty foreign astronomical observatories, two hundred chemical laboratories, and one hundred laboratories for molecular physics, but as yet there is not one in the United States founded expressly for terrestrial physics.

In this great department of science good results may be attained by a system which shall coördinate the several independent lines of investigation. Our Coast Survey may do something in regard to the figure, the size, and the attraction of the earth; it may even contribute to the elucidation of tides, or currents, or terrestrial magnetism; the Geological Survey may find it within its powers lightly to touch on the questions of internal heat, plasticity, earthquakes, mountain building, and the evolution of continents and oceans; the astronomical or naval observatories may study changes of latitude; the Signal Office may see its way clear to study atmospheric problems larger than American weather. But the cosmic problems that I have enumerated need the coöperation of government officials and university educators, and I hopefully look for some patron of science who shall set able men to work in an institution devoted to geophysics, which may well be a component part of a great university. What American schools of science have already done for astronomy, chemistry, geology, electricity, medicine, engineering, and what other schools are doing for history, law, politics, archæology, and linguistics, still remains to be done for various other departments of learning, notably the whole wide range of terrestrial physics.

But lest the scheme which I have outlined be regarded as too wide for immediate adoption, let me single out one great division which presses for recognition. I contend that our Signal Service

and State Weather Services should have the collegiate recognition and the moral and material support that would result from the establishment of comprehensive schools of meteorology as one branch of the study of our globe. Of all branches of applied science, meteorology, with its weather predictions, is that which at the present moment demands the most serious attention from our universities. The professors needed in connection with courses of study preparatory to meteorology are already to be found in several of our universities and technical schools. At these, therefore, it will require but a slight additional labor or expense to conduct the students through a special course in theoretical and practical meteorology and the applications of climatology.

Not to be too indefinite, I may briefly indicate that descriptive or elementary meteorology is already fairly provided for in accessible text-books, but the courses of study required to fit one successfully to cope with the more difficult problems that beset this science would be somewhat as follows:—

**Mathematics:** through the theory of probabilities, determinants, and differential equations.

**Analytical Mechanics:** through the general treatises on fluid motion and the tides, and the special treatises on atmospheric motions by Ferrel, Sprung, Helmholtz, Guldberg, and Mohn.

**Hydraulics:** synopsis of the work of hydraulic experimenters, and especially the treatise of Boussinesq on the movement of water.

**Thermo-Dynamics:** through Bezold's treatise on the non-adiabatic processes in the atmosphere.

**Molecular Physics:** text-book and laboratory course in heat, light, acoustics, mechanics, and electricity.

**Graphics:** all graphic methods for solving kinematic, static, and kinetic problems, and all methods of cartography and projection.

**Observations:** parallel with a full course in physical training should be a personal record of daily experience in observations of temperature, moisture, clouds, and other meteorological phenomena; there should be special determinations of some of the fundamental meteorological constants, and a course of study of daily charts; the formulation of predictions and their verification by comparison with actual weather subsequently experienced.

When, in 1868, I announced that the Cincinnati Observatory was prepared to begin the experiment of daily weather predictions for the benefit of the residents of that city, we had only the works of Loomis, Espy, Ferrel, Henry, and Schott to study; and now, at the end of twenty-five years, they are still our American authorities. During this interval, the needs of the country in the matter of weather predictions have been patent to every one, but what have our universities done to stimulate the study of this important subject? I have not failed to present our needs to several universities, and have sketched out courses of instruction for others, hoping to see them introduced; and have also sought to introduce elementary courses into high schools and normal schools. In all these, the main object in view was the wide dissemination of training in philosophic and scientific methods of studying the atmosphere and predicting the weather as distinguished from ordinary empiricisms. I advocated the study of dynamic meteorology as distinguished from statistical climatology. As yet, I have heard but of one effort in this direction,—the class of Professor William M. Davis at Harvard. But the frequent inquiries as to how one can learn of the great progress that is being made in the study of the atmosphere, and the equally numerous inquiries as to whether one who devotes himself to meteorology may hope to find means of support, show that intelligent interest in



the subject is being aroused. How can I reply discouragingly to these latter inquiries, when the Signal Service and State Weather Services need hundreds of intelligent observers and good local weather predictors? Any one who can make local weather predictions better than those that are now published daily is sure of employment by business men or by the government. There is no desideratum more deeply felt than that of correct weather predictions: that which is now done only whets the desire for something better. Both within the Signal Office and outside of it, the hope exists that there may continue to be steady improvement in this, the most important practical application of our knowledge of meteorology; but the scholar will see at once that such progress can be achieved only by enlisting the coöperation of universities that shall train for us many learned and energetic investigators.

Already, with her usual intellectual energy, Germany has taken the initiative. A circular, compiled at my request in 1882 by Professor Frank Waldo, showed Americans at what places in Germany they might study meteorology; but it also showed the Germans the deficiencies of their own universities in this respect, and in immediate response there started up a vigorous activity: it was as though the authorities had ordered their most eminent physicists, Helmholtz, Bezold,

Oberbeck, Sprung, Hertz, Köppen, and others, to join together in lifting the new science from her low estate. At the present moment, Germany leads the world in the development of ideas which were first expounded in America by Espy and Ferrel, and one can hardly keep up with her rapidly advancing literature.

So long as our own mathematicians and physicists hold aloof from these severe studies, so long must American youth go away from American universities to learn of the present state and future growth of meteorology. So long as our universities make no provision for teaching the new aspect of this science, and confine their courses of instruction to a few remarks on the elementary climatology of twenty years ago, so long must the study of meteorology in America be expected to deal only with the superficial appearance of things, without going to the root of the matter. Give our young student physicists a chance to study the laws of motion of storms and the art of prediction, and they will soon make of meteorology a science as exact as is in any way compatible with the complexity of the phenomena.

The field is ripe for the harvest; send the skilled laborers into it. The path to that field runs through the physical laboratory and the mathematical studio of the university.

*Cleveland Abbe.*

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## THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

### XIV.

#### I FAVOR PERMANENCY IN OFFICE.

As soon as my secretary had gone I went into her room and looked for my friend Vespa. I found him on the floor, quite dead, but not demolished. Picking

him up and carrying him to my study, I carefully gummed him to a card. Under his motionless form I wrote, "The good services of this friend I shall ever keep in grateful remembrance." Then I pinned the card to the wall between two bookcases.

During the rest of that day I found

myself in a state of unreasonable exaltation. Several times I put to myself the questions: Why is it that you feel so cheerful and so gay? Why have you the inclination to whistle and to dance in your room? Why do you light a cigar, and let it go out through forgetfulness? Why do you answer your grandmother at random, and feel an inclination to take a long walk by yourself, although you know there are people invited to an afternoon tea?

I was not able to give an adequate answer to these questions, nor did I very much care to. I knew that my high spirits were caused by the discoveries the good *Vespa* had enabled me to make, and the fact that this reason could not be proved adequate did not trouble me at all; but prudence and a regard for my own interests made it very plain to me that other people should not know I had been exalted, and how. If I desired my nun to continue as my secretary, I must not let any one know that I cared in the least to hear her voice, or to have the front of her bonnet turned towards me.

At dinner, that day, my grandmother remarked to me:—

"Are you still satisfied with the House of Martha's sister? Does she do your work as you wish to have it done?"

I leaned back in my chair, and answered with deliberation:—

"Yes, I think she will do very well, and that after more practice she will do better. As it is, she is industrious and attentive. I place great stress upon that point, for I do not like to repeat my sentences; but she has a quick ear, and catches every word."

"Then," asked my grandmother, "you do not wish to make a change at present?"

"Oh, no," I said; "it would be very annoying to begin again with a new amanuensis. I am getting accustomed to this person, and that is a very important matter with me. So I do not wish

to make any change so long as this sister does her work properly."

"I must say," resumed my grandmother, after a little pause, in which she seemed to be considering the subject, "that I was not altogether in favor of that young woman taking the position of your secretary. She can have had but little experience, and I thought that an older and steadier person would answer your purpose much better; but this one was unemployed at the time, and wished very much to do literary work; and as the institution needed the money you would pay, which would probably amount to a considerable sum if your book should be a long one, and as you were in a great hurry, and might engage some one from the city if one of the Martha sisters were not immediately available, Mother Anastasia and I concluded that it would be well to send this young person until one of the older sisters, competent for the work, should be disengaged. I thought you would be very anxious to have this change made as soon as possible, so that you might feel that you had a permanent secretary."

"Oh, no," said I, trying very hard not to appear too much in earnest. "This person is very steady, and there is a certain advantage in her being young, without much experience as a secretary. I wish any one who writes for me to work in my way; and if such a person has been accustomed to work in other people's ways, annoyance and interruption must surely result, and that I wish very much to avoid. A secretary should be a mere writing-machine, and I do not believe an elderly person could be that. She would be sure to have notions how my work should or should not be done, and in some way or other would make those notions evident."

"I don't quite agree with you," said my grandmother, "but of course you know your own business better than I do; and I suppose, after all, it does n't

make much difference whether the sister is young or not. They all dress alike, and all look ugly alike. I don't suppose there would be anything attractive about the Venus de Milo, if she wore a coal-scuttle bonnet and a gray woolen shawl."

"No," I answered, "especially if she kept the opening of her coal-scuttle turned down over her paper, as if she were about to empty coals upon it."

"That's very proper," said my grandmother, speaking a little more briskly. "All she has to do is to keep her eyes on her work, and I suppose, from what you say, that the flaps of her bonnet do not interfere with her keeping her ears on you. But if at any time you desire to make a change, all you have to do is to let me know, and I can easily arrange the matter."

I promised that I would certainly let her know in case I had such a desire.

That evening Walkirk remarked to me that he thought nothing could be more satisfactory for me than to have on tap, so to speak, an institution like the House of Martha, from which I could draw a secretary whenever I wanted one, and keep her for as long or as short a time as pleased me; and to have this supply in the immediate neighborhood was an extraordinary advantage.

I agreed that the arrangement was a very good one; and I think he was about to ask some questions in regard to my nun, but I began my recital, and cut off any further conversation on the subject.

My monologue was rather disjointed that evening, for my mind was occupied with other things, or, more strictly speaking, another thing. I felt quite sure, however, that Walkirk did not notice my preoccupation, for he gave the same earnest and interested attention to my descriptions which he had always shown, and which made him such an agreeable and valuable listener. Indeed, his

manner put me at my ease, because, on account of the wandering of my mind, his general expression indicated that, if I found it necessary to pause in order that I might arrange what I should say next, he was very glad of the opportunity thus given him to reflect upon what I had just said. He was an admirable listener.

## XXV.

### HOW WE WENT BACK TO GENOA.

The next morning I awaited with considerable perturbation of mind the arrival of my nun. I felt assured that, after the occurrences of the previous day, there must certainly be some sort of a change in her. She could not go on exactly as she had gone on before. The nature of this anticipated change concerned me very much, — too much, I assured myself. Would she be more rigid and repellent than she had been before the advent of the wasp? But this would be impossible. On the other hand, would she be more like other people? Would she relax a little, and work like common secretaries? Or, — and I whistled as I thought of it, — having once done so, would she permanently cut loose from the absurdities enjoined upon her by the House of Martha people, and look at me and talk to me in the free, honest, ingenuous, frank, sincere, and thoroughly sensible manner in which she had spoken to me the day before?

After revolving these questions in my mind for some time, another one rudely thrust itself upon me: would she come at all? It was already seven minutes past nine; she had never been so late. Now that I came to think of it, this would be the most natural result of the wasp business. The thought shocked me. I ceased to walk up and down my study, and stopped whistling. I think my face must have flushed; I know my pulse beat faster. My eyes fell upon

the body of him who I believed had been my friend. I felt like crushing his remains with my fist. He had been my enemy! He had shown me what I had to lose, and he had made me lose it.

Even in the midst of my agitation this thought made me smile. How much I was making of this affair of my secretary. What difference, after all — But I did not continue the latter question. It did make a difference, and it was of no use to reason about it. What was I to do about it? That was more to the point.

At this instant, my nun, followed by Sister Sarah, entered the adjoining room. The latter merely bowed to me, went out, and locked the door behind her. I was very glad she did not speak to me, for the sudden revulsion of feeling produced by the appearance of the two would have prevented my answering her coherently. I do not know whether my nun bowed or not. If she did, the motion was very slight. She took her seat and prepared for work. I did not say anything, for I did not know what to say. The proper thing to do, in order to relieve my embarrassment and hers, — that is, if she had any, — was to begin work at once; but for the life of me I could not remember whether my dictation of the day before concerned Sicily or Egypt. I did not like to ask her, for that would seem like a trick to make her speak.

But it would not do to keep her sitting there with an idle pen in her hand. I must say something, so I blurted out some remarks concerning the effect of the climate of the Mediterranean upon travelers from northern countries; and while doing this I tried my best to remember where, on the shores of this confounded sea, I had been the day before.

Philosophizing and generalizing were, however, not in my line: I was accustomed to deal with action and definite observation, and I soon dropped the climate of the Mediterranean, and went

to work on some of the scul-harrowing improvements in the Eternal City, alluding with particular warmth to the banishment of the models from the Spanish Stairs. Now the work went on easily, but I was gloomy and depressed. My nun sat at the table, more like a stiff gray-enveloped principle than ever before. I did not feel at liberty even to make a remark about the temperature of the room. I feared that whatever I said might be construed into an attempt to presume upon the accidental intercourse of the day before.

For half an hour or more she went on with the work, but, during a pause in my dictation, she sat up straight in her chair and laid down her pen. Then, without turning her face to me, she began to speak. I stood open-mouthed, and, I need not say, delighted. Whatever her words might be, it rejoiced me to hear them; to know that she voluntarily recognized my existence, and desired to communicate with me.

"I have spoken to Mother Anastasia," she said, her voice directed towards the screen in the open window, "and I told her that it was impossible for me to work without sometimes saying a few words to ask for what I need, or to request you to repeat a word which I did not catch. Since I began to write I have lost no less than twenty-three words. I have left blanks for them, and made memoranda of the pages; but, as I said to her, if this sort of thing went on, you would forget what words you had intended to use, and when you came to read the manuscript you could not supply them, and that therefore I was not doing my work properly, and honestly earning the money which would be paid to the institution. I also told her that you sometimes forgot where you left off the day before, and that I ought to read you a few lines of what I had last written, in order that you might make the proper connection. I think this is very necessary, for to-day you

have left an awful gap. Yesterday we were writing about that old Crusader's bank in Genoa, and now you are at work at Rome, when we haven't even started for that city."

Each use of this word "we" was to me like a strain of music from the heavens.

"Do you think I did right?" she added.

"Right!" I exclaimed. "Most assuredly you did. Nothing could be more helpful, and in fact more necessary, than to let me know just where I left off. What did the sisters say?"

"I spoke only to Mother Anastasia," she replied. "She considered the matter a little while, and then said that she could see there must be times when you would require some information from me in regard to the work, and that there could be no reasonable objection to my giving such information; but she reminded me that the laws of the House of Martha require that the sisters must give their sole attention to the labor upon which they are employed, and must not indulge, when so engaged, in any conversation, even among themselves, that is not absolutely necessary."

"Mother Anastasia is very sensible," said I, "and if I were to see her, I should be happy to express my appreciation of her good advice upon the subject. And, by the way, did she tell you that it was necessary to wear that hot bonnet while you are working?"

"She did not say anything about it," she answered; "it was not needful. We always wear our bonnets outside of the House of Martha."

I was about to make a further remark upon the subject, but restrained myself: it was incumbent on me to be very prudent. There was a pause, and then she spoke again.

"You are not likely to see Mother Anastasia," she said, "but please do not say anything on the subject to Sister Sarah; she is very rigorous, and would

not approve of talking under any circumstances. In fact, she does not approve of my coming here at all."

"What earthly reason can she have for that?" I asked.

"She thinks it's nonsensical for you to have a secretary," she answered, "and that it would be much better for you to do your own work, and make a gift of the money to the institution, and then I could go and learn to be a nurse. I only mention these things to show you that it would be well not to talk to her of Mother Anastasia's good sense."

"You may rest assured," said I, "that I shall not say a word to her."

"And now," said she, "shall we put aside what I have written to-day, and go back to Genoa? The last thing you dictated yesterday was this: 'Into this very building once came the old Crusaders to borrow money for their journeys to the Holy Land.'"

We went to Genoa.

"How admirably," I exclaimed, when she had gone, "with what wonderful tact and skill, she has managed the whole affair! Not one word about the occurrences of yesterday, not an allusion which could embarrass either herself or me. If only she had looked at me! But she had probably received instructions on that point which she did not mention, and it is easy to perceive that she is honest and conscientious."

But after all it was not necessary that I should see her face. I had seen it, and I could never forget it.

Whistling was not enough for me that day; I sang.

"What puts you into such remarkably good spirits?" asked my grandmother. "Have you reached an unusually interesting part of your work?"

"Indeed I have," I answered, and I gave her such a glowing account of the way the Red Cross Knights, the White Cross Knights, and the Black Cross Knights clanked through the streets of

Genoa, before setting sail to battle for the Great Cross, that the cheeks of the old lady flushed and her eyes sparkled with enthusiastic emotion.

"I don't wonder it kindles your soul to write about such things," she said.

## XVI.

### I RUN UPON A SANDBAR.

Day by day, the interest of my nun in her work appeared to increase. Every morning, so soon as she sat down at her table, she read to me the concluding portion of what had been written the day before; and if a Sunday intervened, she gave me a page or more. Her interest was manifested in various ways. Several times she so far forgot the instructions she must have received as to turn her face towards me, when asking me to repeat something that she did not catch, and on such occasions I could not for some moments remember what I had said, or indeed what I was about to say.

Once she stopped writing, and, turning half round in her chair, looked fairly at me, and said that she thought I had made a mistake in saying that visitors were not allowed to go up the Tower of Pisa without a guide; for she, with two other ladies, had gone to the top without any one accompanying them. But she thought it was very wrong to allow people to do this, and that I should be doing a service to travelers if I were to say something on the subject.

Of course I replied that I would make the correction, and that I would say something about the carelessness to which she referred. Then there ensued a pause, during which she turned her face towards the window, imagining, I have no doubt, that I was busy endeavoring to compose something suitable to say upon the subject; but I was not thinking of anything of the sort. I was allowing my mind to revel in the delight

which I had had in looking at her while she spoke. When her pen began to scratch impatiently upon the paper, I plunged into some sort of a homily on the laxity of vigilance in leaning towers. But, even while dictating this, I was wondering what she would look like if, instead of that gray shawl and gown, she were arrayed in one of the charming costumes which often make even ordinary young ladies so attractive.

As our daily work went on, my nun relaxed more frequently her proscribed rigidity, and became more and more like an ordinary person. When she looked at me or spoke, she always did so in such an unpremeditated manner, and with such an obvious good reason, that I could not determine whether her change of manner was due to accumulative forgetfulness, or to a conviction that it was absurd to continue to act a part which was not only unnatural under the circumstances, but which positively interfered with the work in hand. Some of her suggestions were of the greatest service, but I fear that the value of what she said was not as fully appreciated as was the pleasure of seeing and hearing her say it.

Thus joyously passed the hours of work, and in the hours when I was not working I looked forward with glad anticipation to the next forenoon; but after a time I began to be somewhat oppressed by the fear that my work would come to an end before long for want of material. I was already nearing the southern limit of my travels, and my return northward had not been productive of the sort of subject-matter I desired. In my recitals to Walkirk I had gone much more into detail regarding my experiences, and had talked about a great many things which it had been pleasant to talk about, but which I did not consider good enough to put into my book. In dictating to my nun I had carefully sifted the mass to which Walkirk had listened, and had used only such matter



as I thought would interest her and the general reader. My high regard for the intelligence of my secretary and her powers of appreciation had led me to discard too much, and therefore there was danger that my supply of subject-matter would give out before my nun grew to be an elderly woman; and this I did not desire.

I had read and heard enough of the travels of others to be able to continue my descriptions of foreign countries for an indefinite period; but I had determined, from the first, that nothing should go into my book except my own actual experiences, and therefore I could not rely upon other books for the benefit of mine. But, in considering the matter, I concluded that, if my material should be entirely my own, it would answer my purpose to make that material what I pleased; and thus it happened that I determined to weave a story into my narrative. This plan, I assured myself, would be in perfect harmony with the design of my work. The characters could be drawn from the people whom I had met in my travels. The scenes could be those which I had visited, and the plot and tone of the story could be made to aid the reader in understanding the nature of the country and the people of which it was told. More than all, I could make the story as long as I pleased.

This was a capital idea, and I began immediately to work upon it. I managed the story very deftly; at least that was my opinion. My two principal characters made their appearance in Sicily, and at first were so intermingled with scenery and incidents as not to be very prominent; then they came more to the front, and other characters introduced themselves upon occasion. As these personages appeared and reappeared, I hoped that they would gradually surround themselves with an interest which would steadily increase the desire to know more and more about

them. Thus, as I went on, I said less and less about Sicily, and more and more about my characters, especially the young man and the young woman, the curious blending of whose lives I was endeavoring to depict.

This went on very smoothly for a few days, and then, about eleven o'clock one morning, my nun suddenly leaned back in her chair and laid down her pen.

"I cannot write any more of this," she said, looking out of the window.

I was so astonished that I could scarcely ask her what she meant.

"This is love-making," she continued, "and with love-making the sisters of the House of Martha can have nothing to do. It is one of our principal rules that we must not think about it, read about it, or talk about it; and of course it would have been forbidden to write about it, if such a contingency had ever been thought of. Therefore I cannot do any more work of that kind."

In vain I expostulated; in vain I told her that this was the most important part of my book; in vain I declaimed about the absurdity of such a regulation; in vain I protested; in vain I reasoned. She shook her head, and said there was no use talking about it; she knew the rules, and should obey them.

I had been standing near the grating, but now I threw myself into a chair, and sat silent, wondering what I should do. Must I give up this most admirable plan of carrying on my work, simply because those foolish sisters had made absurd rules for themselves? Must I wind up my book for want of material? Not for a moment did I think of getting another secretary, or of selecting some other sort of that stuff which literary people call padding, for the purpose of prolonging my pleasant labors. I was becoming interested in the love-story I had begun, and I wanted to go on with it, and I believed also that it would be of great advantage to my book; but,

on the other hand, it was plain that my nun would not write this story, and it was quite as plain to me that I could not insist upon anything which would cause her to leave me.

"Don't you think," she said presently, still looking towards the window, "that we had better do some sort of work for the rest of the morning? It is not right for me to sit here idle. Suppose you try to supply some of the words which were left out of the manuscript, in the first days of my writing for you."

"Very well," said I; and, taking up her memoranda, she began to look for the vacant spaces which she had left in the manuscript pages. I supplied very few words, for to save my life I could not at this moment bring my mind to bear upon such trifles; but it was pretense of work, and better than embarrassing idleness. Before my secretary left me I must think of something to say to her in regard to the work for to-morrow; but what should I say? Should I tell her I would drop the story, or that I would modify it so as to make it feasible for her to write? Something must quickly be decided upon, and while I was tumultuously revolving the matter in my mind twelve o'clock and the sub-mother came. My secretary went away, with nothing but the little bow which she was accustomed to make when leaving the room.

## XVII.

### REGARDING THE ELUCIDATION OF NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

I was left in my study in a very unpleasant state of mind. I was agitated and apprehensive. Perhaps that young woman would not come any more. I had not told her that I was going to stop writing about love, and there was every reason to suppose she would not return. What an imbecile I had been!

I had done nothing, because I could not think of exactly the right thing to do.

I now felt that I must ask the advice of somebody in regard to this embarrassing and important affair. For a moment I thought of my grandmother, but she would be sure to begin by advising me to change my secretary. She seldom urged me to do what I did not want to do, but if I offered her a chance to give me advice on this occasion I knew what would be uppermost in her mind.

So I put on my hat and went to Walkirk, at the inn. I found him at work on a mass of accounts, dating back for years, which I had given him to adjust. With great circumspection I laid before him this new affair.

"You see," said I, "she is a first-class secretary. She has learned to do my work as I like it done, and I do not wish to make a change, and, on the other hand, I do not care to alter the plan of my book."

Walkirk was always very respectful, but he could not restrain a smile at the situation.

"It does seem to me," he said, "a very funny thing to dictate a love-story to one of the sisters of the House of Martha. Of course they are not nuns, they are not even Roman Catholics, but they are just as strict and strait-laced about certain things as if their house were really a convent. So far as I can see, there is but one thing to do, and that is to confine yourself to descriptions of travel; and perhaps it would be well to let your secretary know in some way that you intend to do so; otherwise I think she may throw up the business, and that would be a pity."

It sometimes surprises me to discover what an obstinate person I am. When I want to do a thing, it is very difficult for me to change my mind.

"She must not throw up the business," I said, "and I do not see how I can leave out the story. I have planned it far ahead, and to discard it I should



have to go back and cut and mangle a great deal of good work that I have done."

Walkirk reflected.

"I admit," he replied, "that that would be very discouraging. Perhaps we can think of some plan of getting out of the difficulty."

"I hope you can do that," said I, "for I cannot."

"How would this do?" he asked presently. "Suppose I go and see Mother Anastasia this afternoon, and try and make her look at this matter from a strictly business point of view. I can tell her that the sort of thing you are doing is purely literature, that you can't keep such things out of literature, and that the people who engage in the mechanical work of literature cannot help running against those things at one time or another. I can try to make her understand what an advantageous connection this is, and what a great injury to the House of Martha it would be if it should be broken off. I can tell her that it is not improbable that you may take to writing as a regular business, and that you may give profitable employment to the sisters for years and years. There are a good many other things I might say, and you may be sure I shall do my very best."

"Go," I said, "but be very careful about what you say. Don't make her think that I am too anxious to retain this particular sister, but make her understand that I do not wish to begin all over again with another one. Also, do not insist too strongly on my desire to write a love-story, but put it to her that when I plan out work of course I want to do the work as I have planned it. Try to keep these points in your mind; then you can urge common sense upon her as much as you please."

I sent a note to my grandmother saying that I should not be home to luncheon, and after having taken a bite at the inn I set out for a long walk. It

was simply impossible for me to talk about common things until this matter was settled.

It was about the middle of the afternoon when I returned to the inn, and Walkirk had not come back. I went away again, took a turn through the woods, and on approaching the inn I saw him walking down a shady road which led from the House of Martha. I hurried to meet him.

So soon as he was near enough, Walkirk, with a beaming face, called out:—

"All right, sir. I have settled that little matter for you."

"How? What?" I exclaimed. "What have you done?"

We had now reached each other, and stood together by the side of the road.

"Well," said my under-study, "I have seen Mother Anastasia, and I have found her a very sensible woman,—an admirable woman, I assure you. She was a good deal surprised when I told her my errand, for that was the first she had heard of the love-story; in fact, I suppose your secretary had not had time to tell her about it. She commended the sister highly for her refusal to write it, saying that her action was in strict accordance with the spirit of their rules. When she had finished saying all she had to say on that point, I presented your side of the question; and I assure you, sir, that I clapped on it a very bright light, so that if she did not see its strong points the fault must be in her own eyes. As the event proved, there was nothing the matter with her eyes. I shall not try to repeat what I said, but I began by explaining to her the nature of your work, and showed her how impossible it was for you to write about foreign countries without referring to their people, and how you could not speak of the people without mentioning their peculiar manners and customs, and that this story was nothing more nor less than an interweaving of some of the characteris-

tics of the people of Sicily with the descriptions of the country. Thus much I inferred from your remarks about the story.

"I persisted that, although such characteristics had no connection with the life of the sisters of the House of Martha, they were a part of the world which you were describing, and that it could be no more harm for a sister, working for wages and the good of the cause, to assist in that description than it would be for one of them to make lace to be worn at a wedding, a ceremony with which the sisters could have nothing to do, and which in connection with themselves they could not even think about. This point made an impression on Mother Anastasia, and, having thought about it a minute or two, she said there was a certain force in it.

"Then she asked me if this narrative of yours was a strongly accentuated love-story. Here she had me at a disadvantage, for I have not heard it; but I assured her that, knowing the scope and purpose of your work, I did not believe that you would accentuate any portion of it more than was absolutely necessary.

"After some silent consideration, Mother Anastasia said she would go and speak with the sister who had been doing your work. She was gone a good while, — at least it seemed so to me; and when she came back she said that she had been making inquiries of the sister,

and had come to the conclusion that there was no good reason why the House of Martha should not continue to assist you in the preparation of your book."

"Did she say she would send the same sister?" I asked quickly.

"No, she did not," answered Walkirk; "but not wishing to put the question too pointedly, I first thanked her, on your behalf, for the kindly consideration she had given the matter. I then remarked — without intimating that you said anything about it — that I hoped nothing would occur to retard the progress of the work, and that the present arrangement might continue without changes of any kind, because I knew that when you were dictating your mind was completely absorbed by your mental labors, and that any alteration in your hours of work, or the necessity of explaining your methods to a new amanuensis, annoyed and impeded you. To this she replied that it was quite natural you should not desire changes, and that everything should go on as before."

"Walkirk," I exclaimed, "you are a trump!" In my exuberant satisfaction I would have clapped him on the back; but it would not do to be so familiar with an under-study, and besides I did not wish him to understand the extent of my delight at the result of his mission. That sort of thing I liked to keep to myself.

*Frank R. Stockton.*

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## COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

ONE of the most striking features of our easy-going American character is a ready submission to the domination of our servants. Whether it be Bridget in the kitchen, the railway in our streets, or Congressmen in the Capitol at Wash-

ington, we meekly bear the arrogance of the powers of our own creation. In fact, a slight acquaintance with the daily press is sufficient to show that in the matter of public administration the change of relation is an accepted fact,

and we discuss at each succeeding election, not whether we shall employ Democrats or Republicans to serve us, but whether we shall submit to Democratic or to Republican rule. Now that we shall not have that question to settle for two years to come, is it not worth while to consider whether we shall continue to endure without effectual protest every inconvenience which our servants, the carrying corporations and their employees, inflict upon us? These functionaries, who in our advanced civilization perform for the most of us on a large scale the office of coachmen and draymen, sometimes display an indifference to their duty of which even our cooks do not dream. If Bridget were to depart without a word of notice for a three days' outing, she would expect her rights in our kitchen to cease forthwith; but if our public coachmen, the railway companies, refusing to make terms with those in their employ, fail to perform their duties for a like period, we submit as tamely as they could wish. We grumble, to be sure, but the idea of calling these unfaithful stewards to account never enters the public mind. Indeed, in discussing the merits of disputes between its servants and those whom they hire to do their work, the public appears to forget that it has any rights of its own in the matter. Yet the right of the State to interfere is, in truth, unquestionable, resting on the fact that the carrying corporations have received peculiar privileges, by their own petition, from the public, in consideration of public duties which they engage to perform, and that a strike prevents the satisfactory performance of those duties. At the same time, however, in legislating for its own protection, the State must not abridge the rights of freemen possessed by the employees, nor those granted by law or inherent in justice to their employers. Thus it comes about that the only fair legislation to secure the public its rights will preserve those of

both employer and employed, while insisting on the obligations of both.

The experience of the past, with the delay and inconvenience suffered by the public during protracted strikes, amply justifies the State in extending to disagreements between their higher and their lower servants its right to control those corporations which have the privileges of eminent domain or of exclusive occupation of territory. Only one other solution of the problem is possible: endowment of both employers and employed with the light of reason and the light of Christianity. As this will probably require several thousand years to accomplish, we are forced, in the mean time, if we hope for relief, to adopt the alternative offered in compulsory arbitration.

In considering this subject of state arbitration, there are three important divisions to be observed. In the first place, what shall be the nature of the arbitrating power, whom shall it recognize as parties to a controversy, and how shall it compel submission to itself of all disputes, with the evidence upon them? Second, by what principles shall it be guided in making a decision? Third, how shall that decision be enforced, — how far by legal compulsion, and how far by practical constraints alone?

I. (1.) The corporations concerned are nearly all railways, and most of them are engaged in interstate commerce, so that arbitration of disputes which may interfere with the performance of their business comes within the scope of congressional legislation. Yet this circumstance does not impair the power of the several States from which they have received their right of way to control their relations with their employees, just as they now regulate them in respect to rates or other matters through commissions or the courts. Interstate roads might, however, have the right of appeal to the United States courts on the plea

that a decision by the state authorities was unjust, though not on the ground of lack of jurisdiction. The first question is, then, whether this would wisely be made a subject of uniform laws for the whole nation, or whether it should be left to the individual States. One of the advantages of our federal system of government is that, in legislating along new lines, each State has the benefit of the constantly accruing experience of all the rest. Now, this subject of compulsory arbitration is a new and delicate one. A national law would apply to all parts of the country at once, and, if it proved to be unjust, the resulting evil would be widespread. At the same time, amendment would probably be more difficult than in the case of state laws, while for making amendments there would be no example of a more successful system elsewhere to serve as a guide. Again, so long a step toward centralization would arouse more determined opposition than would the passage of similar laws by particular States.

At least, until Congress take action in the matter, each State ought to enact a law applicable to corporations within its own limits. Such a law might establish a permanent board, or it might designate some judge of one of the higher courts, whose duty it should be, whenever a case entitled to arbitration was presented to him, to appoint a temporary body of arbitrators, and to preside over their hearings and deliberations. The object of the proposed arbitration, it must be remembered, is not to settle strikes, but to prevent them; and to this end there must be some authority to whom appeals may at any time be made with assurance of a speedy hearing. Still, it seems as if a body of men appointed for each controversy under general rules, so framed as to insure impartiality, might be better than one chosen for permanent service by popular vote, or appointed by an elective officer. Complaints would come up at irregular in-

tervals, and, after a few decisions had established precedents, would probably be infrequent; but they would come from various localities, and might happen to come from widely distant points at the same time. Thus, promptness of action, which is of the highest importance, and an appreciation of the special conditions of each controversy, would be best secured by local boards of temporary appointment. This would be the case, at least, if arbitration were made a national matter. A permanent board might then find itself much of the time with nothing to do, and at other times crowded with business, and hurried from one end of the country to the other to settle some comparatively trivial question. Again, a mistaken decision, even though palpably unjust, if made by a temporary board, would be limited in its effect, and need not destroy confidence in the principle of arbitration for other questions in the future; but a slight apparent bias on the part of a permanent body might create such distrust and unwillingness to appear before it as to make the whole system a failure. With so much, too, depending on the character of a permanent board, it would be hard to keep it out of politics. Finally, whatever the nature of these boards of arbitration, provision ought to be made for their adequate compensation.

(2.) There would seem to be no need for asking who shall be the recognized parties to a dispute; but this question has, in fact, been the occasion of intense bitterness in many strikes, and in some cases the cause of the strikes themselves. The trouble arises from the membership of the men in associations whose orders they are popularly, and sometimes justly, supposed to obey like slaves, and also from their employment of agents not of their own number to represent them. It has been thus far a favorite and a very plausible excuse of employers for refusing arbitration that their men have asked it not simply as

employees, but by the vote of some labor organization, and that their claims are presented by an outsider, not by one of themselves. They ignore the fact that none but their employees are members of the assembly that passed the vote in question, and they refuse to see the difference between a dictator and a representative. Sometimes, again, they say that they are ready to listen to the demands of their men as individuals, but not in a body. So long, however, as a request comes from the employees themselves there is no good reason why they should not present it through an agent, or why that agent should necessarily be one of their own number; provided only he be in fact their agent and express their real wishes. There is, on the other hand, a most important reason why their claims should be made thus collectively, and through some representative not employed by those to whom he makes his appeal, and hence not subject to discharge for his temerity. Discreditable as it is to certain employers, and incredible though it seems to be to many among the public, workmen often hesitate to present their own claims or those of their fellows from fear of discharge on some fictitious pretense; and not always discharge alone, but the black-list as well. For this reason, they should be allowed, when they desire it, to state their case by an advocate; and it makes no possible difference as regards the justice of their claims whether he be one of their number, or a lawyer, or even a walking delegate.

Nevertheless, to protect boards of arbitration from continual appeals by irresponsible claimants, and also to give the public reasonable assurance that the men are not mere dupes of officious leaders, there ought to be some definite enactment fixing the conditions under which hearings shall be given. There is a common idea among the more favored classes that laboring men never think of wanting any other terms than those

offered them, until they are aroused to discontent by agitators who seek notoriety and support in idleness, regardless of the consequences to their victims. "No doubt the men are in the wrong, and would never have struck at all except for those walking delegates and Knights of Labor," is the offhand way in which many a really benevolent gentleman passes judgment upon all strikes alike, after five minutes' perusal of his morning paper. But just because, once in a while, this judgment happens to be true, it is very important to remove all possible excuse for it in future.

To attain this end, the law should admit the right of railway employees to organize, and should provide that the officers of their organizations be entitled to recognition by the boards of arbitration: on condition, however, first, that these organizations shall be open to none but railway employees, and shall actually contain a majority of the men concerned in each petition presented; and, second, that their officers shall be appointed by themselves, and shall owe allegiance to no outside organization. This, it will be observed, does not preclude the choice of men not actually engaged in railway work as officers, or the employment of counsel to present their petitions. Each class of employees, too, could be permitted to have its separate organization or to unite with others, as it might choose.

The organizations of railway men being thus legally recognized and open to all in a given company's employ, not only should the arbitration board give a hearing to cases presented by their officers, but it should also properly decline to hear complaints from individuals or small bodies of disgruntled men who were unable to secure for their petition the support of their fellow-workmen. Such would still have the same right as the rest to appeal to their employers, but a state board of arbitration ought never to be regarded as a primary court

open to every complainant. The law should not say in so many words that every complaint must be presented by the approval of this or that order of laborers, but that every general petition must be approved by a majority of those whom it concerns, and every personal grievance, in so far as personal grievances are admitted at all, by a majority of the complainant's fellows, or by their duly appointed representatives. On questions of wages all interested could easily express opinion, but cases of alleged unjust discharge could be more intelligently passed upon by a small body like an executive board. Finally, the law ought to provide that no matter be taken before the state board of arbitration until it has first been presented to the proper officers of the corporation. Employers must in no case be denied the opportunity of dealing directly and justly with their men; and, on the other hand, the men must not be allowed to get the idea that they are responsible first to boards of arbitration, and only secondly to their employers.

(3.) Arbitration boards should have the right to demand from both sides such information as they may think needful; and failure on either side to respond satisfactorily to any question should warrant the presumption that the answer, had it been given, would have told against the party refusing it. Beyond this there would be no need in the law of provisions compelling testimony or punishing contempt. Moreover, if a body of employees were to strike without making any appeal for arbitration, they would thereby subject themselves to the same consequences as if they had refused to accept a decision rendered on evidence. Again, the corresponding rule must be that, if the men alone appear before the board, the decision shall be by default against their employers. Finally, the arbitrators should be allowed to decide for themselves what sort of information they need, and should not

be obliged to listen to irrelevant arguments on either side.

II. Though the nature of the evidence to be admitted will vary with each case, and though those to whom judgment is committed must be guided largely by their own sense of justice, it is still worth while to consider what general principles ought to be observed, and what, if any, might wisely be incorporated in law.

In the first place, with opportunity for arbitration provided, the so-called sympathetic strike could not be tolerated. In fact, it could occur only in case a body of men were to stop work out of sympathy with strikers in some other State, or were to refuse to handle "non-union" goods of some sort, or cars received from outside roads on which strikes were in progress. The State, however, cannot recognize a right on the part of its servants to obstruct any business which is carried on in conformity with its laws or with those of sister States; neither can it, after doing all in its power to provide means of justice for its own employees, allow them to put it to inconvenience by taking part in the quarrels of those beyond its jurisdiction. Yet the men might properly refuse to be removed to a distance to take the place of strikers on some other part of a system under the same general control as their own line. Again, the whole body of a company's employees within the same jurisdiction should have the right to support the petition of any of their number; for if this were not allowed it would be possible to cut down wages, first for one small set of men, and then for another, until all had been reduced, without giving a fair chance for a united protest.

The most frequent subjects of dispute which may properly come up for arbitration are wages, hours of service, and, in certain cases, the grounds for promotion and discharge. Regarding wages there are at least three different



theories: (1) that the ability of a company to pay should be taken into account, a theory advocated by employees when a company is prospering, and by employers when the contrary is the case; (2) that the value of a service to the company should be considered, presented by corporations that wish to keep the wages of as many as possible of their men below the standard rate; (3) that wages should be proportioned to the labor and skill required to perform a given service.

As to the first theory, of payment according to ability to pay, the employees have, perhaps, equal rights with the stockholders to benefit by unusual profits. It is the public, however, that has the true claim on them. If, then, the people choose to say that this special profit, instead of being used to reduce rates or improve accommodations, shall be given to the employees as nominal wages over and above the value of their service, the company can have no good ground for complaint; but the employees have no right to expect such benefactions. On the other hand, the limit to which wages may be reduced on the plea of a road's poverty must not be too low to maintain uninterrupted service. Again, in considering the wealth or poverty of a carrying corporation, and its consequent ability to pay good wages, it will generally make a great difference whether calculation be made on the basis of the actual value of its property or on that of the face value of its securities. It is fair to say that, while the public is at liberty to pay, by means of extortionate rates, as high dividends as it may please on watered stock, it ought not to allow the payment of interest on fictitious values to serve as an excuse for pinching the employees.

The second theory is that payment should depend on the value of the service rendered. It seems plausible enough to say that the engineer of a local train ought not to be paid as much as he who

runs the through express, because the service of the former is of less value to the company. But if this principle be pressed to its conclusion, its unfairness becomes apparent; for if it be just, then, similarly, the engineer of a through freight, that pays little more than operating expenses, should have less pay than the engineer of a local, that contributes to fixed charges and dividends as well. An engineer would deserve less for bringing a nearly empty train safely through snow and storm than for carrying the same train full of passengers on a fair day. It may be that the engineer of the local deserves less than the driver of the through express; not, however, because his service is less valuable, but because it involves less of responsibility or of skill.

In short, the only true rule is the third: that any service which the employer thinks worth doing at all shall be paid for according to the skill and labor required for performing it, with due allowance for peculiar irksomeness, danger, or responsibility, regardless of its precise value to the company. This rule should be followed as closely as possible, for it is that by which wages in general must always be governed, according to the law of supply and demand. It is desirable that the public, through its arbitration boards, interfere as little as possible with the operation of this law, only insuring itself against the inconvenience sure to result if the state of the labor market be put to the test of a strike.

In the question how many hours railway men shall work the public has a vital concern. The lives of travelers are imperiled if those in any way connected with the running of trains or the repairing of tracks are kept under a severe strain. In this matter, therefore, public safety may often require more restrictions than the men themselves would have a right to ask. For the same reason, the subject might wisely be treated by general laws, though such laws could

not attempt to fix the precise limit of working time for all classes of employees. Not only must the railway business go on at all hours of the day, but the severity of the strain and the responsibility upon those employed vary widely according to the posts they fill. It is, perhaps, not too much for a station master to be on hand at the occasional arrival of trains during eighteen hours of the twenty-four, though it would be a dangerous policy to expect a switchman to be alive to his duty during such a period. Again, a local engineer may be kept on duty ten hours a day, but few managers would be reckless enough to require a man to run a fast express for an equal length of time. A maximum time limit might, however, be set for many classes of employees, such as ten hours of actual service, all to be included within twelve consecutive hours, and to be continued for not more than six successive days. That would, no doubt, be more than could justly or safely be required of many men; but there is no other business in which precise rules on this subject would be so difficult to frame. Accordingly, the enactment of such a general time limit into law ought not to preclude the right of any class of men to a hearing on the matter before the arbitration board.

The hardest question which may require arbitration is that of promotion and discharge. In such a matter every employer wishes to be free to act on his own judgment. The discipline essential to efficient service is endangered if employees are not held strictly accountable to their employers, and nowhere is thorough discipline more indispensable than on railways. Even in the government civil service, though the power of appointment is restricted, it has not been thought wise to interfere with the power of dismissal. Much less has the State advanced so far in socialism as to limit the right of any ordinary employer to discharge his men, with or without rea-

son, at pleasure; and only because the arbitrary exercise of a similar right by corporations sometimes results in their inability to perform their public duties can the State wisely or justly interfere with them. The State, moreover, concedes the right of laboring men to organize, and any railway company that attempts to prevent the exercise of this admitted right ought to be held responsible for the consequences. In fact, it is so clearly for the interest of employers to retain good men in their service that questions of discharge would not be a proper subject of arbitration at all, were not some corporations still avowedly hostile to the organization of their employees. Perhaps, too, it is fair to make some concession to the suspicions of the men, unreasonable though they often are. It is the nature of all mankind, save ourselves, to be unreasonable; our part is to be magnanimous. Every precaution, however, should be taken to prevent indiscriminate appeals to arbitration. This is due, first of all, to the employers, to whom outside supervision must, at best, be annoying; but it is even more important to the men, for nothing could more discredit their cause than the frequent presentation of complaints that could not bear investigation. No boards of arbitration ought ever to overrule the action of railway managers merely on the ground that they themselves might have done differently in the circumstances, and purely personal complaints ought not to be entertained. In all cases of discharge presented, the men must convince the board that the reasons alleged were a mere pretext for action prompted in reality by hostility to organized labor. It would then be wise policy for the employers to treat their men fairly, in order to avoid possible overruling from without, and for the men to accept in good faith the decisions of their employers, unless very sure of a genuine grievance. Moreover, by being careful to place in prominent positions in their orders only

such of their number as are of unquestioned character and efficiency, they can do much to relieve boards of arbitration in the difficult task of deciding what is the real cause of a man's discharge.

It is a signal advantage of arbitration in advance of open warfare that those to whom decision is committed will be free from the prejudices which the incidents attending a strike often excite. At present we are too ready to judge a body of strikers by their worst specimens, and to think the merits of a controversy changed by a single injudicious act of the weaker party. With arbitration to prevent instead of to settle strikes, there will be no riots or acts of violence on the part of hot-headed sympathizers with the men; no employment of Pinkerton "detectives" by the management, to obscure the real issue and render impartial judgment impossible. The boards will not yield to the temptation to punish the corporations for their arrogant demand to be allowed to regulate their own affairs, like private individuals; nor, on the other hand, will they refuse justice to the employees because some of their claims may be extravagant or their economic theories absurd.

III. All has gone on smoothly thus far, on paper at least; an impartial arbitration board has been appointed, and an impartial decision, based on just principles, has been rendered. But what if either party refuse to accept the decision? Shall the law attempt positive compulsion? That is not necessary, and with the employees would be impossible. The law may, however, fix serious consequences for refusal to comply; legal consequences for the company, and practical consequences for its employees. For the corporation is the creature of the State and the holder of special public favors; the men have received no favors from the public, and can be held to no legal duties. Yet they have moral obligations, and it is right that the State, after undertaking to secure

them from injustice, insist, in return, on recognition of these obligations, and use such constraint as is not tyrannical to enforce it.

A corporation, then, though it should still have a nominal right to reject the terms of the arbitration board, ought to be held to full accountability for the consequences. It should be required to maintain uninterrupted operation of its lines, while its employees would be at liberty to leave at once in a body. If, under these circumstances, it fail in the least to do its work, its lines should be taken in charge immediately by a receiver, who would offer the men the terms just fixed by the arbitrators, and so continue the operation of the road. This saves the public from inconvenience without involving the forfeiture of a company's charter before the stockholders can be heard; but on such conditions no corporation would be likely to reject the official settlement, unless it had so good a case as to feel sure of ability to fill all vacancies instantly, or unless the terms proposed were really believed to be ruinous. In the former instance, it would be justified by success; in the latter, it could prove its sincerity by offering to surrender its property to the State at a fair valuation, — that is, the present cost of building and equipping a similar line added to the original land damages of the line surrendered. It is not, however, at all likely that such a course would ever be taken. Most public carrying companies are either so profitable or so highly capitalized above the actual value of their plant that sale of the property at its true value would not look attractive.

In the next place, what shall be done if the employees refuse the terms offered, or if they strike without first applying for arbitration at all? The more the State insists on the performance of their duties by corporations, the more clear becomes its own duty to secure these companies effectively against loss

through the refusal of their employees to accept terms which the State itself, by its agents, has declared reasonable. But the State cannot compel freemen to work against their will; and to require men, on entering any service, to bind themselves to accept whatever conditions may be fixed by the decision of a body yet to be constituted would be contrary to the very idea of free labor. It is, however, perfectly just to require due notice of an employee before leaving his employer's service, as also of the employer before discharging his men without a special cause, or reducing their wages. The time required should be the same for both parties, and the penalty for an employer for disregarding the rule should be wages for the full period. From the employees it would be impossible to compel service, and often impracticable to collect a fine, especially when a large number struck at once; while the idea of making refusal to work a penal offense is as repugnant as it would prove impossible of execution. There is still, however, a means of constraining the employees, suggested by that device, most villainous under abuse, the black-list. Men in the employ of public carriers should be licensed, and should lose their licenses as the penalty for leaving their posts without either due notice or the public consent. Licenses should cost nothing in the first instance, but the price should be very heavy for their renewal if once forfeited. This price would be in effect the fine imposed as a penalty for quitting work without warning, and the experience of men unjustly black-listed in the past gives reason for believing that the fear of losing their right to public employment, with the difficulty of regaining it, would save a corporation from danger of a sudden strike on a decision of the arbitration board unsatisfactory to its employees.

It is not proposed to interfere with any man's right to work or not to work

for a given employer or at a given compensation, since the license is not to be forfeited as a penalty for refusing terms which an arbitration board thinks fair, but only for leaving work without due warning, on dissatisfaction with those terms. The men are sustained by the whole force of the law in their right to strike instantly in case the corporation refuses the terms fixed, while their own right to refuse them is unquestioned so long as they give notice in advance. At the same time, uninterrupted service is secured by the appointment of a receiver if the managers fail to operate their road, while the system of licenses protects the company from tyranny on the part of the men. The State would not say to the corporation: "You must pay this rate of wages, and you must reemploy these men." But it would say: "We think that these wages are no more than you ought to pay, and that your motive in discharging these men was purely tyrannical. If, then, your men all leave you in consequence of treatment in our judgment unfair, we shall hold you responsible for any resulting inconvenience. If you fail in the least to perform your duties as common carriers, we shall take control of your property and operate it until you are ready to offer the employees what seem to us reasonable terms." Neither would the State, on deciding against the men, say to them: "You must work on the terms your employers offer you." It would say: "We believe your employers' terms are reasonable. You may reject them if you choose, but you must give fair notice before leaving, so that your places may be filled. And if you leave without notice, and thereby embarrass your employers and put us, the public, to inconvenience, we certainly shall not consider you the sort of men to be employed in the public service again." Under such conditions, it is improbable that railway employees would ever strike at the cost of their licenses,

unless they saw prospect of bettering themselves in some other calling. On the contrary, the provision for arbitration and the due recognition of their organizations would inspire in them a confidence in the public good will and a sense of responsibility which would raise the tone of the service, and make possible a better understanding between them and their employers.

Apart from the natural hesitation before any innovation felt by those fortunate members of society who have never personally suffered by a strike, there are two general reasons why those more immediately concerned oppose the idea of state arbitration. In the first place, many corporations will fight, on what they call principle, any such admission of the right of the State to interfere in their affairs; and, in the second place, some of the laboring classes, holding that the only remedy for the tyranny of corporate power is in state ownership, object to any half-way measure. There are some on both sides who believe that there is an irrepressible conflict between labor and capital, and, being of opinion that both might and right are on their side, desire to hasten, rather than to postpone, the crisis. Again, there are some of both parties who, while favorable to the idea of arbitration, have no confidence that just decisions would be rendered by any tribunal likely to be established for that purpose.

The combined effect of these objections is to prove the moderation of the plan. It goes too far for extremists on one side, and not far enough for those on the other. It is idle, however, at this late day, for public carriers to deny the right of the State to control them. They should rather accommodate themselves to the fact of the right, and then so conduct their affairs that there shall be no occasion for its exercise. The experience of the majority of railways in the country shows that, if their em-

ployees are treated with fair consideration, arbitration boards will have little to do. On the other hand, there is no good reason why advocates of state ownership should not support a moderate move in that direction. Such a step tends to familiarize the people with the idea of government control; and if at the same time the necessity of carrying it further be obviated or postponed, none but such as put the justification of their pet theory above the welfare of the country should regret the result.

There is, moreover, no ground for lack of confidence in such arbitration boards as might without difficulty be constituted. Their appointment by the judiciary would obviate the danger of partisanship, and a body fairly composed would always have the support of public opinion. On the other hand, the managers of carrying companies are, by virtue of their peculiar position, under constant temptation to seek the favor of their employers, the stockholders, by returning good dividends at the cost of hard terms to the employees. Losses incurred by cutting rates may be made good by cutting wages. As the stockholders are not, and cannot be, acquainted with these matters so as to decide them for themselves, the managers ought to be glad to leave to a public tribunal the decision of the difficult question of their relative duties to those above and to those below them. The public, while perhaps in some instances inclined to favor the weaker party, has a certain interest of its own in keeping operating expenses down, that rates also may be low. This interest would be strong enough to prevent popular support of extortionate demands, while it would not be sufficient to induce approval of niggardliness in dealing with the employees; for there would be a feeling that a corporation willing to pinch its men would not be likely generously to bestow the proceeds of its meanness on the community at large. Thus,

public sentiment, when the evidence is fairly before it, is likely to uphold whichever side is right.

It is a trite saying, but worth ever bearing in mind, that this difficulty, like most labor troubles, arises from a keen sense of rights combined with utter disregard of obligations. In the present instance, however, while the obligations of the men, until the public take some action in their behalf, are to their employers alone, the obligations of the corporations are twofold, — to their men and to the community. Fortunately, too, the latter duty, being legal as well as moral, gives the State the opportunity,

while maintaining its own rights, to compel both parties to a dispute to recognize their moral obligations to each other. In view of the experience of the past, the duty of proposing something better rests on those who object to state arbitration. It is a curious spectacle, the general complaint and vituperation on the part of the public while a strike is in progress, and the lapse into the old indifference that follows almost immediately when it is over. Yet it rests with the people alone to decide whether they will suffer in the future as in the past, or will exercise their right of control over their quarrelsome servants.

*Charles Worcester Clark.*

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### SNOWBIRDS.

ALONG the narrow sandy height  
I watch them swiftly come and go,  
Or round the leafless wood,  
Like flurries of wind-driven snow,  
Revolving in perpetual flight,  
A changing multitude.

Nearer 'and nearer still they sway,  
And, scattering in a circled sweep,  
Rush down without a sound;  
And now I see them peer and peep,  
Across yon level bleak and gray,  
Searching the frozen ground, —

Until a little wind upheaves,  
And makes a sudden rustling there,  
And then they drop their play,  
Flash up into the sunless air,  
And like a flight of silver leaves  
Swirl round and sweep away.

*Archibald Lampman.*



## TWO PHILOSOPHERS OF THE PARADOXICAL.

## FIRST PAPER: HEGEL.

THERE are two comparatively recent thinkers who are so often remembered and misunderstood in our day that I shall here venture upon the dangerous task of discussing afresh, and in as untechnical fashion as possible, their personal temperaments and their significance as philosophers. These thinkers are Hegel and Schopenhauer. No one is more conscious than I am how little can be told about their metaphysical systems in the compass of two papers addressed to the general reader. My excuse, however, for the present undertaking is twofold. First, I think that something may be gained for the comprehension of both of them by the mere act of putting them side by side; for, with all their contrast and their apparently hopeless divergence, they have, as we shall find, certain striking similarities; and these, properly expounded, will throw light back upon that world of passion and of paradoxes from which they both have sprung, and whose problems they so suggestively embody. This world is, namely, the tragic and wondrous world in which our modern nineteenth-century life finds itself. The philosophers have not invented its paradoxes, but have only given expression to them, each in his own way. In the second place, there is the general excuse for every such essay as the present one, that, if it is impossible to describe briefly the technical intricacies of any metaphysical system, it is also true that every great thinker is much more than his system. He is a man with a noteworthy temperament, with a critical attitude towards the passions of real life, — an attitude which his books seek to embody, but which has its human interest apart from his books. His greatest

desert often lies in this, that he tells us something of the meaning of his time. As to the Absolute, concerning which he speculates, he may lead us astray. As to human passions, faiths, hopes, ideals, he is sure to be instructive, just because these furnish the true ground and motive of his speculations. Hence there is a sense in which we have a right to treat the most technical of philosophers in an untechnical and literary fashion, in so far, namely, as he is a representative man of his time, who gives voice to its interests, furnishes a self-conscious expression of its beliefs, and sets before us its problems.

One can, however, do nothing to make clear a thinker's meaning without telling something about his historical relations. Hence I shall have to begin with a few words concerning the course of modern thought down to the time of Kant, and then make the transition to Hegel, to whom the rest of this paper will be devoted. A future paper will deal with Schopenhauer.

## I.

Modern philosophy, as we nowadays use the term, is a very recent affair, dating back only to the seventeenth century. Since then, however, philosophy has lived through several periods, which for our purpose we may reduce to three.

The first period was one of what we may call naturalism, pure and simple. The philosophers of this time had left off contemplating the heaven of mediæval piety, and were disposed to deify nature. They adored the rigidity of geometrical methods. They loved the

study of the new physical science which had begun with Galileo. Man they conceived, so far as possible, a mechanism. To us, as we read, they seem cold, formal, painfully systematic, in the bad sense of that word. At heart, however, they are not without a deep piety of their own. The nature which they deify has its magnificent dignity. It is no respecter of our sentimentalities, but it does embody a certain awful justice. You would pray to it in vain, but you may interrogate it fearlessly, for it hides no charmed and magical secrets in its breast which an unlucky word may render dangerous to the inquirer. It notices no insult; it blasts no curious questioner for his irreverence. This nature is a wise nature. Her best children are those who labor most patiently to comprehend her laws. The weak she crushes, but the thoughtful she honors. She knows no miracles, but her laws are an inexhaustible treasure-house of resources to the knowing. In fact, knowledge of such laws is the chief end of man's life.

In strong contrast, however, to this trust in the laws of outer nature and in the absolute validity of reason is the spirit of introspection and of skepticism that slowly developed during the second period of modern thought, — a period which, beginning already before the end of the seventeenth century, culminated in Kant. This period loves above all the study of the wondrous inner world of man's soul. To deify nature is not enough. Man is the most interesting thing in nature, and he is not yet deified; nor can he be until we have won a true knowledge of his wayward heart. He may be a part of nature's mechanism or he may not; still, if he be a mechanism, he is that most paradoxical of things, a knowing mechanism. His knowledge itself, what it is, how it comes about, whence he gets it, how it grows, what it signifies, how it can be defended against skepticism, what it implies, both

as to moral truth and as to theoretical truth, — these problems are foremost in the interests of the second period of modern thought. Reflection is now more subjective, an analysis of the mind rather than an examination of the business of physical science. Human reason is still, at first, the trusted instrument, but it soon turns its criticism upon itself. It distinguishes prejudices from axioms, fears dogmatism, scrutinizes the evidences of faith, suspects, or at best has consciously to defend, even the apparently irresistible authority of conscience, and so comes at last, in the person of the greatest of the British eighteenth-century thinkers, David Hume, to a questioning even of its own capacity to know truth, — a doubting attitude which brings philosophy into a sharp and admitted opposition to common sense. At this point, however, a new interest begins in Europe. If the age was already disposed to self-analysis, Rousseau, with his paradoxes and his even pathological love of limitless self-scrutiny, introduced into this man-loving period a sentimental tendency, from which, ere long, came a revival of passion, of poetry, and of enthusiasm, whose influence we shall never outgrow. Not much later came the "storm and stress" period of German literature; and by the time this had run its course, the French Revolution, overthrowing all the mechanical restraints of civilization, demonstrated the central importance of passion in the whole life of humanity.

The philosophy of Kant, developing in the quiet solitudes of his professional studies at Königsberg, in far-eastern Prussia, reflected with a most wonderful ingenuity the essential interests of the time when all this transformation was preparing. In 1781 he published his *Critique of Pure Reason*, nearly, if not quite, the most important philosophical treatise ever written. The essential doctrine of this book is the thought that man's nature is the real creator of man's

world. It isn't the external world as such that is the deepest truth for us at all; it is the inner structure of the human spirit, which merely expresses itself in the visible nature about us. The interest of Kant's presentation of this paradoxical thought lay not so much in the originality of the conception, for philosophers never invent fundamental beliefs, and this idea of Kant's is as old as deeper spiritual faith itself, but rather in the cool, dispassionate, mercilessly critical ingenuity with which he carries it out. Issued years before the French Revolution, the book seems a sort of deliberate justification of the proud consciousness of man's own absolute rights with which, in that mighty struggle, the human spirit rose against all external restraints, and declared, as we in America had already showed men how to do, that the true world for humanity is the world which the freeman makes, and that the genuinely natural order is one which is not external until reason decrees that it shall exist.

A more detailed account of Kant's philosophy here would of course carry us too far. Fortunately, the most general outlines of his doctrine are in some measure a matter of popular knowledge. He held, as is known, that the human subject finds himself in the presence of a show-world, as one might call it, — a world in space and in time, — which, upon analysis, turns out to be of a most curious and baffling character. For, in the first place, as Kant maintains, it is demonstrable that space and time are what the philosopher calls "forms" of our own "sense perception," and not forms or properties of real things outside of us at all. In view of this analysis, Kant declares that the "things in themselves," whatever they are, which are behind our world of sense, are neither spatial nor temporal in nature, and for that very reason are unknowable. We can know that they exist, but what they are it is absolutely beyond our

power to discover. The objects, however, in our show-world itself, the things in space and in time, as they exist *for us*, may indeed be the result of the action of the things in themselves upon our senses, but are for us just *our* objects, made possible by the laws of our own nature.

What these laws of our own nature are will appear a little more clearly if we remember the fact that our world of daily experience is not merely a world of sense, but is also a world of "Understanding;" that is, a world where order reigns, where things happen according to rule, where you can study the connection of cause and effect, where a practically sane conduct of life and a theoretically reasonable study of nature are possible. Yet, as we have seen, for all this its good order, the world of experience is not a world of genuine outer things in themselves, but is our own world of seeming things. How, then, does it get this irresistible good order, this objectively fixed character, that we all attribute to it? Kant's answer is one of the very greatest subtlety and ingenuity. I cannot give it in his words, but must suggest it in my own, since all that is to follow in this paper will have relation to this thought of Kant's.

Each one of us, namely, is, according to Kant, at once a Total Self, a Person, all of whose life of sense goes somehow together to form One Life; and each of us is also, in a curious way, what Kant calls an Empirical Self, — that is, a creature of the moment, a fragmentary being, who flies from one experience to another, and who takes the world as it comes. The fragmentary self of the moment, nevertheless, is constantly trying to think himself with reference to his own total experience. I, for instance, feel just now this total of impressions; I see this paper, this writing upon it, this table, this light, this room. But, also, I do more than merely thus see and feel the moment; for I know who I

am. I have for myself a past, a future, a personality. My present experience is part of my total self. Only as such is it recognizable to me. If I don't know who I, on the whole, am, I don't know anything. But, now, how do I know who I am? Only, says Kant, by bringing my present experience into some orderly relation to my larger self, to my whole experience; and this I can do only by virtue of what Kant calls certain Categories, or Forms of Thought, such as my idea of Cause, whereby I at this moment am linked in the form of time to my own past. I recognize myself as this person only by means of conceiving thoughtfully some causal or other rational relation between this present fleeting moment and all my other experiences. I think my world as one, because I think myself as one. All my experiences make up one experience. "If I be I, as I think I be," then, for that very reason, my show-world must have order in it; must not be flighty, confused, insane. To preserve, therefore, my own sanity (called by Kant the "Unity of Apperception"), to save myself from a mere flight of ideas, I must have the power to give fixity to the world of my experience. And thus it is, as Kant asserts, that the Understanding creates the very laws of nature.

It is needful for us to note the central feature of this doctrine of Kant's. The assurance that nature must have rigid and rational law in it had been, as we have seen, fundamental in the philosophy of the seventeenth century, — fundamental and unquestioned. The age of Hume had come to question this assurance. How can our reason, in demanding that things shall conform to law, be sure that its demands agree with the nature of things? Kant's answer is essentially this: Because the natural world is through and through *our* world, the world of our sense-forms of time and space; and because, also, the laws upon which the very sanity of our self-con-

sciousness depends are laws which assure that this, *our* world, shall have rigid order in it. For, as Kant in substance holds, a sane self-consciousness always appeals from the momentary to the Total Self; and every such appeal sets the moment in orderly relations to the Total Self, brings this fleeting experience into union with the One Experience. The central feature of Kant is, then, this doctrine of the relation of the momentary and the complete self.

Overlong as the foregoing summary may seem to be, it is needed to bring us where we can understand the third period of modern thought, to which Hegel already belongs. For the earlier post-Kantian thinkers the doctrine, "This world is our world, and for us things in themselves are inaccessible," is, on the whole, so fundamental that, for a while, many of them drop the things in themselves altogether out of sight, deny that such things exist, and devote their main study to a consideration of Kant's central problem, the relation of the momentary self to the Universal Self. Prominent amongst the men of this type were first Fichte, and then the principal thinkers of the Romantic School, including Schelling as he was in his first period. Of Kant's Total Self, the true Ego to whom I, the transient self, always appeal, these later speculators soon made an Absolute; that is, a Self whose complete experience embraces not only *my* private life, but all finite life; whose unity puts law not only into my show-world, but also into the world of every intelligence; in short, a Logos, whose rank is once more divine, and whose show-world of seeming things is for us finite beings as true and irresistible a nature as even the seventeenth century had revered. Kant, as is known, had found in his subjective doctrine no theoretical proof of God's existence, and, according to him, one postulates an Absolute beyond our experience solely for an ethical reason. But these

Romantic Idealists found in Kant's own doctrine the essential basis of what seemed to them a higher Theism. Who is this Total Self, to which we all appeal, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, but the true and divine Self, the vine whereof we are the branches? So Fichte had already suggested at an early stage, and the development of the thought in numerous and decidedly vague forms is characteristic of the whole Romantic School.

A return, then, to the universal and divinely sovereign outer Truth of the seventeenth century, but with an interpretation of this truth in terms of Kant's thought; an acceptance of Kant's doctrine that the Self is the law-giver of nature, and yet a synthesis of this with the doctrine that there is an Absolute beyond our finite consciousness, — such was the undertaking at the beginning of the third period of modern philosophy.

But now, as must at once be pointed out, neither Hegel nor Schopenhauer is fairly to be described as expressing unmodified this notion of the Absolute: not Hegel, because with him all the stress is laid upon his own fashion of developing his peculiar "Notion" of what the Absolute Self is; not Schopenhauer, because, while he too reached a conception of an Absolute from a Kantian starting-point, he condemned altogether any attempt to call it a Self, or a Logos, or God. Yet both thinkers have a part in the great movement whose end it was to universalize Kant's purely subjective doctrine of knowledge.

## II.

With the Idealists of the Romantic School Hegel had indeed many things in common, but he differed from them profoundly in temperament. They reached their Absolute Self by various mystical or otherwise too facile methods, which we cannot here expound. Hegel hated

easy roads in philosophy, and abhorred mysticism. He therefore, at first, in his private studies, clung closely to Kant's original mode of dealing with the problems of the new philosophy until he had found his own fashion of reflection. To understand what this fashion was we must turn to the man himself.

Yet, as I now come to speak of Hegel's temperament, I must at once point out that, of all first-class thinkers, he is, personally, one of the least imposing in character and life. Kant was a man whose intellectual might and heroic moral elevation stood in contrast to the weakness of his bodily presence, which, after all, had something of the sublime about it. Spinoza's lonely, almost princely haughtiness of intellect joins with his religious mysticism to give his form grace, and his very isolation nobility. But Hegel is in no wise either graceful or heroic in bearing. His dignity is solely the dignity of his work. Apart from his achievement, and his temperament as making it possible, there is positively nothing of mark in the man. He was a keen-witted Suabian, a born scholar, a successful teacher, self-possessed, decidedly crafty, merciless to his enemies, quarrelsome on occasion, after the rather crude fashion of the German scholar, sedate and methodical in the rest of his official life; a rather sharp disciplinarian when he had to deal with young people or with subordinates, a trifle servile when he had to deal with official or with social superiors. From his biographer, Rosenkranz, we learn of him in many private capacities; he interests us in hardly any of them. He was no patriot, like Fichte; no romantic dreamer, like Novalis; no poetic seer of splendid metaphysical visions, like Schelling. His career is absolutely devoid of romance. We even have one or two of his love-letters. They are awkward and dreary beyond measure. His inner life either had no crises, or concealed them obstinately. In his dealings with his

friends, as, for instance, with Schelling, he was wily and masterful; using men for his advantage so long as he needed them, and turning upon them without scruple when they could no longer serve his ends. His life, in its official character, was indeed blameless. He was a faithful servant of his various successive masters, and unquestionably he reaped his worldly reward. His students flattered him, and therefore he treated them well. But towards opponents he showed scant courtesy. To the end he remains a self-seeking, determined, laborious, critical, unaffectionate man, faithful to his office and to his household, loyal to his employers, cruel to his foes, asking no mercy in controversy and showing none. His style in his published books is not without its deep ingenuity and its marvelous accuracy, but otherwise is notoriously one of the most barbarous, technical, and obscure in the whole history of philosophy. If his lectures are more easy-flowing and genial, they are in the end and as a whole hardly more comprehensible. He does little to attract his reader, and everything to make the road long and painful to the student. All this is not awkwardness; it is deliberate choice. He is proud of his barbarism. And yet — here is the miracle — this unattractive and unheroic person is one of the most noteworthy of all the chosen instruments through which, in our times, the Spirit has spoken. It is not ours to comprehend this wind that bloweth where it listeth. We have only to hear the sound thereof.

Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel was born in August, 1770, at Stuttgart. His family was of a representative Suabian type; his own early surroundings were favorable to an industrious but highly pedantic sort of learning. At the gymnasium in Stuttgart, which he attended from his seventh year, he was an extraordinarily, but, on the whole, a very healthily studious boy. From his fifteenth until well on in his seventeenth

year we find him keeping a diary, from which Rosenkranz has published large fragments. It is in strong contrast to the sentimental diaries that the characteristic youth of genius, in those days, might have been expected to keep. In fact, there was no promise of genius, so far, in the young Hegel. His diary runs on much after this fashion: "Tuesday, June 28 [1785]. I observed to-day what different impressions the same thing can make on different people. . . . I was eating cherries with excellent appetite, and having a very good time, . . . when somebody else, older than I, to be sure, looked on with indifference, and said that in youth one thinks that one cannot possibly pass a cherry-woman without having one's mouth water for the cherries (as we Suabians say), whereas in more advanced years one can let a whole spring pass without feeling an equal longing for such things. Whereupon I thought out the following principle, a rather painful one for me, but still a very profound one, namely, that in youth . . . one can't eat as much as one wants, while in age one does n't want to eat as much as one can."

Such was the philosopher Hegel at fifteen years of age. His diary never records a genuine event. Nothing seems to have happened to this young devourer of cherries and learning, except such marvels as that one day at church he learned the date of the Augsburg Confession; or that, during a walk, one of his teachers told him how every good thing has its bad side; and again, during another walk, tried to explain to him why July and August are hotter than June. Of such matters the diary is full; never does one learn of an inner experience of any significance. Aspirations are banished. The boy is pedantic enough, not to say an out-and-out prig; but this, at any rate, appears as the distinctive feature of his temperament: he is thoroughly objective. He wants to know life as it is in itself, not as it is for him;



he desires the true principles of things, not his private and sentimental interpretation of them. Meanwhile, he is at once well instructed in religious faith, and given so far to the then popular and rather shallow rationalism which loved to make very easy work of the mysterious of every kind and grade. He devotes some space to the explanation of ghost stories. He even records, meanwhile, occasional bits of dry Suabian humor, such as later, in a much-improved form, found place in his academic lectures, and were so characteristic of his style, not to say of his system. The boyish form of this interest in the grotesque may be thus exemplified: "January 3, 1787. Total eclipse of the moon: instruments prepared at the gymnasium, where some gathered to see; but the sky was too cloudy. So the rector told us the following: As a boy, he himself had once gone out with other boys, at night, on the pretense of star-gazing. In reality they had only wandered about. The police found them, and were going to take them into custody; but the gymnasium boys said, 'We're out star-gazing.' 'Nay,' responded the police, 'but you boys ought to go to bed at night, and do your star-gazing in the daytime.'" I note this trifle, because, after all, it means more than one would think. Here and at other places in the young Hegel's record appear glimpses of a certain deep delight in the paradoxical, — a delight which, at times merely dry and humorous, at times keenly intellectual, would mean little in another temperament, but which is, after all, the determining tendency of Hegel's mind.

In fact, if one has eyes to see it, the Hegelian temperament, although not at all the Hegelian depth, is, even as early as this, almost completely indicated. Of the later philosophical genius, as I have said, there is so far no promise; but the general attitude which this genius was to render so significant is already taken

by the boy Hegel. The traits present are, for the first, an enormous intellectual acquisitiveness, which finds every sort of learning, but above all every sort of literary and humane learning, extremely interesting. The pedantry which oppresses the German gymnasiast of that day, is relieved, meanwhile, by this dry and sarcastic Suabian humor, which notes the oddities and stupidities of human nature with a keen appreciation. The humor involves a love of the grotesque, of the paradoxical, of the eternally self-contradictory in human life. The mature Hegel was to discover the deeper meaning of such paradoxes; for the time being he simply notes them. For the rest, there is one trait already manifest which is also of no small significance in Hegel's life-work. This is a certain observant sensitiveness to all manner of conscious processes in other people, joined with a singularly cool and impersonal aptitude for criticising these processes. Here, indeed, is a feature about Hegel which, later in his mature wisdom, assumed a very prominent place, and which always makes him, even apart from his style, very hard for some people to comprehend. We are used in literature to the man who sympathizes personally with the passions of his fellows, and who thus knows their hearts because of the warmth of his own heart. We know also something of the tragically cynical type of man who, like Swift, not because he is insensitive, but because he is embittered, sees, or chooses to describe in passion, only its follies. We have all about us, moreover, the simply unfeeling, to whom passion is an impenetrable mystery, because they are naturally blind to its depth and value. But Hegel's type is one of the rarest, — the one, namely, whose representative man will, so to speak, tell you, in a few preternaturally accurate though perhaps highly technical words, all that ever you did; who will seem to sound your heart very much as a skillful spe-

cialist in nervous diseases would sound the mysterious and secret depths of a morbid patient's consciousness; but who, all the while, is himself apparently as free from deep personal experiences of an emotional type as the physician is free from his patient's morbid and nervous web-spinning. Hegel has this quasi-professional type of sensitiveness about his whole bearing towards life. Nobody keener or more delicately alive and watchful than he to comprehend, but also nobody more merciless to dissect, the wisest and the tenderest passions of the heart. And yet it is not all mercilessness in his case. When he has analyzed, he does not condemn, after the cynic's fashion. After the dissection comes reconstruction. He singles out what he takes to be the truly humane in passion, he describes the artistic or the religious interests of man, he pictures the more admirable forms of self-consciousness; and now, indeed, his speech may assume at moments a religious, even a mystical tone. He praises, he depicts approvingly, he admires, the absolute worth of these things. You feel that at last you have found his heart also in a glow. But no, this too is an illusion. A word ere long undeceives you as to his personal attitude. He is only engaged in his trade as shrewd professor; he is only telling you the true and objective value of things; he is not making any serious pretenses as to his own piety or wealth of concern. He is still the critic. His admiration was the approval of the on-looker. In his private person he remains what he was before, untouched by the glow of heart of the very seraphs themselves.

In the year 1788 Hegel entered the university of his province at Tübingen. Here he studied until 1793, being somewhat interrupted in his academic work by ill health. His principal study was theology. A certificate given him at the conclusion of his course declared that he was a man of some gifts and in-

dustry, but that he had paid no serious attention to philosophy. His reading, however, had been very varied. In addition to theology he had shown a great fondness for the Greek tragedians. His most intimate student friends of note had been the young poet Hölderlin and Schelling himself. Nobody had yet detected any element of greatness in Hegel.

The friendship with Schelling was now continued in the form of a correspondence, which lasted while Hegel, as an obscure family tutor, passed the years from 1793 to 1796 in Switzerland, and then, in a similar capacity, worked in Frankfort-on-the-Main until the end of 1800, when, through Schelling's assistance, he found an opportunity to enter upon an academic career at the University of Jena. During all these years Hegel matured slowly, and printed nothing. The letters to Schelling are throughout written in a flattering and receptive tone. Philosophy becomes more prominent in Hegel's thought and correspondence as time goes on. To Schelling he appeals as to the elect leader of the newest evolution in thought. From the Kantian philosophy, he says, a great new creative movement is to grow, and the central idea of this new movement will be the doctrine of the Absolute and Infinite Self, whose constructive processes shall explain the fundamental laws of the world. This notion Hegel expresses already in 1795, when he is but twenty-five years old and Schelling is but twenty. But as to the development of the new system in his own mind he gives little or no hint until 1800, just before joining Schelling at Jena. Then, as he confesses to his friend, "the Ideal of my youth has had to take a reflective form, and has become a system; and I now am asking how I can return to life and set about influencing men." He had actually, by this time, written an outline of his future doctrine, which was already in all its

essentials fully defined. On his first appearance at Jena, however, he was content to appear as a co-worker, and even as in part an expositor, of Schelling; and probably he purposely exaggerated the agreement between his friend and himself so long as he found Schelling's reputation and assistance a valuable introduction to the learned world, in which the youthful Romanticist was already a great figure, while Hegel himself was so far unknown. In 1801 Hegel began his lectures as Privat-Docent at the University. In 1803 Schelling left the University, and Hegel, now dependent upon himself, ere long made no secret of the fact that he had his own relatively independent philosophy, and that he could find as yet nothing definite and final about his friend's writings. His own first great book, the *Phänomenologie des Geistes*, finished at about the time of the battle of Jena, and published early in 1807, completed his separation from Schelling, whose Romantic vagueness he unmercifully ridiculed, without naming Schelling himself, in the long preface with which the book opened. In a letter to Schelling accompanying a copy of the *Phänomenologie*, Hegel indeed explained that his ridicule must be understood as directed against the misuse which the former's followers were making of the Romantic method in philosophy; but the language of the preface was unmistakable. Schelling replied curtly, and the correspondence ended. After the period of confusion which followed the battle of Jena, Hegel, who had been temporarily forced to abandon the scholastic life, found a place as gymnasium director at Nürnberg, where he married in 1811. In 1816 he was called to a professorship of philosophy at Heidelberg. He had already published his *Logic*. In 1818 he was called to Berlin, and here rapidly rose to the highest academic success. He had a great following, came into especial court favor, reached an almost

despotic position in the world of German philosophic thought, and died of cholera, at the very height of his fame, in November, 1831.

If we now undertake in a few words to characterize Hegel's doctrine, we must first of all cut loose almost entirely from that traditional description of his system which has been repeated in the text-books until almost everybody has forgotten what it means, and has therefore come to accept it as true. We must furthermore limit our attention to Hegel's theory of the nature of self-consciousness, laying aside all detailed study of the rest of his elaborate system. And, finally, we must be rude to our thinker, as he was to every one else; we must take what we regard as his "Secret" (to borrow Dr. Stirling's word) out of the peculiar language in which Hegel chose to express it, and out of the systematic tomb where he would have insisted upon burying it. So treated, Hegel's doctrine will appear as an analysis of the fundamental Paradox of our Consciousness.

### III.

The world of our daily life, Kant had said, has good order and connection in it not because the absolute order of external things in themselves is known to us, but (as I have reworded Kant) because we are sane; because our understanding, then, has its own coherence, and must see its experience in the light of this coherence. Idealism has already drawn the obvious conclusion from all this. If this be so, if it is our understanding that actually creates the order of nature for us, then the problem, "How shall I comprehend my world?" becomes no more or less than the problem, "How shall I understand myself?" We have already suggested into what romantic extravagances the effort to know exhaustively the inner life had by this time led. Some profound but still vague relation

was felt to exist between my own self and an Infinite Self. To this vague relation, which Fichte conceived in purely ethical terms, and which the Romanticists tried to grasp in numerous arbitrary and fantastic ways, philosophy was accustomed to appeal. My Real Self is deeper than my conscious self, and this real self is boundless, far spreading, romantic, divine. Only poets and other geniuses can dream of it justly. But nobody can tell squarely and simply, *mit durren Worten*, just what he means by it. Now Hegel, as a maliciously cool-headed and sternly unromantic Suabian, did indeed himself believe in the Infinite Self, but he regarded all this vagueness of the Romanticists with contempt, and even with a certain rude mirth. He appreciated all its enthusiasm in his own external way, of course; he could even talk after that dreamy fashion himself, and once, not to the credit of his wisdom, perhaps not quite to the credit of his honesty, he did so, in an early essay, published, as we must note, while he was still Schelling's academic nursling at Jena. But he despised vagueness, and when the time came he said so. Yet still for him the great question of philosophy lay just where the Romanticists had found it; yes, just where Kant himself had left it. My conscious and present self is n't the whole of me. I am constantly appealing to my own past, to my own future self, and to my deeper self, also, as it now is. Whatever I affirm, or doubt, or deny, I am always searching my own mind for proof, for support, for guidance. Such searching constitutes in one sense all my active mental life. All philosophy, then, turns, as Kant had shown, upon understanding who and what I am, and who my deeper self is. Hegel recognizes this; but he will not dream about it. He undertakes an analysis, therefore, which we must here reword in our own fashion, and for the most part with our own illustrations.

Examine yourself at any instant. "I,"

you say, "know just now this that is now present to me,—this feeling, this sound, this thought. Of past and future, of remote things, of other people, I can conjecture this or that, but just now and here I know whatever *is* here and now for me." Yes, indeed; but *what* is here and now for me? See, *even as I try to tell, the here and now have flown*. I know this note of music that sounds, this wave that breaks on the beach. No, not so; even as I try to tell what I now know, the note has sounded and ceased, the wave is broken and another wave curves onward to its fall. I cannot say, "I know." I must always say, "I just knew." But what was it I just knew? Is it already past and gone? Then how can I now be knowing it at all? One sees this endless paradox of consciousness, this eternal flight of myself from myself. After all, do I really ever know any one abiding or even momentarily finished and clearly present thing? No, indeed. I am eternally changing my mind. All that I know, then, is not any present moment, but the moment that is just past, and the change from that moment to this. My momentary self has knowledge in so far as it knows, recognizes, accepts, another self, the self of the moment just past. And again, my momentary self is known to the self of the next succeeding moment, and so on in eternal and fatal flight. All this is an old paradox. The poets make a great deal of it. You can illustrate endlessly its various forms and shadings. That I don't know my present mind, but can only review my past mind, is the reason, for instance, why I never precisely know that I am happy at the very instant when I am happy. After a merry evening, I can think it all over and say, "Yes, I *have been* happy. It all *was* good." Only then, mark you, the happiness is over. But still, you may say, I know that the memory of my past happiness is itself a happy thing.

No, not even this do I now directly know. If I reflect on my memory of past joy, I see, once more but in a second reflective memory, that my previous memory of joy was itself joyous. But, as you see, I get each new joy as my own in knowledge only when it has fled in being. It is my memory that but a moment since or a while since I was joyful that constitutes my knowledge of my joy. This is a somewhat sad paradox. I *feel* my best joys just when I *know* them least, namely, in my least reflective moments. To know that I enjoy is to reflect, and to reflect is to remember a joy past. But surely, then, one may say, when I suffer I can know that I am miserable. Yes, but once more only reflectively. Each pang is past when I come to know that it was just now mine. "That is over," I say; "what next?" And it is this horror of the "What next?" this looking for my sorrow elsewhere than in the present, namely, in the dreaded and on-coming fatal future, that constitutes the deepest pang of loneliness, of defeat, of shame, or of bereavement. My illustrations are still my own, not Hegel's.

The result of all this possibly too elaborate web-spinning of ours is not far to seek. We wanted to know who any one of us at any moment is, and the answer to the question is, Each one of us is what some other moment of his life reflectively finds him to be. It is a mysterious and puzzling fact, but it is true. No one of us knows what he now is; he can only know what he *was*. Each one of us, however, is *now* only what hereafter he *shall* find himself to be. This is the deepest paradox of the inner life. We get self-possession, self-apprehension, self-knowledge, only through endlessly fleeing from ourselves, and then turning back to look at what we were. But this paradox relates not merely to moments. It relates to all life. Youth does not know its own deep mind. Mature life or old age reflectively

discovers a part of what youth meant, and sorrows now that the meaning is known only when the game is ended. All feeling, all character, all thought, all life, exists for us only in so far as it can be reflected upon, viewed from without, seen at a distance, acknowledged by another than itself, reworded in terms of fresh experience. Stand still where you are, stand alone, isolate your life, and forthwith you are nothing. Enter into relations, exist for the reflective thought of yourself or of other people, criticise yourself and be criticised, observe yourself and be observed, exist and at the same time look upon yourself and be looked upon from without, and then indeed you are somebody, — a Self with a consistency and a vitality, a Being with a genuine life.

In short, then, take me moment by moment, or take me in the whole of my life, and this comes out as the paradox of my existence, namely, I know myself only in so far as I am known or may be known by another than my present or momentary self. Leave me alone to the self-consciousness of this moment, and I shrivel up into a mere atom, an unknowable feeling, a nothing. My existence is in a sort of conscious publicity of my inner life.

Let me draw at once an analogy between this fact of the inner life and the well-known fact of social life to which I just made reference. This analogy evidently struck Hegel with a great deal of force, as he often refers to it. We are all aware, if we have ever tried it, how empty and ghostly is a life lived for a long while in absolute solitude. Free me from my fellows, let me alone to work out the salvation of my own glorious Self, and surely (so I may fancy) I shall now for the first time show who I am. No, not so; on the contrary, I merely show in such a case who I am not. I am no longer friend, brother, companion, co-worker, servant, citizen, father, son; I exist for nobody; and ere-

long, perhaps to my surprise, generally to my horror, I discover that I am nobody. The one thing means the other. In the dungeon of my isolated self-consciousness I rot away, unheeded and terror-stricken. Idiocy is before me, and my true self is far behind, in those bright and bitter days when I worked and suffered with my fellows. My freedom from others is my doom, the most insufferable form of bondage. Could I speak to a living soul! If any one knew of me, looked at me, thought of me,—yes, hated me, even,—how blessed would be the deliverance! Now, note the analogy here between the inner life in each of us and the social life that each of us leads. Within myself the rule holds that I live consciously only in so far as I am known and reflected upon by my subsequent life. Beyond what is called my private self, however, a similar rule holds. I exist in a vital and humane sense only in relation to my friends, my social business, my family, my fellow-workers, my world of other selves. This is the rule of mental life. We are accustomed to speak of consciousness as if it were wholly an inner affair, which each one has at each moment solely in and by himself. But, after all, what consciousness do we then refer to? What is love but the consciousness that somebody is there who either loves me (and then I rejoice) or does not (and then I am gloomy or jealous)? What is self-respect but a conscious appeal to others to respect my right or my worth? And if you talk of one's secret heart, what is it but just that inner brooding in one's own conscious life which so much the more illustrates, as we say, the very impossibility of knowing myself except by looking back on my past self? See, then, it makes no difference how you look at me; you find the same thing. *All Consciousness is an appeal to other Consciousness.* That is the essence of it. The inner life is, as Hegel would love to express it, *ebensosehr* an outer

life. Spirituality is just intercourse, communion of spirits. This is the essential publicity of consciousness, whereby all the secrets of our hearts are known.

Here, then, Hegel has come upon the track of a process in consciousness whereby my private Self and that deeper Self of the Romanticists may be somewhat more definitely connected. Let us state this process a little abstractly. A conscious being is to think, or to feel, or to do something. Very well, then, he must surely think or do this, one would say, in some one moment. So be it; but as a conscious being he is also to know that he thinks or does this. To this end, however, he must exist in more than one moment. He must first act, and then live to know that he has acted. The self that acts is one; the self that knows of the act is another. Thus, there are at least two moments, already two selves. We see at once how the same process could be indefinitely repeated. In order to know myself at all, I must thus live out an indefinitely numerous series of acts and moments. I must become many selves, and live in their union and coherence. But still more. Suppose that what our self-conscious being has to do is to prove a proposition in geometry. As he proves, he appeals to somebody, his other self, so to speak, to observe that his proof is sound. Or, again, suppose that what he does is to love, to hate, to beseech, to pity, to appeal for pity, to feel proud, to despise, to exhort, to feel charitable, to long for sympathy, to converse; to do, in short, any of the social acts that make up, when taken all together, the whole of our innermost self-consciousness. All these acts, we see, involve at least the appeal to many selves, to society, to other spirits. We have no life alone. There is no merely inner Self. There is the world of Selves. We live in our coherence with other people, in our relationships. To sum it all up: From first to last, the law of conscious existence is



this paradoxical but real Self-differentiation, whereby I, the so-called inner Self, am through and through one of many Selves, so that my inner Self is already an outer, a revealed, an expressed Self. The only Mind is the world of many related minds. It is of the essence of consciousness to find its inner reality by losing itself in outer but spiritual relationships. Who am I, then, at this moment? I am just this knot of relationships to other moments and to other people. Do I converse busily and with absorption? If so, I am but just now this centre of the total consciousness of all those who are absorbed in this conversation. And so always it is of the essence of Spirit to differentiate itself into many spirits, and to live in their relationships, to be one solely by virtue of their coherence.

The foregoing illustrations of Hegel's paradox, some of which in these latter paragraphs have been his own, have not begun to suggest how manifold are, according to him, its manifestations. So paradoxical and so true does it seem to him, however, that he looks for further analogies of the same process in other regions of our conscious life. What we have found is, that if I am to be I, "as I think I be," I must be more than merely I. I become myself by forsaking my isolation and by entering into community. My self-possession is always and everywhere self-surrender to my relationships. But now is not this paradox of the spirit applicable still further in life? Does n't a similar law hold of all that we do in yet a deeper sense? If you want to win any end, not merely the end of knowing yourself, but say the end of becoming holy, is n't it true that, curiously enough, you in vain strive to become holy if you merely strive for holiness? Just pure holiness, what would it be? To have never a worldly thought; to be peaceful, calm, untroubled, absolutely pure in spirit, without one blot or blemish, — that would

indeed be noble, would it? But consider, if one were thus quite unworldly just because one had never an unworldly thought, what would that be but simple impassivity, innocence, pure emptiness? An innocent little cherub, that, just born into a pure light, had never even heard that there was a world at all, — he would, in this sense, be unworldly. But is such holiness the triumphant holiness of those that really excel in strength? Of course, if I had never even heard of the world, I should not be a lover of the world. But that would be because of my ignorance. And all sorts of things can be alike ignorant, — cherubs, young tigers, infant Napoleons, or Judases. Yes, the very demons of the pit might have begun by being ignorant of the universe. If so, they would have been so far holy. But, after all, is such holiness worth much, as holiness? It is indeed worth a good deal as innocence, just to be looked at. A young tiger or a baby Napoleon fast asleep, or a new-created demon that had not yet grown beyond the cherub stage, — we should all like to look at such pretty creatures. But such holiness is no ideal for us moral agents. Here we are with the world in our hands, beset already with temptation and all the pangs of our finitude. For us holiness means, not the abolition of worldliness, not innocence, not turning away from the world, but the victory that overcometh the world, the struggle, the courage, the vigor, the endurance, the hot fight with sin, the facing of the demon, the power to have him there in us and to hold him by the throat, the living and ghastly presence of the enemy, and the triumphant wrestling with him, and keeping him forever a panting, furious, immortal thrall and bondman. That is all the holiness we can hope for. Yes, this is the only true holiness. Such triumph alone does the Supreme Spirit know, who is tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. Holiness, you see, exists by virtue of its

opposite. Holiness is a consciousness of sin with a consciousness of the victory over sin. Only the tempted are holy, and they only when they win against temptation.

All this I set down here, not merely because I believe it, although in fact I do, but because Hegel's cool diagnosis of life loves to mark just such symptoms as this. "Die Tugend," says he, in one passage of his *Logic*, — "die Tugend ist der vollendete Kampf." Holiness, then, is the very height of the struggle with evil. It is a paradox, all this. And it is the same paradox of consciousness over again. You want the consciousness of virtue; you win it, not by innocence, but through its own very opposite, namely, through meeting the enemy, enduring, and overcoming. Consciousness here, once more as before, differentiates itself into various, into contrasted forms, and lives in their relationships, their conflicts, their contradictions, and in the triumph over these. As the warrior rejoices in the foeman worthy of his steel, and rejoices in him just because he wants to overcome and to slay him; as courage exists by the triumph over terror, and as there is no courage in a world where there is nothing terrible; as strength consists in the mastery of obstacles; as even love is proved only through suffering, grows deep only when sorrow is with it, becomes often the tenderer because it is wounded by misunderstanding: so, in short, everywhere in conscious life. Consciousness is a union, an organization, of conflicting aims, purposes, thoughts, stirrings. And just this, according to Hegel, is the very perfection of consciousness. There is nothing simple in it, nothing *unmittelbar*, nothing there till you win it, nothing consciously known or possessed till you prove it by conflict with its opposite, till you develop its inner contradictions and triumph over them. This is the fatal law of life. This is the pulse of the spiritual world.

For see, once more: our illustrations have run from highest to lowest in life. Everywhere, from the most trivial games, where the players are always risking loss in order to enjoy triumph, from the lowest crudities of savage existence, where the warriors prove their heroism by lacerating their own flesh, up to the highest conflicts and triumphs of the Spirit, the law holds good. Spirituality lives by self-differentiation into mutually opposing forces, and by victory in and over these oppositions. This law it is that Hegel singles out and makes the basis of his system. This is that *Logic of Passion* which he so skillfully diagnoses, and so untiringly and even mercilessly applies to all life. He gives his law various very technical names. He calls it the law of the universal *Negativität* of self-conscious life; and *Negativität* means simply this principle of self-differentiation, by which, in order to possess any form of life, virtue, or courage, or wisdom, or self-consciousness, you play, as it were, the game of consciousness, set over against yourself your opponent, — the wicked impulse that your goodness holds by the throat, the cowardice that your courage conquers, the problem that your wisdom solves, — and then live by winning your game against this opponent. Having found this law, Hegel undertakes, by a sort of exhaustive induction, to apply it to the explanation of every conscious relation, and to construct, in terms of this principle of the self-differentiation of Spirit, the whole mass of our rational relations to one another, to the world, and to God. His principle is, in another form, this: that the deeper Self which the Romantics sought is to be found and defined only by spiritual struggle, toil, conflict; by setting over against our private selves the world of our tasks, of our relationships; and by developing, defining, and mastering these tasks and relationships until we shall find, through the very stress and vastness and necessity and

spirituality of the conflict, that we are in God's own infinite world of spiritual warfare and of absolute, restless Self-consciousness. The more of a Self I am, the more contradictions there are in my nature, and the completer my conquest over these contradictions. The Absolute Self with which I am seeking to raise my soul, and which ere long I find to be a genuine Self, — yes, the only Self, — exists by the very might of its control over all these contradictions, whose infinite variety furnishes the very heart and content of its life.

Hegel, as we see, makes his Absolute, the Lord, most decidedly a man of war. Consciousness is paradoxical, restless, struggling. Weak souls get weary of the fight, and give up trying to get wisdom, skill, virtue, because all these are won only in presence of the enemy. But the Absolute Self is simply the absolutely strong spirit who bears the contradictions of life, and wins the eternal victory.

Yet one may say, if this is Hegel's principle, it amounts simply to showing us how conflict and active mastery continually enlarge our finite selves. Does it enable us to prove that anywhere in the world there is this Absolute Self which embraces and wins *all* the conflicts? Hegel tells us how the individual Self is related to the deeper Self, how the inner life finds itself through its own realization in the contradictions of the outer life; but does he anywhere show that God exists?

To show this is precisely his object. I am not here judging how well he succeeds. The deepest presupposition, he thinks, of all this paradoxical conscious life of ours is the existence of the Absolute Self, which exists, to be sure, not apart from the world, but in this whole organized human warfare of ours. Only Hegel is not at all content to state this presupposition mystically. He desires to use his secret, his formula for the very essence of consciousness, his fundamen-

tal law of rationality, to unlock problem after problem, until he reaches the idea of the Absolute Self. Of the systematic fashion in which he attacked this task in his *Logic*, in his *Encyclopædia*, and in his various courses of lectures I can give no notion. To my mind, however, he did his work best of all in his deepest and most difficult book, the *Phenomenology of Spirit*. Here he seeks to show how, in case you start just with yourself alone, and ask who you are and what you know, you are led on, step by step, through a process of active self-enlargement that cannot stop short of the recognition of the Absolute Spirit himself as the very heart and soul of your own life. This process consists everywhere in a repetition of the fundamental paradox of consciousness: In order to realize what I am, I must, as I find, become more than I am or than I know myself to be. I must enlarge myself, conceive myself as in external relationships, go beyond my private self, presuppose the social life, enter into conflict, and, winning the conflict, come nearer to realizing my unity with my deeper Self. But the real understanding of this process comes only, according to Hegel, when you observe that, in trying thus to enlarge yourself for the very purpose of self-comprehension, you repeat ideally the evolution of human civilization in your own person. This process of self-enlargement is the process which is writ large in the history of mankind.

The *Phenomenology* is thus a sort of freely told philosophy of history. It begins with the Spirit on a crude and sensual stage; it follows his paradoxes, his social enlargement, his perplexities, his rebellions, his skepticism, all his wanderings, until he learns, through toils and anguish and courage, such as represent the whole travail of humanity, that he is, after all, in his very essence, the Absolute and Divine Spirit himself, who is present already on the savage

stage in the very brutalities of master and slave; who comes to a higher life in the family; who seeks freedom again and again in romantic sentimentality or in stoical independence; who learns, however, always afresh, that in such freedom there is no truth; who returns, therefore, willingly to the bondage of good citizenship and of social morality; and who, finally, in the religious consciousness, comes to an appreciation of the lesson that he has learned through this whole self-enlarging process of civilization,—the lesson, namely, that all consciousness is a manifestation of the one law of spiritual life, and so, in the end, of the one eternal Spirit. The Absolute of Hegel's *Phenomenology* is no Absolute on parade, so to speak,—no God who hides himself behind clouds and darkness, nor yet a Supreme Being who keeps himself carefully clean and untroubled in the recesses of an inaccessible infinity. No, Hegel's Absolute is, I repeat, a man of war. The dust and the blood of ages of humanity's spiritual life are upon him; he comes before us pierced and wounded, but triumphant,—the God who has conquered contradictions, and who is simply the total spiritual consciousness that expresses, embraces, unifies, and enjoys the whole wealth of our human loyalty, endurance, and passion.

And herewith I must, for the present, close. It will, perhaps, be already plain to the reader that there is a great deal in this Hegelian analysis of self-consciousness that seems to me of permanent and obvious value. As to the finality of the philosophical doctrine as a whole, that is another matter, not here to be treated. Still, I may, perhaps, do well, in closing, to suggest this one thought: People usually call Hegel a cold-hearted system-maker, who reduced all our emotions to purely abstract logical terms, and conceived his Absolute solely as an incarnation of dead thought. I, on the contrary, call him one who knew marvelously well, with all his coldness, the secret of human passion, and who, therefore, described, as few others have done, the paradoxes, the problems, and the glories of the spiritual life. His great philosophical and systematic error lay, not in introducing logic into passion, but in conceiving the logic of passion as the only logic; so that you in vain endeavor to get satisfaction from Hegel's treatment of outer nature, of science, of mathematics, or of any coldly theoretical topic. About all these things he is immensely suggestive, but never final. His system, as system, has crumbled. His vital comprehension of our life will remain forever.

*Josiah Royce.*

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#### IN DARKNESS.

DUMB Silence and her sightless sister Sleep  
Glide, mistlike, through the deepening Vale of Night;  
Waking, where'er their shadowy garments sweep,  
Dream-voices and an echoing dream of light.

*John B. Tabb.*

## FELICIA.

## XIII.

THE next six weeks, outwardly brilliant, were a prolonged trial of skill, in which Kennett, instead of merely preserving his rank as *facile princeps*, as in Hallet's troupe, found it necessary to hold his own among singers more nearly his equals. He threw himself heart and mind into the effort to do his capacity full justice, and in this protracted crisis his professional interests absorbed him more than ever to the exclusion of his personal interests.

Perhaps no man fully interprets that subtle and obscure scripture, a woman's nature, least of all the nature of a woman like Felicia, supersensitive, proud, intolerant; in a certain complicated sense insistently conscientious; susceptible to definite yet delicate influences which might not affect a differently organized individuality. Kennett did not realize all she felt, and he dared not allow himself to dwell upon the possibility that she was suffering. It was a positive and practical necessity that he should eschew any cause of agitation and disquiet; that he should live in a simple, normal, prosaic, emotional atmosphere. There had been a reconciliation between them, — tears, regrets, self-reproaches, — and each had promised to remember no more the other's hasty words. Kennett had made this promise in all good faith, and had dismissed the episode but for the recurrent suspicion, which he sought to ignore, that it still remained with her.

She had no deep absorption to lighten gradually the intensity of her contending feelings. Her pride, her wounded self-esteem, her love, made the thought intolerable to her, yet she brooded for hours on that crucial interview. That he should have looked at her with those cruel eyes, — that he should have spoken

those sneering words! She would remind herself that she had promised to forget it, but she would recur to it with a sort of willfulness despite the pain; a certain obduracy was aroused in her; it was strange to her that her heart should be at once so sore and so hard.

Is there not a trifle of ambiguity in our exposition of moral values? Those sweeping phrases, generosity, selfishness, for example, — in certain jugglery of forces, do they not become sometimes interchangeable? The soul that can invest itself in what one may call a state of slippered ease; that can acquiesce, concede, constrain its own approval, shut out the turmoil of endeavor, the exactions of a definite ideal, the embittering processes of contention with the antagonistic forces of other ideals, is in a certain sense a fortunate soul. And generous? We usually say so. But this suggestion is submitted: to forego is an easy process.

Felicia's standards, artificial, perhaps, — perhaps unworthy, — were imperative. It would have been comforting to compromise; with her, compromise was impossible. In what she deemed due to herself, always a potent force with her, she was still more exacting when her feelings were deeply involved. The life, too, brought its peculiar elements of trial. There was much in this abnormal, showy, brilliant midsummer "season" against which, loyal to her estimate of the becoming, she revolted. Last winter's seclusion was now impossible. Then the contact with the public had been slight enough, confined principally to the hotel dining-rooms and railway trains; now, in these sojourns at the crowded resorts, life was all out-of-doors, — on piazzas, at the spring, on the beach. Felicia, accustomed from her earliest childhood to be regarded by strangers

with respectful admiration, was stung by the eyes which rested upon her with curiosity, admixed with perhaps a little wonder that, being what she evidently was, she should be placed as she was. Infinitely more bitter it was to her whenever it chanced that Kennett's striking appearance attracted the attention of certain notable men, as they lounged about, watching the kaleidoscopic pageantry on the esplanade. She would see their glances follow him, and would divine, as they turned to some well-informed *habitué*, that they asked who he was. They were for the most part portly, red-faced fathers of families, — judges, like her own father, bank presidents, railroad magnates. These, last winter, had been merely a portion of the great, unindividualized public; now they were separate personalities, easily differentiated. Sometimes it almost seemed to her that she had been endowed with a sixth sense denied to happier people, — a sense of intuitive mental vision, by which she knew, as well as divined, the process through which the curiosity of these gentlemen was transmuted, as their inquiry was answered, into a surprised comprehension, too slighting in its quality to be even contempt. It was intolerable that this valuable element of society should esteem her husband "a singing fellow," as if he were of another order of beings. It does not come easily to a woman of her sort to say, concerning the man she loves, "nevertheless," to make allowances, to overlook, to palliate. She would fain have exulted in him. She realized poignantly how proud she could be of him, had he attained a measure of success in what her father and brother called the sane walks of life equal to that which he had achieved in this vocation of his. She said to herself, fierily, piteously, helplessly, that it was his right, his due, that he should have a place among estimable and successful men of position, — and ah, how many of these there

were in the world! — a place as an equal, even a superior; for who can say how far force may carry when exerted in the right direction! She craved this for him; and yet she too held almost religiously her father's and her brother's views as to the sane walks of life. Her heart ached for him that he should be deprived of the solid values of existence; she was almost enraged against him that he could not understand his deprivation.

So grievous was this chagrin that it even dwarfed what she felt when she met the amused contempt in the faces of the women who knew her own story; for not unfrequently they encountered women who knew it. It seemed a very perverse fate that this should happen now, yet the previous summer, when she would have been glad to meet any of her old schoolmates or acquaintances, she saw only strangers.

In the first episode of this kind a deeper sentiment was involved than amused contempt. The incident occurred at one of the notable seaside hotels. Kennett and Felicia had just finished their late breakfast, and were walking down the long piazza. A trio of ladies, presumably last night's arrivals, was advancing toward them. Suddenly Felicia quickened her steps, with an exclamation; her lips were parted in such a smile of pleasure as they had not known for many a day. The trio faltered; indeed, the eldest, a large, well-preserved, well-dressed woman of fifty, almost came to a standstill; then she swept onward, detaching an eyeglass from its catch and adjusting it composedly.

"How do you do?" she said, bowing and smiling graciously. "Glad to see you here." And she would fain have proceeded.

It was an awkward moment, — doubly awkward because of spectators; a number of persons, sitting and standing about, were looking on with the intense interest of the desperately idle. Felicia had been so evidently pleased, her accelera-



tion of pace and her exclamation were so noticeable, that to pass now without pausing would be very marked. With an *aplomb* hardly to be expected in so young a woman, she halted unflinchingly in front of the elder lady, and extended her hand. Mrs. Morris's condescension, it must be admitted, was distanced in the spirited half minute's dash that ensued.

"So pleased to see you," said Felicia, with composed ceremoniousness of manner. "Let me introduce my husband. You will have the pleasure of hearing him sing. Shall be glad to send you tickets. Your daughters are quite well?" She smiled and beamed on the hesitating young ladies. Her tone was that of a woman advanced beyond them in some way,—much older and long ago married.

She held the fort; she was the centre and mainspring of the situation. She had never looked more beautiful. She was in brilliant health; the long hours she had spent in the open air, this summer, had suffused her delicate skin with a rich glow which was very becoming to her. About her slim, elegant figure floated the folds of one of her effective costumes, at once simple and elaborate, gray of tint with elusive suggestions of faint green. Her pose, as Kennett might have said, was good,—very good; her head was erect, but not held haughtily; her attitude had a certain alertness, as of a bird about to fly; her eyes were very bright, and dark, and smiling; her teeth gleamed through her parted red lips; she was airily self-possessed.

"I hope you will be here for some time," she said, with suavity. "Good-morning. Au revoir."

She swept away, with Kennett beside her. The Morris girls glanced over their shoulders at her tall, impressive, well-dressed blond husband. They thought Felicia's fate romantic, and said to each other that she was more beautiful than ever.

"Why did you snub the old lady?" de-

manded Kennett, selecting chairs where they could look out upon the drive as well as at the palpitating blue sea.

"Did n't you understand? She attempted to snub *me*. She does n't consider me as important as she once did."

"Oh," he returned, enlightened, "was that it!"

"And Mabel Morris and I were like sisters once!" cried Felicia, with a sharp pain in her voice. "I used to go to their home as familiarly as they themselves. Papa could never pet them enough, because they were fond of me. When he was in New York, it was one continual round of opera, and theatre, and driving, and presents, and lovely times for us three. Mrs. Morris was fond of me, too; and now she does not want Mabel to speak to me. I am an awful example and a dangerous acquaintance."

He thought she was on the verge of tears, but she pulled herself together by a violent effort, and gave a bitter little laugh instead. He saw how keenly she was hurt.

"I would n't care for her," he said, soothingly.

"I don't care for her; I care for myself," said Felicia, dryly.

Mrs. Morris's fears as to a renewal of the old intimacy were groundless. Somehow, whenever she or her daughters chanced to be thrown into Felicia's vicinity, something particularly interesting was on hand. "That great three-masted vessel an English ship with a cargo of jute? Jute! How interesting!" Or, "Only see, Hugh, how those sailboats are tossing on this choppy sea; they seem to be courtesying to each other." Or she had just been told that the strange commotion in the water was occasioned by the passing of porpoises, and she was absorbed in watching for a glimpse above the waves of the ungainly creatures, only aroused to a consciousness of the existence of her friends when Kennett gravely bowed as he raised

his hat. Then she would look up suddenly and also bow, and smile the society smile, which means many things or nothing at all. At first Mrs. Morris was relieved to discover that that bland "Au revoir" had been merely a figure of speech, but later she was angered.

"Felicia Hamilton poses as if she were still Felicia Hamilton!" the astute lady declared, in irritation.

"She seems very happy," said the elder daughter pensively, looking at the couple as they strolled down the beach. He was opening her parasol; he had her light wrap over his arm; he bent his head as he talked to her.

"And he is very handsome," added Mabel.

Mrs. Morris glanced sharply from one to the other.

Later in the day, Mabel remarked, apropos of nothing, that the basso, Mr. Dalton, was also very handsome; and it was within an hour that Mrs. Morris was smitten with a dreadful pain in her eyes, which she said must be due to the intense glare of the sun on the water. She felt sure that she had better take the first train for New York and consult an oculist, and thence proceed to some place where shade was possible, — the Adirondacks, perhaps. Trunks were hastily packed, and before sunset the party was off, — a handkerchief binding the eyes of the suffering lady.

Felicia did not again make the mistake of manifesting pleasure upon meeting old acquaintances. A bow, a smile, sometimes a few words when the advances came from the other side, constituted her social experience during the summer. Her sensitive pride, thoroughly on the alert, defended her against a second peril of discomfiture.

One of these chance meetings was an encounter with the Graftons. It occurred in the dining-room of the hotel at which the Hamilton party had sojourned, while at the seaside the previous summer. She and Kennett were

entering; the Graftons were going out. Little Mrs. Grafton peered at Felicia with startled, beadlike eyes, her pointed head inquiringly askew, her diminutive nostrils quivering. Then she glanced affrightedly up and down the long floor, as if in search of a hole to run into; then she said, "How do you do?" in a very high, thin voice, much as she might have said, "Squeak, squeak," and walked on with the air of scuttling. Nellie stared with her hard, round black eyes, — Felicia thought Madame Sevier was not doing much for Nellie. Alfred bowed frigidly. "How he must gloat over my ill-regulated mind!" meditated Felicia, bitterly.

Meeting him here brought back last summer very vividly to her recollection. By an odd coincidence, the room assigned to her was the one she had then occupied. She softened a little the first evening of her arrival, her eyes on the chair by the window where she used to sit and look out, as well as she could for her tears, at the shining track of molten silver light, as the moon sailed over the sea. "How unhappy I was!" she thought, commiserating that other self, and losing in the recollection of the old grief some of the poignancy of the new. She had half resolved to tell Kennett, when he should come back from the concert, the history of that little chair, — how she used to sit there, night after night, with her head on the window sill, and weep her heart away because he had not answered her note. Perhaps he would be interested; perhaps the constraint of feeling that had infused itself into their relations would disappear, and life would become more endurable.

He returned in a bad humor, however; something had gone wrong with the accompaniment, and he commented bitterly, — a rare thing with him, for control of his temper was a part of his professional system. "When a damned idiot," he said fiercely between his set

teeth, "who pretends to know nothing but music, can't see a *rallentando* when it is marked plainer than print, what is he fit for!"

Once Felicia might have suggested "treason, stratagems, and spoils;" but pleasantries did not come to her readily nowadays, and she only looked at him in silence as he kicked the historic chair, that happened to stand in his way, and instituted a tense and vivacious search for his slippers, and demanded of her if she thought it was beneficial to a neuralgic headache to sit before an open window. Obviously it was no occasion for sentiment, and before he recovered his equanimity the impulse had passed.

He was not altogether satisfied with his work during the summer engagement. To be sure, he had been praised, he had made reputation; he was persuaded that he would receive such offers as he desired for another season. But he realized that not once had he done himself full justice; not once had he sung as he could sing, — as he sang that afternoon to the empty woods, and the coming storm, and the tender heart of his wife. It was a very subtle difference, but very strong, — the difference between excellence and exaltation. From time to time, as the weeks wore on, he canvassed within himself the policy of saying something of this to Felicia. Such a course — a direct appeal to her generosity — might have been wise policy. But a man of pride is likely to find a certain difficulty in submitting to his wife, who somewhat ungraciously protests against his calling, a plea for her smiles as a factor of his success in that calling. Caution, too, withheld him. There was no predicting how she might, with her strong feeling upon the subject, receive the suggestion. It might be applying fire to the fuse. With his professional existence dependent in a great measure on serenity, it would not do for him to risk explosions.

Little had been said between them, of  
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late, as to his professional work, but that little had served to deepen his realization of her objections. To him her attitude was even more illogical than heretofore. There was some talk, about the beginning of the regular season in September, of substituting, during the coming winter, for Prince Roderic, which, although still drawing well, was now a trifle familiar to a change-loving public, a new work, — one of those that belong to what might be called the romantic-grotesque school, which, through music more or less meritorious and costumes always effective, sometimes gorgeous, has reopened fairyland to people who have forgotten the fairyland of youth.

When Felicia heard this suggestion she openly rebelled, little though it availed her, as she knew. Since she had come to understand something of her husband's professional life, and had realized the gap between his estimate of his capacity and his opportunity, between his exacting and elevated musical and dramatic sense and the slightness of the compositions to which he must devote himself, she had experienced an extreme irritation for his sake. Intensely as she deprecated his career, she resented as intensely that he did not at least have the place in it which he coveted. His acceptance of whatever task was set before him, as a step upward, as means to an end; his respect for his own work, in however distasteful a guise; his careful and conscientious rendition of rôles unworthy of him, almost dismayed her; she thought his patience tragical. She had constrained herself to say as little of this as she might, and he did not divine that even so questionable a sympathy as this sort of partisanship was involved in her disapprobation of his career.

In regard to the proposed addition to his *répertoire*, however, she suddenly abandoned her bitter neutrality. She was deeply agitated when she entreated him to refuse such a rôle. To his amaze-

ment, the objection she urged was that the opera was amusing. He could not appreciate her distinctions when she seriously declared that it was more endurable to sing in such an opera as Prince Roderic, because it was a romantic opera; that the character of Prince Roderic was dignified, and even noble. She insisted that there is an immense difference between wit and fun,—that one is a brilliant, and the other mere paste; that it is admirable to be witty, and odious to be funny; that even in genteel comedy, while the author and the work may have the quality of wit, the delineator upon the stage does not share its dignity; he is only funny, is only comical.

All the world knows more or less of that strange contradiction which almost suggests the idea of a dual set of mental qualifications appertaining to the histrionic artist, by which the mediocre mind suddenly becomes endowed with a foreign intellectuality, the trifler conceives heroism, the jester tragedy, the small soul invests itself in majesty. Thus Kennett, the gravest and most sedate of men, held as an instrument the strings of mirth, and played airily upon them at his will, with the delicate touch of the born comedian, with irresistible drollery, with incomparable humor. Felicia had often meditated on this phase of his talent, so strangely at variance with his nature, and with that massive, heroic histrionism which he arrogated to himself. Had he truly the two developments of the dramatic gift? she wondered; or did he mistake himself,—would his rendition of those exalted rôles, to which he was so sure he could give new and worthy interpretations, prove only clever unconscious imitations?

With her contradictory ambitions for him,—all at war with her sense of fitness,—she, too, would fain have lifted her eyes to the great heights of the profession. And so the lesser gift was un-

endurable to her,—that a turn of his head, a lift of his eyebrows, should send ripples of laughter over the house, rising into peals when he chose. When she further reflected on the possible make-up in the rôles of the unknown opera which was presently to be put in rehearsal,—it was rumored already a marvel of melody and grotesqueness,—she looked at him piteously through her infrequent tears, declaring that it would be like death to her if she should see him make himself ridiculous. Surely, she insisted, he must feel sufficiently strong in his position to stipulate that he should have only serious and noble characters like Prince Roderic.

He could think of no rational reply, except that he could not in prudence attempt to dictate to the management as to the cast. With his lifelong habit of looking at such matters from the purely professional standpoint, he could only consider these views of hers absurd.

"It does not seem to me a very fine thing to sing the rôles of Assad or Lohengrin, as you hope some time to do. But this! This is advancing backward. Yet you think you are ambitious!"

He winced; his color rose; he bent upon her a sparkling eye.

"Do you mean that as a taunt," he demanded, sharply, "because I get on slowly?"

She made no reply; she had turned aside her face; he could see the tears slipping through her fingers.

Mindful as he always was of the dictates of policy, these might not have restrained him now, so intensely was he irritated. But there was something in her attitude so piteous, expressing a grief which was almost desolation, that he experienced a revulsion of feeling; his anger vanished. He took her cold hand in his; he kissed her averted cheek; he attempted to argue the matter. She only turned her head and looked at him. He saw how far too deep for coaxing or reasons was her cha-

grin, and in sheer futility his words died on his lips.

The recollection of this scene did not offer any inducement to attempt to establish more sympathetic relations as to his professional work. Further considerations added their weight, — not perhaps distinctly acknowledged to himself, but vaguely appreciated. He was beginning to feel that for other reasons the divergence between them was widening. In a matter of importance to them both, the matter of economy, it seemed impossible that they should act in accord. He had, with reluctance and misgivings, broached the subject of his financial condition. At first he was greatly relieved that she received the communication with composure and philosophy, and promised readily that she would spend as little money as possible. It was only by degrees that he learned that economy, like other sciences, is not to be picked up in a day. In order to cut off superfluities it is necessary to recognize them as superfluities. It seemed to him unaccountable that her ideas should be so vague. Expenses which, in his opinion, the merest common sense should have suggested the propriety of curtailing were allowed to continue, while others, which were as plainly necessary, she proposed eliminating. Her lavishness was not so much an expression of self-indulgence as an expression of taste, and this fact added another complication to the puzzle of her attitude. He could not understand why she so often unreasonably and spasmodically indulged her whims, when she was evidently capable of relinquishing them lightly and without regret. The explanation was the simplest and most prosaic possible. To arrange expenditure so judiciously as to reduce self-denial to the minimum is only to be learned through practice. Felicia had had no such practice. To her economy meant deprivation. She could endure, when she happened to remember his injunc-

tions, to give up what she liked; she did not know how to arrange to attain what she most liked.

She had no realization that she was inconsistent and thoughtless; on the contrary, it was evident that she was in good faith disposed to take to herself credit for moderation. She showed him one day, for example, a wrap which she had just bought, and seemed to expect him to be gratified that it cost fifteen dollars less than another which she had preferred. "The one at sixty-five had much more *chic*," she remarked, contemptively, as she held it up, "but this will have to do."

"That little affair cost fifty dollars!" he exclaimed, aghast. "Surely, Felicia, you don't need so expensive a wrap. Why can't you wear the one you bought last spring until it is cold enough for your cloak?"

"I wore that all the spring, and the trimming on this is much prettier; indeed, it is quite a new idea. I had to get something to wear with my dark silk dresses," she had replied, looking at him with clear, convincing eyes. "A severely plain walking costume is n't always suitable, you know. And fifty dollars is very reasonable for such a dolman as this."

He could not argue the matter. He too was subject to heavy demands from the tyranny of fashion. It was part of his stock in trade to be always exceptionally well dressed and prosperous looking, off as well as on the stage. He could not estimate her needs, but he experienced much irritation when, after a long silence, in which she was evidently thinking deeply, she rose, opened the wardrobe, and placed beside the new wrap the one he had mentioned.

"After all," she said, meditatively, "there is very little difference in style. I wish I had not bought this. It did not occur to me at the time, but I *could* have managed without it."

"You should have considered that

earlier, now that you understand our circumstances," he said.

He thought her carelessness culpable ; she thought his look and tone of cold reproof unwarrantably severe.

Such episodes did not tend to reëstablish harmony between them. She felt that he did not appreciate the efforts she made to meet his views, and it might have been well if her chagrin because of this had expressed itself in tears and reproaches. He could not gauge her intention ; her constraint of manner impressed him as insensibility ; it seemed to him that her acquiescence had been merely a matter of form, and that her course argued an extreme indifference to his wishes. This was the more bitter as he had become far more harassed than she supposed, — what involved man ever tells his wife all his affairs ! Kennett had said he was afraid of getting into debt, and he was in debt ; not very deeply as yet, it is true, but these things are relative. His resources were slight, and under these circumstances a small debt is a large one. The money he had made in that unexpected prosperous summer "season" was already gone, — how, he could hardly say. He felt that it might be wise policy to go over the whole ground with Felicia, and tell her frankly how he stood ; but, with the illogical perversity of the man who is the prey of financial anxiety, he upbraided her severely in his thoughts, because of her indifference to those troubles of his which she did not know, as well as her supposed insensibility to those of which he had told her. He shrank from further talk on the subject, and put it off from day to day. It appeared to him now that he had made a serious mistake in not securing her hearty coöperation in this matter of economy in the early time of their marriage, when, as he believed, his influence was much stronger than now.

It seemed to him that even mentally she had become strangely at variance

with her former self. He remembered the interest she had felt in the drama of life as it was enacted before her ; its slightest episode gave her food for thought, for comparisons, conjectures, conclusions. No human beings were too insignificant to attract from her a certain contemplative attention, as being results of that great experiment Circumstance, and as carrying within them, however superior, or commonplace, or sordid their environment, the burning fire of regret or aspiration, the sting of disappointment, the bloom of joy or of hope. Now she saw no dramas ; she interpreted no more lives. She had lost her unconsciously semi-philosophic attitude. If, by chance, seeking to rouse her interest, he directed her attention to some incident denoting character, which she would in that former time have found suggestive, she gave it a perfunctory notice, soon displaced by her own absorbing personal musings. She appeared antagonistic even to those human sympathies. Once she said to him with bitterness that it would have been appropriate, considering how very tiresome it is to see so many strangers, that a plague of faces should have been sent upon the Egyptians in addition to the plagues of locusts and frogs. He did not fully apprehend the significance of this development of her character. Strange that he, so thoroughly accustomed to the dramatic world, should not have realized so obvious a matter as the difference between the standpoint, the outlook, of spectator and of actor.

In his augmented anxieties he was denied the relief of irritability, which, bitter though it may be, is in some sort a safety valve. It had long been his creed that serenity is of the first importance for a singer. The habit of self-control stood him in good stead in one sense : he did not have to contend against the exhausting effect upon the nerve of outbreaks of temper. But the strenuous restraint involved also a sense of effort,



and he began to suffer from a depression which became more and more paralyzing. Under its influence he saw only the dark side of his affairs, and he vaguely presaged calamity: that his work would become mechanical; that his voice would lose its magnetism, his acting its spontaneity; that his popularity would wane or his health would fail.

He made the best fight he could against his increasing morbidness, but in those days heavy cares beset him, and he grew very taciturn and thoughtful.

That year the autumn came on early, with long cold rains and leaden clouds which the sun did not penetrate for weeks. The continuous dripping, dripping, of the rain seemed to extinguish by degrees all the fire in Felicia's nature. As a last resort for occupation she had addicted herself to fancy-work, and the endless plying of a crochet or an embroidery needle dulled without soothing her. The work was as colorless as that of a treadmill, for she had little interest in the results, which were in truth of doubtful value, — this was another art in which she was not proficient. When she had completed a miraculous tidy or "banner," she would listlessly push it away, reassert her materials, and languidly begin another. Often as not she left these trophies of her skill at the hotel, when they departed, and the admiring chambermaid regarded them as a godsend.

They continued habitués of the first-class hotels. Kennett, however, still casting about for means of cutting down expenses, had fallen into the habit of engaging rooms in the upper stories of those caravansaries which made desirability of location a matter of price. While comfortable, these rooms were not so luxurious as those on the lower floors, and somehow their elevation added to their dismalness. When the dense clouds rested on the cornices of the roofs opposite, and the street lamps were

merely a yellow blur in the thick-falling rain, and the wind swept around the corner with a dreary moan, the sense of isolation was complete. Then Felicia, sitting alone, would let her hands and party-colored worsteds fall upon her lap and wonder pitifully at the strange sarcasm of her fate. She would say to herself bitterly that she had no mother, no sister; her father had cast her off; her brother hated — no, scorned her; she had not a friend to whom she could go for comfort or companionship; she was losing her hold on her husband's heart; her place in the world was, in her estimation, uncouthly incongruous. Once she had hoped that God would send her children. Now she told herself that it would be well if this should never fall to her lot. Every blessing proved for her a bane. He had given her beauty, wealth, health, friends, love, — to what end? To have tears as comrades and bitter thoughts as her part in life; to be as distinctly alone in this busy, throbbing, eager world as if she were indeed cast away on a desert island, in the midst of a lonely sea. So her griefs asserted themselves and took possession of her. The gas flared, and the rain trickled down the window panes, and the wind moaned about the room perched up so close against the black cloud; while Kennett, half a dozen squares away, with a light heart or a heavy, it mattered not which, splendid and glittering in crimson and stage jewels, posed before the footlights, and sang of love or revenge, and stabbed himself or his rival, as circumstances required, with propriety, precision, and a stage dagger.

About this time she became conscious of a bitter experience, — she became conscious that from a certain plane of mental and moral development she was reaching downward, willfully and intentionally. The worldly-mindedness which her father had deplored in her nature had so far expressed itself in a definite

appreciation of the insignia of worldly values, environment, high-breeding, luxury, culture. Now it seemed to her that she went further than this. Money was in itself a fine thing; it was a first necessity to be rich and highly placed. Once she would have said it was well to be at ease in regard to money; that appropriate surroundings, beautiful dress, and associates of superior social station were the charming incidents of a fortunate position in life, but to care inordinately for these things was vulgar; they should be a matter of course if one had them, a matter of slight consequence if one had them not; they were accessories. She had arrogated to herself some credit that she could thus regard the matter. Once she had been capable of the resolve to look upon the men and women about her as human beings, apart from their station; now she refused disdainfully to make such effort; she was conscious only of their solecisms, their professional and other slang, their Bohemianism, — even their shabbiness of dress in the dishevelment of railway trains and hasty appearances at hotel tables. Contradictorily, this angered her against herself, and she would upbraid herself as a snob. She would ask herself how it was that she, who was of this stratum of society, should ally herself in thought and feeling with the class who would scornfully reject her could they suspect such presumption; that she, who had no position, should so vividly appreciate the position of fortunate people; that she, who was a wanderer and homeless, should look with wistful eyes at the showy, spacious city mansions, the big, comfortable country villas, of magnates like her father and brother, her social superiors, and picture to herself the life encompassed by those imposing and solid walls.

It was a many-faceted emotional experience she was undergoing with such stolidity of demeanor as she could command. Kennett did not apprehend it in

its entirety; he might only realize the phase immediately presented. His deductions, sufficiently bitter and in one sense correct, did not put him fully in possession of her troublous heart and mind. Yet, so far as he could judge, her whole state of feeling was revealed to him one night when, in their progress through the South, they entered the city to which the little town of Blankburg, her former home, was contiguous and tributary. There had been a railway accident, — a freight train in front of them had been wrecked, — and they did not arrive till after midnight. As they drove from the depot to the hotel, her consciousness was impressed with the strong sentiment of place, so indefinable, yet so tyrannous. How was it that even the obscurity of night, which might seem the full expression of nullity, was so distinctly imbued with the flavor of locality! The taste of the soft, bland air as she inhaled it, the drawling intonation of voices on the street, even the sights and sounds common to all railroad termini, were as if inalienably characteristic of this place only among so many similar places, and suggested vividly to her, with inexpressible melancholy and remoteness, another life out of which she seemed to have died. It chanced that they were stopped and detained in the press of vehicles in front of a dwelling which was lighted from garret to cellar, evidently the scene of festivity. During the stoppage the window of their carriage gave a full view of the occupants of another carriage close by. So close were they that every feature of two young girls was distinctly visible in the yellow light from the street lamps. They were dressed in fleecy fabrics, with much airy effect of laces and suggestive bloom of flowers. They had gentle, candid eyes and fair hair; their voices had a soft, suave quality and a distinct drawl, as they spoke to the sleek, dapper young fellows with downy mustaches, very point-device as to dress,

who were lingering with adieux and last words at the carriage door. They all laughed appreciatively at mutual witticisms, and were evidently enjoying with all the capacity of their natures every moment of the occasion. Other ladies and gentlemen in festal attire were descending the steps; adieux, and laughter, and the confusion of coachmen's voices, and conflicting orders, were on the air; evidently the moment of dispersion had arrived, although the music of a band was still audible through the open windows.

Felicia felt acutely that she was looking on with some of the spirit animating the loafers about the sidewalk, standing agape as the fine folks filed down the steps,—a sense of utter exclusion, of admiration, of distance; and were these also admixed with envy and bitterness?

The jam was over; the carriages were moving slowly apart; the eyes of the young girls met hers with a long, friendly look. She could see that they were about her own age, and how old she felt! Somehow, that moment of fellowship with them was sweet to her. She glanced back over her shoulder at them, a half smile on her lips.

"How happy they are!" she said.

"And how frivolous!" added Kennett, as the buoyant laughter of the calico beaux split the air.

They rolled on into the darkness. The sound of music and the murmur of voices died away.

"After all," said Kennett sharply, "the fleshpots of Egypt are precious to you yet!"

She too spoke sharply. "Especially as the supply of manna is rather meagre in my instance," she said.

Tears had rushed to her eyes, but he did not see them. He looked gloomily out of the window at the distant gas jets jewelizing the darkness, stretching in two long lines across the bridge, and disappearing on the opposite shore. He could credit her only with the most obvious

and primary sentiment implied by her words and manner,—that she realized acutely all she had renounced; especially, it seemed to him, its more trivial and least worthy values. He did not remember that to her these trivial values had extraneous worth as exponents of a status. He had conceived the idea of exile, in a sense. He could give the character of expatriated prince a professional "reading;" but the real thing is a development only fairly to be apprehended by actual trial. It is a unique experience, not to be compassed at second hand. Kennett was breathing his native air; he could not fully interpret banishment.

The troupe had gone South from the Eastern cities by way of Washington, and as the route took them from New Orleans northward they experienced rapid climatic changes. It had been something of a trial to Felicia, the previous season, to spend two weeks in Chilounatti. The estrangement from her brother and his children had then been a great grief to her, bitterly as she had resented his attitude. Now it was far worse. The realization of their close proximity came upon her sore heart with a new, heavy weight. She would stand at her window, when Kennett had gone to the theatre, looking from her great height, and attempt to single out one roof in the sunshine in the sea of roofs, or one yellow spark in the darkness among the great constellation of yellow gleams. She often had a tyrannous impulse to walk in that direction, with a shrinking hope that she might, unseen, see her brother, or his wife, or the children; then she would recoil from the half-formed intention, in terror lest she should be recognized and ignored. She pictured to herself their routine,—dull, perhaps, but constantly widening since the days when she made a part of it; simple and seemly, with its recognized duties, and appropriate pleasures, and the passing zest of its incidents.

Her experience of life was not such as to suggest the sardonic consolation that matters were no worse, and that her lot had even certain prosaic alleviations. In the long segregation, during those years at Sevier Institute, from the atmosphere of domestic existence, the married state had been presented but slightly to her contemplation. She had speculated vaguely upon that foreign land seen through the haze of preliminary romance, and even her observation of domestic life in John Hamilton's household had failed to dispel certain rose-tinted illusions. It was barely possible, however, that Sophie was conscious that the matrimonial yoke could gain a galling quality in the good-natured tyranny of a headstrong husband. In other happy women, a certain deftness in conciliating might have suggested the idea that this suave influence is of value in a life in which masculine temper, not being repressed in deference to a stringent professional system, may become a distinctly assertive element. It did not occur to Felicia to congratulate herself

that her husband regarded her *au grand sérieux*, — not as merely a dear soul, and in some sort humorously; or that he controlled his temper; or that his qualities of mind and heart were not, as in cousin Robert's case, merely an adjunct, in fastidious estimation, to personal peculiarities and eccentricities. Unluckily, she too took herself *au grand sérieux*; and for the rest, she had not thought to compare her husband with other men. Perhaps it would have been better if her standpoint had not been so lofty. Such a comparison is a prosaic process, but it has uses. She realized no palliations; to her the conditions were intolerable. She was very unhappy.

Her case suggests a puzzle. Have we one set of theories in principle, and another set for practice? Is it our expressed creed that the inmost self, which is made of emotions, principles, sentiments, that complex essence which we may call Soul, should in all right thinking and in all right action rise superior to Circumstance; and, in prosaic truth, is Circumstance lord of Soul?

*Fanny N. D. Murfree.*

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#### A PLEA FOR TRUST.

MY friend, do you believe I rate my soul  
As better than it is? Then let it be,  
Nor rob me of the nobler part of me.  
Better a half truth than a lying whole.  
I am that part I would myself conceive;  
'T is through such errors martyrs face the flame,  
Smiling, and keep down cowardice for shame,  
Since they in God and in *themselves* believe.

What is the Rose? 'T is not a thorny bush,  
But June incarnate bidding hearts rejoice;  
This small brown bird is not the woodland thrush,  
But all the summer's sweetness in a voice.

The soul's true self is that which closest lies  
To the dumb mighty heart whence all things rise.

*Lilla Cabot Perry.*

## AN INHERITED TALENT.

IN the year 1694 Madame de Sévigné repaired for the last time to the castle of Grignan, — that stately feudal dwelling in the hills above Montélimart, where her adored Marguerite had for years maintained the state and led the train of a petty queen. The fortunes of the noble house in question were understood at this time to be a good deal impaired, but no one had as yet presumed to forecast their ruin. That house was, indeed, so ancient and august, the family with which the brilliant marquise had complacently allied her darling was so unquestionably great, that there would have seemed to be something impertinent and subversive in the bare notion of its fall. The name of Grignan, by which the family was commonly known, or, as one may say, called “for short,” was the least and most casual of its titles to distinction. They possessed the fief of Grignan, and chanced to have fixed their principal residence at the high-perched castle which dominated — and of which the imposing shell still dominates — the quaint little town of the same name. But when the heir and hope of the race, the gallant young Marquis de Grignan, precisely for whose wedding his courtly grandmother had come to the south, espoused the daughter of a rich financier, whose *dot* was relied upon to stop certain leaks in the household expenditures, the name by which he signed the marriage contract was Louis Provence d’Adhémar de Monteil de Grignan. Adhémar denoted a descent from that Count of Orange who is renowned in song for having slain “five Saracen kings” with his own doughty hand; and it was probably through the coalescence of Adhémar with Monteil that the worthy city of Montélimart had acquired its name.

But the longest line must some day

become extinct, and this one had arrived at the autumnal equinox of its history. The marriage of the young marquis (not a very happy one, as it proved, though the character of the bride was angelic) seemed to inaugurate a season of devastating calamity. A satisfactory alliance was indeed concluded, in 1696, for his sister Pauline, who became the wife of Louis, Marquis de Simiane. But Madame de Sévigné died in the same year, of smallpox, at Grignan; her grandson died without issue, of the results of a wound received at the siege of Rochstedt, in 1704; and Françoise Marguerite de Sévigné, Comtesse de Grignan, a few months later. She was philosophic and a Jansenist, and had sometimes posed as a devotee, but she candidly told her friends that religion could afford her no consolation whatever for the death of her son. She too fell a victim to smallpox; and, woman of reason that she had ever been, did she, perhaps, remember how easily she had been dissuaded from entering the chamber at Grignan where her mother met death with so serene a courage, and acknowledge the justice of the fate which overtook herself, when far away from home?

The gallant old Comte de Grignan seemed to lose all care for repairing his embarrassed fortunes after it became certain that the illustrious name of Adhémar de Grignan would end with him. He was in his seventy-fifth year when his only son was killed, but he continued for a decade longer to serve his king on the field and in the council chamber, with the zeal which had always distinguished him. It was he who conducted, in 1707, the heroic defense of Toulon against the allied Austrian and Piedmontese armies, assisted by an English fleet in the Mediterranean, and a well-timed rising of the Protestants in the

Cévennes. The siege, a famous one in the annals of war, lasted for several months, and the aged general performed feats of personal valor worthy of a youth with his spurs to win. He died at eighty-five, at an inn in Lambesc, when on his way to attend a session of the local assembly. He had been lieutenant-governor of Provence for forty-five years.

A year later, in 1715, when the Grand Monarque finally departed this life, and the Duc d'Orléans became regent, the husband of Pauline de Simiane, who had been the first gentleman in waiting to the duke, was promoted to the same governorship which his father-in-law had held so long. But he also died, after three years of office, leaving his widow and her half-sister, Madame de Vibraye, the child of the Comte de Grignan's first marriage, to conclude the best terms they could with the clamorous creditors of their father. They made a desperate effort to save from the wreck at least the castle of Grignan, but after an harassing struggle, which lasted a dozen years or more, they were compelled to consent to the sale of the place.

Fortunately, Madame de Sévigné's little Pauline had inherited, and handed on to at least one of her own daughters, all the grandmaternal vivacity of mind and healthful buoyancy of temper. Hers was a spirit which trouble could not break, and money trouble least of all. She never lived at Grignan after her husband's death, but sometimes at the neighboring Château de la Garde, — which had been left her by her uncle, the Marquis de la Garde Adhémar, and was doubtless one of the half dozen whose picturesque ruins now diversify the fine landscape commanded by the terrace of Grignan, — and sometimes at a villa near Marseilles, bearing the pretty name of Belombre. Finally she established herself at Aix, in a commodious house, which is yet standing, with the rooms which she occupied, and the decora-

tions in the way of painting and gilding which she devised and commanded, almost unchanged. She was the sort of woman who, if she had fixed herself in a desert, would straightway have become the centre of an interesting society; and Aix was a grand old city still, owning the prestige and cherishing the traditions of a provincial capital. One of her three daughters went into religion, — one of three daughters always did so in those days; and perhaps, from the point of view then prevalent, it was not too large a proportion of a parent's best to be given outright to God. The others eventually married in their own rank. With the second, Sophie, who became the wife, in 1723, of Alexandre Gaspard de Villeneuve, Baron de Vence, the relations of Madame de Simiane were always peculiarly sympathetic, tender, and gay. The autograph letters of Madame de Vence, which follow, have lately been discovered. They are interesting in themselves for the light they shed on the domestic life of the Old French nobility at the beginning of the last century; but still more so for the remarkable illustration they afford of a specific talent transmitted to the fourth generation. They had been preserved, along with other precious documents, in the archives of the family of Vence until 1844, when the whole collection was put up at public sale. "The letters," to quote the discreet language of their French editor, the Marquis de Saporta, "passed, in the first instance, into the hands of persons who did not comprehend their value;" but subsequently they were rescued and purchased by a zealous autograph collector, M. Gabriel Lucas de Montigny, who permitted their transcription and publication. Apparently they all belong to the years 1730 and 1731, and are dated, with one or two exceptions, from the Château de Vence, where the young matron was living with her husband and children, her mother-in-law, and two uncles of the Baron de Vence, beside other



hangers-on out of the great family connection. The first letter is dated at "Vence, July 21, 1730," and the picture which it presents, of the bright young mother stitching away at her *layette* in the privacy of her own particular turret chamber, is a pleasant one.

"Having first assured you, madame,<sup>1</sup> of my most loving respect and my most respectful love, I shall have the honor of proceeding to inform you that you are much more fortunate than I; for this is the second time that you will have had news of me, whereas I am in the same state as on the day I left, when you were never mentioned.

"It will all be explained, of course. You will go down on your knees and ask a thousand pardons, — which is quite as it should be, — but meanwhile I must sit and twirl my thumbs! Ah, well, madame, they shall be twirled, — that's no great matter. But no, now I think of it, I will not twirl them, because on Saturday Madame de Vence<sup>2</sup> received a letter from M. l'Abbé,<sup>3</sup> informing her that he had had the honor of seeing you since my departure, and that you were much downcast over the loss of your unworthy child. You are very good, dear mamma, to miss her a little, and I ought to be in the depths of despair; and so I am, I assure you. All my hopes are fixed upon the month of November, and so far I see no reason why I should not return to Aix at that time. I dance a jig whenever I think of it, and meanwhile I am killing time by needle-pricks! I have dealt more than two thousand of them since I have been established in my tower, and really I find it a great pleasure; and I no longer wonder that you sometimes keep it up till midnight.

<sup>1</sup> This formal address was *de rigueur* on the part of a child at that time, like the "honored sir" and "honored madam" of our grandparents. But the manner in which the conventional title is repeated and played with in all the letters seems to show that there was also some cherished joke about it between the mother and daughter.

"T is a consolation in affliction, a balm to the perturbed soul; and, in short, there's nothing like sewing! But, would you believe it, madame, it is only for the last three days that I have been comfortably settled in my own little room. Quantities of visits, dinners at home and abroad, concerts and fêtes to be attended, — these things have held out until now; but I am encouraged to believe that we are done with them for a while. I am in high favor with everybody except the provost of the chapter,<sup>4</sup> who is mortified because I omitted to congratulate him on having gained fifty pounds. But how can one think of everything! My nurse also is greatly disgusted with me for preferring to be confined at Aix. Yesterday, madame, the bishop begged me to assure you of his respects, and to entreat you to keep him in remembrance, as an old friend of yours, who is, in fine, your humble servant. The Abbé Fort is the same as ever; I see him rather more often than I used. My son I found as handsome as an angel, but very ill behaved, all the same. M. de Vence sends you his respects, and I send mine to the chevalier and the baron and M. de la Boulié.<sup>5</sup> I'd like to know what the latter says about me to my mamma. Is he not sorry that I am here? Adieu, mamma dear! Go into the country, I beseech you; and write, write, *write!*"

A week later she wrote again, as follows: —

July 28, 1730.

How is this, madame? You wish me to preserve my composure, and you write me letters which would melt stones! You tell me that you have no heart in your letter, and behold, your

<sup>2</sup> This was the dowager marquise, a widow since 1707.

<sup>3</sup> Probably Alexandre de Villeneuve-Vence, canon at Aix.

<sup>4</sup> Alexandre Isnard, Bishop of Vence.

<sup>5</sup> Friends of Madame de Simiane at Aix.

heart is the very first thing that I see there!<sup>1</sup> Excuse me, madame, but I am not accustomed to hearts on letters, and I thought I should have died of the shock. I will be much more careful of your sensibilities; I will even go so far as to assure you that it would be impossible to be bored at Vence! A few trifling regrets, not worth mentioning; a few floods of tears, and worries over which you would fret yourself into a fever, — nothing more. Otherwise I lead a gay life in my little room, from eight o'clock till noon, and then again from two o'clock until seven. I read, and write, and work, and train my children, who need it very much. For a short time past they have had a Paris governess, who knows her business well enough; but she is a dwarf, and the sight of her frightens me to death. Herewith, dear mamma, since you are so kind as to request it, is a description of the aforesaid children: —

My son is very handsome; tall and well made, with a good carriage and an excellent seat on horseback, but no grace. My eldest daughter<sup>2</sup> is plainer than ever, and, moreover, one of her shoulders is growing out a little; but she is very nice, and says that she is going to be good. The younger girl<sup>3</sup> is not quite as pretty as she was. She is a coarse beauty, like myself, but well formed and clever; in short, she is the image of me. I teach them to work, and I try to make them graceful; and it will be their own fault if they are not so. I am very fond of them; and I beg of you, dear mamma, to accord them a little affection. Not as much, however, as their grandmother's grandmother gave her daughter. I want that sort of thing

for myself, and, on the whole, I think I deserve it.

I suppose, madame, that the furniture I am sending from here will reach Aix in about a fortnight. Madame de Vence has been very good about it, and refuses me nothing. Everything is now provided for except my own bed. Pray tell me, dear mamma, if you can kindly lend me one, together with the mattresses. It will be just so much saved for me. I am *grosse*, very much so indeed; why should you doubt it? But I never tell lies, and it is not pleasant. I hear on all hands that you have bought M. d'Albert's house. I should think you would have told me yourself, but there's no counting upon anything. I would not allude to it even now, if I had not to inform you, madame, that I took the ground floor of that house a month ago, and paid for it with my own money. If you need it for this winter, I shall permit you to remain there, for I have a good heart. But you will please hold yourself in readiness to turn out at any time! Also, when I am there, I shall insist on there being two kitchens; for I never could manage with yours. My cooks could not turn round in it. You see that I speak frankly and without ceremony, as one should with those one loves. M. de Vence sends you his most tender and humble respects. I make my deepest courtesy to your assembled company, cut a caper for the benefit of M. Ginieis,<sup>4</sup> and send a kiss to my niece.<sup>5</sup> If you do not have the goodness, madame, either to write me yourself or get some one else to do so, I shall scream like an eagle. Adieu, dear mamma! I am very giddy, but, all the same, I love you with all my heart. I

<sup>1</sup> Apparently there was a heart on the seal.

<sup>2</sup> Pauline: born 1725; married Joseph André Ours de Villeneuve.

<sup>3</sup> Julie married the Président de Saint-Vincens.

<sup>4</sup> An ardent Jansenist: afterward imprisoned for a long time, both at Vincennes and in the Bastille.

<sup>5</sup> Pouponne, daughter of Julie de Simiane, married to a kinsman, Jean Baptiste Castellane, Marquis d'Esparron. This is the gentleman who is credited with having destroyed the originals of Madame de Sévigné's letters to her daughter and son-in-law.

had a good laugh over your "Conclave" and your "Cardinal." Tell me such things as that. They amuse me immensely.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

VENCE, August 4, 1730.

Oh, you write me twice a week, do you, madame, while I write you only once! A pretty thing for you to say, but it shall make no difference about my Fridays. We are busy people here, however, and have other things to do beside stitching and paying epistolary compliments. For, resolve as you will, madame, you know that you find me irresistible, and you flatter me, up and down, and round and about, until you can no more. But I, who am very self-conscious, — especially since the weather became so hot! — I take the greatest precaution, and look well to all my letters; and I'll be hanged if *I love you* occurs a single time. What do you suppose I have been doing all this week, madame? I have been pondering that rag of a stocking-heel which you sent me, and which cost me fifty thousand crowns for carriage. Not that I would reproach you, madame! The expense is a bagatelle. . . .

So then I have counted every stitch on that heel, and I cannot make it otherwise than fifteen stitches on either side, counting the seam-stitch on one. Moreover, all the heels we have ever made are done in the same way, and they are all right. For what would become of the poor seam-stitch, if there were fourteen on either side without it? . . . Your theological friend sends you his respects, and is delighted that you propose knitting some stockings for him. You will have to set them up on three needles, with four stitches on a needle; widening seventy-four stitches on the first half of the leg, and so on

in proportion, until you reach the foot, which must be knitted on four needles, with forty-three stitches to a needle. Not that his foot and leg are ill shaped, but he has a fancy for having his stockings made so. Yours will be finished very soon.

We shall be off in about two hours. To-day being Thursday and to-morrow Friday, I wanted to leave my weekly letter here. We shall go first to Tourrettes,<sup>1</sup> and perhaps thence to Le Bar,<sup>2</sup> to see those ladies who have such fine manners. I will tell you all about them if we go, which is not certain. The bishop is to accompany us. All the house, my turret included, presents its respects to you, and I mine to whoever may chance to be with you, always provided they are occupying the sofa! Otherwise I say nothing. You are longing for the month of November, you say, madame. How droll! I too, I do assure you, experience something of the nature of a desire, — and will it not be fun? Adieu, then, madame, — adieu, my own dear mamma! On my word, I love you with my whole heart. Ah, what have I said! Well, it must stand, but don't ever tell any one, or I shall die of shame!

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

August 11, 1730.

Well, madame, we set off last Thursday, at six in the evening, intending to pass the night at Tourettes. The Bishop of Vence was with us, and at half past seven we arrived. We played quadrille, had supper, went to bed, and nothing extraordinary happened. The next day, at the same hour, we took horse for Le Bar. I should like nothing better than to describe the roads; but, being your very humble servant, it is not my place to tell disagreeable things. Suffice it to say, madame, that a full hour before

<sup>1</sup> Tourrettes-les-Vence, so called from its three towers, was the residence of a branch of the family of Villeneuve-Vence.

<sup>2</sup> Le Bar, the capital of the canton of the Maritime Alps. The imposing feudal castle, with its flanking towers, is still standing.

arriving at the castle one begins to mount stairs, of which there are exactly three hundred and two; for I had the curiosity to count, both going and coming. Well, and so having gotten to the top, I find myself in a courtyard, in presence of Madame la Marquise de Grasse,<sup>1</sup> Madame la Comtesse du Bar, her daughter-in-law, M. le Comte, whom you know, his son, and their niece. We tumble off our horses, prostrate ourselves, and make four reverential courtesies to each person. Then we inquire for Madame la Comtesse du Bar, the mother-in-law, and are informed that she has broken her leg. Deep woe is at once depicted on the countenances both of those who tell and those who hear these doleful tidings. We now enter a hall on a level with the ground; for, madame, the stairs we have been climbing are all in the roadway. This hall has a circumference of two or three hundred feet, and is lugubriously lighted by two candles at the farther end. Between these candles we find Madame du Bar, *belle-mère*, who waves us, with her hands, a most polite and gratifying welcome. I sit down beside her on a chair of the same date as the tapestry, inherited from an ancestor, some five hundred years old, for which she has refused twenty thousand crowns. I deemed myself settled, at least until supper, but not a bit of it! A moment later in came the two dames whom I had left in the courtyard, accompanied by four young ladies, all relatives of the family, each of whom made four more courtesies. You can reckon up, if you will, how many that makes; but, at all events, you will perceive that I did not long remain sitting. These preliminaries accomplished, we had a *maigre* supper, all in fine style, and served with

much elegance and ceremony. After this I humbly begged permission to go to bed, and was forthwith conducted to a chamber a trifle larger than the hall, and planted out with roses and jasmine. My heart died within me, but what of that? I fancied this was another hall, which I was merely to pass through, so I plunged into the fireplace, supposing that to be my bedroom. They rallied me a little, as they pulled me out of that dreadful fireplace, whereupon, perceiving my own utter ignorance, I submitted to be guided, and, after a quarter of an hour's walk, found myself in the vicinity of my bed, whereto I climbed by the aid of a chair, and so fell asleep.

The next day it was the same thing over again; and in the evening, at the same hour, I re-descended the stairs, and returned to this place. So much for my journey, madame; but since 't was to the house of friends and relatives of the family, I beg you, in all seriousness, my dear mamma, to repeat not a word of what I have said.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

September 22, 1730.

How sweet it was of my brother Sinéty,<sup>2</sup> dear mamma, to forego the pleasure of your society, and stop over for a whole day in order to give me news of you! This is the sort of favor I never forget, because sometimes I have the misfortune — and I know none greater — of not hearing my mamma so much as mentioned for a week at a time. So madame is giving parties, — which is very proper of madame; and I should like to be with madame when madame does that sort of thing, and also when she does not; for 'tis a great pleasure to be with madame. We must be patient until November; but, dear, afterward Chevalier de Saint Louis and Commissioner of Marine. He was about the same age as Madame de Vence, who knew him intimately, no doubt, when the Simianes were attached to the household of the Duc d'Orléans.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Joseph de Grasse had assumed the title of Comte du Bar when he married Marie Véronique, only child and heir of the last count.

<sup>2</sup> This was probably Jean Baptiste Elzéar de Sinéty, born 1703, who served, in his boyhood, as page to the Duchesse de Berry, and was

dear! it is very cruel to think of a whole long month and a half to be gotten through before I spring into the arms of a mother who is good enough to love me with all my faults. Until that day arrives, pray continue to support me, as heretofore, by letters flowing with milk and honey, and by the assurance that you are well; for, madame, you have not said one word upon that subject. . . . For my part, I tell you everything, and you must know a great deal more about my health than I know myself; as, for instance, that I was bled yesterday, and feel the better for it today. I have still that obstinate weakness in my eye; and I have the Chevalier de Vence and M. de Bompar,<sup>1</sup> who will no more leave me than I can leave them. M. de Vence presents you his respects. Madame de Vence is engaged in spinning for my chemises. In a quarter of an hour my children are all to be whipped for having broken a looking-glass which I gave them. The bishop remarked yesterday that if I failed to mention him in every one of my letters to you he should quarrel with me. The Abbé Fort also desires his very, *very* humble compliments. Permit me to present mine to your circle. . . . Adieu, dear mamma. Rest assured that nobody will ever love you as devotedly as I do. I know that I am speaking the truth because I am sensible of loving you to distraction; and they say one can do no more. . . . The Abbé de Vence brings news of my aunt, the nun,<sup>2</sup> and says that she suffers more and more. I am very sorry for her, dear mamma, but equally so for you, who will see her in that state on your return. I am

afraid it will be bad for you. Forgive me, dear mamma, if I venture to advise you to wait a little in order to see how it turns.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

October 6, 1730.

Here, madame, is something like a letter, for the last two scraps which they did me the honor to send on your behalf do not count, inasmuch as they contained not a word from your own beautiful white hand. In the letter which I received on Tuesday I found your thoughts, your words, your writing; and, best of all, at the end, those delightful tidings about the feather bed! I am deeply grateful, madame, and I expect to sleep in it next month, unless some quite unforeseen accident should arrive, which would greatly distress me. To Aix I will go, madame, for I am impatient to behold the happiness in store for you, which you are so fondly anticipating. What this is I cannot imagine, beat my brains as I will, but when I know I will tell you. I am surprised that you make no allusion to my neighbor the Duke of Savoy,<sup>3</sup> and all his performances. I fancied he would end by coming to spend the summer at Vence, and I hoped he might. Still, I advised him, as a friend, to wait until next summer; because, if he did all his fine things this year, there would be nothing left for another. Do you not recognize here the good sense for which I have ever been distinguished?

So you are going to Aix, madame, and perhaps you are already there. I should really like to know if you are still lodging in the house of M. du Muy.<sup>4</sup>

2, 1730, in favor of his son, Charles Emanuel. The next year he attempted to resume the crown, but was arrested by his son, and died November 10, 1732.

<sup>4</sup> This M. du Muy eventually became the purchaser of Grignan. His town house adjoined the one which Madame de Simiane bought at Aix.

<sup>1</sup> A distinguished naval officer.

<sup>2</sup> This was Madame de Sévigné's favorite grandchild, the engaging little Marie Blanche, whom she had much with her both in Paris and at Les Rochers, and whose ruthless consecration the grandmother half resented. She became a sister of the Visitandine convent at Aix, where she died in 1735.

<sup>3</sup> Victor Amadeus II. abdicated September

I should be delighted to find you on the same floor as myself; and that for reasons which you might discern without an opera-glass. . . . And I shall see you. What joy! I laugh all by myself when I think of it, I am so pleased. We will knit stockings together, and, in short, amuse ourselves like queens! I await your congratulations, madame, on the new dignity of the Abbé de Vence, and I send you beforehand my very humble thanks. I am much pleased about it, and he is even more so. M. de Vence desires his respects, and so do my old gentlemen; for I have some, as well as you, and I like them much better than I do yours, — especially than M. le Chevalier, who has not done me the honor of writing once.

Adieu, madame! I love you with all my heart, if you will permit me so to express myself, but my chief desire is to say so face to face. I had not previously mentioned it in my letter, and I feel a certain delicacy about doing so, arising from the softness of my heart, which might have caused me to succumb to an affection which might have degenerated into — in short, you know what I mean.<sup>1</sup>

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

VENCE, October 12, 1730.

To-day is the 12th of October, and it is already quite cold; excellent omens for me! A few more days and a little more cold, and I shall be with you.

And so you are at Aix, dear mamma, — or at least so far as I can see from here; and I fancy that I behold your fine new mansion. It is very pretty, but I long for a nearer view. Be so kind as to invite a good many people to meet me: I am used to seeing such a portentous number here. Just fancy, madame, that at this present moment we actually have the ladies of Le Bar, who have tumbled out of their castle into

<sup>1</sup> "Vous m'en entendez bien" was the refrain of a song then popular.

ours! They are now in their dressing-room, with the professor; and this is why I have the honor of writing to you. Otherwise, madame, upon my word, I would not desert them for a kingdom. It would be very impolite of me, for when I was at Le Bar they never quitted me for an instant, not even when I was in the state they are in now. But, madame, what would one not do for a lady of your merits! Beside the dames above mentioned we have six gentlemen, and expect more. But I neither know nor care about anything now except what concerns ourselves; I mean your love for me, and my most respectful tenderness for you. I shall never get it out of my head or my heart, the longest day I live, and however I may be situated. I am looking for news of you with the utmost impatience; and meanwhile, madame, I have the honor to be — much more yours than my own.

It is plain that Madame de Vence's passionately cherished hope of going to her mother for her confinement was somehow frustrated, after all; and the next letter is merely a string of the most vivacious expressions of disgust and disappointment: "*Ma colère, ma fureur, mon désespoir*," etc. This letter is dated November 30, year not named, but plainly the same; and it is only a fragment. It may very likely have been interrupted by the arrival of the expected event. But Madame de Vence had certainly recovered both her health and her spirits on the 9th of February, 1731, when she writes as follows: —

You express a wish for letters, madame, and I admit that you ought to have them; but you might ask for them a little more politely than you did in your note to my husband. You were very rude, madame, and I am excessively offended. But what might not be forgiven you, in view of the delightful speeches



which you have lavished on me, since my illness. I have just re-read them all, from beginning to end, and I am more than ever enchanted with them. No, no, madame, it is not lawful to be so witty, and if you go on like this you and I will be as like as two peas! Ah, madame, why have I no more performers for the second act of the Carnival? My own rôle is a charming one; but it will be awkward appearing quite alone, for everybody is going away, and there will be no one even to hear me. But stay; I am not so completely alone, either, for here comes my uncle. Now listen to our dialogue, if you please. And there are two more gentlemen coming. Quite a company, after all.

## LA CARÊME.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

The Père de Vence.  
The Marquis de Vence.  
M. de Bompar.  
The Chevalier de Vence.  
Madame de Vence.

## ACT I.

*Scene I. Madame de Vence's Chamber.*

*Père de V.* Good-morning, my dear niece. You have a beautiful color today. You look better than usual. Charmed to see it, I am sure, but it makes me anxious to think of your traveling. And you have the air of a person who is on the move.

*Madame de V.* Thank you so much, dear uncle! I shall be distressed at leaving you; but go I must, for I can no longer contain my impatience for my mamma.

*Père de V.* My advice to you would be to wait until your health is quite reëstablished.

*Madame de V.* Ah, dear uncle, don't talk like that, or we shall quarrel!

*Scene II. Bompar, the Chevalier de V., Madame de V.*

*Bompar.* I am very sorry, madame, that I cannot have the honor of being

your escort. Were it not that I have been here six months already, and that I am afraid of being arrested at Toulon, I would make the trip with pleasure. I should be charmed to pay my respects to Madame de Simiane.

*The Chevalier.* Parbleu, Bompar, you are right! That would be the thing to do. I should like it as well as you, only you know that I have to go to Grasse.

*Bompar.* Oh, yes, of course! One must follow the strongest attraction!

*Madame de V.* I am forced to interrupt you, gentlemen, or you will be giving me the history of your love affairs. Have done, please, and let us talk about my journey. The only love affair I have is there.

*Scene III. All the Actors.*

*Père de V.* Well, my dear niece, and when do you start?

*Madame de V.* My plan, dear uncle, is this: on Sunday, I shall go to eight o'clock mass; on Monday, I shall write to the Abbé de Vence to order carriages to meet me. I shall entreat him to be as expeditious as possible, and you can reckon for yourself how soon I am likely to get off.

*The Chevalier.* A truce to reckoning, and come and play piquet, or I shall have to go.

*Bompar.* You are in a great hurry, *mon cher*. Let madame alone, can't you? I am very much interested.

*Madame de V.* Oh, I have nothing more to say, gentlemen. Bring out the cards.

*All.* We have the honor to wish you a very good morning.

There is one more short note, written from Toulon, in which Madame de Vence congratulates herself on having at last found a place where one spends nothing at all. "For you know how it was at Aix, dear mamma; though

you were so kind as to have us dine and sup regularly with you, the — de Vence" (apparently the Abbé) "always managed to have something to eat by himself."

And this is the last word, for us, from the lively pen of Madame de Sévigné's great-granddaughter. She lived until 1769.

There is now in the possession of M<sup>lle</sup> de Courcière at Aix an admirable portrait by Arnulphi, representing Madame de Simiane in full middle life, with a little girl of five or six at her side. The lady wears the semi-conventional but extremely beautiful widow's dress of the early half of the eighteenth century. A white cap with a fine fluted border is surmounted by a veil of black gauze, which droops upon the shoulders and is tied loosely over the bust. The close-fitting gown of rich black stuff is cut low in front, with a white fluted stomacher. The straight sleeves come

to the elbow, and have very full double ruffles of white muslin, falling back from a finely tapering forearm. The carriage of the head is such as befits an Adhémar de Grignan; the face, although not regularly handsome, is brilliant with intelligence, yet full of dignity, and so strongly individualized that one cannot doubt the excellence of the likeness. But the curly-headed and mischievous-looking little maiden, with a goldfinch perched upon one finger, and a pair of cherries dangling from the other hand, can hardly have been one of Madame de Simiane's daughters, — the disparity of years is too great; she too has her stiff stomacher and her full elbow ruffles, according to the quaint fashion of the time; and I think that M. de Saporta has conclusively shown that this is Madame de Simiane's granddaughter, the little Julie de Vence, whom her mother describes as "a coarse beauty" and "the image of her."

*Harriet Waters Preston.*

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## INDIVIDUALISM IN EDUCATION.

ALL advance in civilization, indeed we may say the very foundation of the social order, rests upon the organization of men into troops or bands which are trained to act together for a common purpose. Only the lowest tribes lack all trace of discipline by which individuals are taught to combine their efforts for a common cause.

It is hardly too much to say that the first step upward from savagery is taken when men begin to subject themselves to the training by which the leader prepares his followers for the serious tasks of war. The forethought required in the chief to plan military manoeuvres of even the simplest kind, and the self-sacrifice demanded of those who submit themselves to command

until they acquire the habit of the soldier, are alike highly educative, and serve much to develop the better qualities of the early states. As industries develop, they too demand an organization similar to that of armies: the captains must plan and command, and the privates obey their orders. So, step by step, each advance is won through the forethought of leaders and the subordination of their followers.

It is not surprising that, in the course of their experience, societies have come to look upon perfect organization as the condition of all associated work, and that the army, which is always the first to be developed, and the most perfect in its system, of all parts of the governing machinery, should be the type on which

men strive to model all their schemes of orderly combined labor.

Thus it came about that when, long after the other more immediate needs of society were provided for, education became the object of general care, the ideals of systematic arrangement which had been so happy in their effects in other departments of action were made the basis on which the plans of teaching were founded. The teacher was expected to command his scholars as an officer his company; the scholars were looked to for an obedience, an implicit following, such as private soldiers gave to their captains. Discipline became the ideal, and militarism the dominant, motive of all school systems developed in states where, as in all Europe, the army set the standard of dutiful conduct. We of the new continent inherited this theory of schooling from the Old World, as we have all the other essential elements of our social structure; and with it we acquired the conception of routine training by which a master seeks to shape the whole mental conduct of his pupils precisely as the commander brings his raw recruits into the condition of an effective soldiery.

There was doubtless a certain utility in this conception of the schoolmaster's task; the duties of society demand a spirit of subordination in all its members, and with the greater part of them obedience to command is a duty to which they need to be well accustomed. If all persons whatsoever could receive a certain measure of training in the practice of the soldier's art, it would be well, for that art has much to teach which the citizen needs to know; but it does not therefore follow that the military spirit should enter into our system of schooling. A certain amount of subordination is of course necessary in any plan of education, but it should not be based on the motives or assume the form which it must have in a military command. The soldier should obey

because absolute, unquestioning obedience is the very foundation of his usefulness. It is indeed well to have him love, or at least respect, his superiors, but these are minor points compared with the supreme duty of doing just what he is ordered to do. The object of the machinery of which the individual soldier forms a part is to apply force with the intent of overcoming the resistance of other men, and to secure its application exactly where and when the superior wills it. To this end the canons of duty and the training of the soldier are well adapted. The ideal, or at least the practical, result of this peculiar education is the production of a man in whom the word of command arouses just as much thought as is necessary to secure its intelligent execution, and no more. When the order has been obeyed, the stimulus of duty is satisfied, and the human machine ceases to be active, but remains in poised expectation until again bidden to move.

The ordinary mental condition induced by a strict and long-continued military discipline is in a way represented by the ingenious catchpenny devices set up in public places, where a working model of a locomotive or a steamboat can be put in motion by dropping a piece of money through a slot in the top of the box on which it rests. The whole contrivance is so nicely adjusted that it never acts without the required stimulus, and never fails to act when the foredetermined impulse is given. I would not have this comparison of the common soldier's work to that of machinery seem in any way derogatory to his character or calling, for I have a sincere and abiding esteem for them both. The need is to exhibit the characteristic result of that part of military education which is peculiar to the occupation and is essentially mechanical. Every one knows, of course, that officers of all grades, and especially those of the higher positions in the service, are

called on to exercise judgment, perception, ingenuity, and other high mental parts in a way rarely demanded in other vocations. It is indeed because of the frequent and great opportunities for the utilization and development of these qualities that able men have willingly lived the soldier's life. But it is clear that such employments are incidental, and that they have no relation to the disciplinary task which alone is the common element in a military education.

In only one regard can the military training be considered a fit model for a school system which purposes to develop the mind and the body of men for the great and varied duties of the citizen, and that is in its admirable fitness for accomplishing the end which is sought to be attained. The aim of the soldier's discipline is to make his action follow immediately and inevitably on the word of command; to breed in him a habit of obedience strong enough to overcome the instinctive behests of his nature. This is accomplished by the long-continued association of command and act, until the very force of habit will make the man obey the familiar order. If anybody will but heed the command of "Forward march" a hundred times a day for a few years, and especially if he do it in the spirit of mere routine, he will come to a state in which, however timid his nature, he will, at the word, be able to charge an enemy's battery with the most valiant. The military man has learned that custom goes far to make nature in all that pertains to action; therefore he repeats the tasks he would have men do with studied reiteration.

There are evident reasons why certain principles of education have been more studiously considered by masters of the art of war than by any other school-teachers. The tests of accomplishment are, in the soldier's path of duty, far more serious than under any other phase of social obligation: the fate of the commonwealth hangs upon them.

Moreover, these tests are applied in a very trenchant way, so as to show the average effect of the training upon the men who have been subjected to it. Such a basis of criticism, unfortunately, is wanting in other branches of education. We cannot prove the results of any system of ordinary schooling as we can those accomplished by a military leader. On this account, the military art has attained a measure of perfection in its methods of education which is not yet approached in any other field of educational work. We should not mistake the lesson which the art of war offers us; this lesson is not that the military method is the plan to be adopted in all education, but that success in bringing men to the desired development consists in determining accurately what is the end sought to be attained, and in fitting the measures which are taken exactly to the object in view.

The object of military discipline is to develop the will power of the individual, but at the same time to subjugate this volition to the command of the superior; the aim of the education of civilians is to enfranchise the man, to put him in the fullest possession of his natural powers, to quicken and elevate him in every way, and finally to leave him absolutely self-centred and free. So far as disciplinary control may be used in educating the ordinary citizen, it is but a temporary agent, whereby the person may be brought to the position in which he will be governed by himself alone. Whoever will clearly set these two diverse objects of the military and the civil training against each other will see how futile, and even dangerous, it is to seek their combination in one education. The first of these tasks, that devised for training the soldier, is simple, and rests upon the most primitive qualities of the mind, and reckons on no individual peculiarities. The second, which should be fitted for the cultivation of man for society, is necessarily diverse, and should

take account of the exceedingly varied attributes of men.

The obvious tendency of discipline is to stamp certain traits in men; this indeed is not only the characteristic feature, but is the necessary object, of military training. The effect of this peculiar education is conspicuous in professional soldiers of all grades. All who have known many of the graduates of our military academy will have noticed the remarkable uniformity of quality which that admirable school gives to all its graduates. Drawn as the pupils are from all parts of an exceedingly varied people, chosen in a competitive manner from the able youths of their generation, West Point most likely receives a larger share of intellectual young men than any other college in this country, and its students probably have originally all the variety of ability which is found in the youths of any civilian school. But while the graduates of the ordinary college are characterized by a great diversity in individual quality, those who go forth from the military academy are singularly alike in all the features which education can induce. They are exceedingly well adapted to the important functions which they have been trained to perform. The suitability of their training was well shown during our civil war. Although the greater part of the abler young men of the country sought military service and found a chance to prove their fitness for command, nearly all of those who succeeded in this work were from the small number of graduates from West Point. There certainly were not less than twenty thousand officers drawn from civil life, whose capacities as commanders were well essayed during that war. The total number of graduates from West Point who were engaged in the struggle probably did not much exceed one thousand, yet the eminent successes among men presumably of somewhat equal original capacity were overwhelmingly more numerous

among those who were trained for the peculiar function. There could hardly be a better proof of the effect of appropriate education in preparing men for the duties of a calling.

Although many men pass from our own military school and those of other countries into civil life, it is generally remarked that they do not readily accommodate themselves to the ordinary stations of society. When they succeed, it is commonly in a position where it is necessary to conduct the operations of a large body of men in something like a military fashion. They are not usually fit for the tasks which demand the varied attainments and powers of adaptation which characterize the men who constitute the body of our civilized states.

It is evident that the limited success of men of the characteristic military type in our modern societies is not due to any lack of capacity for usual employments, for the fact is that these men are, by their conditions, selected from the abler portion of the population. We must explain their manifest unfitness for the ordinary work of the state as we may account for the somewhat similar disabilities of the priestly class, namely, by the effect of a special education. The priest, like the soldier, is, by his training, set apart for a particular function in society, and through the training which prepares him for his career, and the influence of the career itself, he becomes more or less unfitted for the general work of the world. For many centuries of the Christian era education fell mainly into the hands of the clerical class, for they alone were sufficiently educated for the work of teaching. The evils of this method were in time perceived, and the system of lay education has been established in nearly all countries. The military or disciplinary idea which pervades our modern education is not in any way to be attributed to the direct influence of the army, for the soldier is never a propagandist of his methods; it has

come into existence through the general effect of the military arm on the theories of social organization.

In considering the manner in which the central problems of education should be approached, or the spirit in which the teacher should set about his task, we should at once recognize the fact that the aim is not to train the youth for particular duties, such as those of the soldier, but to bring out of that curious body of latencies, the human mind, the good therein contained. There is but one way in which we can hope to educe these powers in an effective manner, and that is by sympathy, by the spontaneous outgoing of the youth's intelligence towards the spirit which seeks to have contact with it. Some recognition has been given to this truly educative or outbringing action of sympathy, but its critical importance has not been adequately conceived by teachers. To perceive the value of this emotion we must understand the historic relation of the development of intelligence. This is a difficult matter to state in a brief manner, yet I must essay its presentation.

In the stages of life below man, we find that everywhere the intellect receives its principal development through the care of parents for their offspring, and the dependence of the young upon the elders of their kind. All this primal education rests upon the affection which is common to all beings which possess any distinct share of intelligence. In the human family the element of sympathy is more developed and its action longer continued than among the lower creatures; but it differs only in degree, and not in nature, from its primal forms. The children of men are roused to thought by sympathetic contact with the household: first by apprehending the motives of the mother; then by association with other persons who lovingly approach them. If we compare the intellectual movements of a child when it is

with those whom it regards with affection, and when it is in contact with strangers, we see the nature of this difference in action of the infantile mind. In the society of its familiars its intellect is incessantly active; it seeks eagerly their sympathetic help in the interpretation of the world about it, and so proceeds to develop in the natural, instinctive way. But let the stranger appear, and his presence at once breaks the delicate bond which unites the frail and impressionable spirit with the life about it.

It is clear that the way to knowledge which is first trodden is that which is entered through the gateway of affection. Until, indeed, the human being is thoroughly individualized, and has become self-dependent in a measure rarely attained by any save certain very strong natures, this natural stimulus to intellectual labor which exists in the sympathies is required for all intellectual advance. Men must think in sympathy, or they do not think at all; at best, while mentally active, they must have a constant reference of their thoughts to some one to whom they are to be submitted. Most persons who deem themselves independent will, on analysis of their minds, find that they retain much of this instinctive reference of their thoughts to others. The author is ever speaking to the fellow-being beside him; the man of science explores with the sense that there is another profiting from the path he is breaking. Our passage from childhood makes us in a measure independent of the bodily presence of beloved human beings, but they abide with us as spirits, inspiring us to activity by their companionship.

One of the most difficult tasks of the educator is to lead the student from the original dependence on the bodily influence of his instructors to the state where he can be contented with the spiritual presence of his fellow-man. It is here that the offices of the secular and the



religious teacher come in contact with each other; it is the field in which the best conquests of education are yet to be made. A man's life depends upon the company he keeps, and the best of his association in mature years is with the souls he has adopted in his inner life. Fortunate indeed is the youth who has had through his education noble men and women so impressed upon his memory, and so firmly associated with his thought and action, that they dwell ever with him. It is, in truth, the first object of enlarging education to give the youth a chance to win these spiritual helpers to his life. In a way, literature and history accomplish this end by the pictures of human nature which they afford; but these images of unseen people are to the most of us like the memories of a dream, — very unsubstantial things compared with the recollections of the men and women whom we have known.

All these relations between the generation which is arising to its duties and that which is bearing the burden of its elevation are not advanced by discipline: they are in fact hindered by it. The essence of discipline consists in obedience to command, — obedience which is rendered because there is a sense of authority about the commander. This habit of compliance tends to make mental action automatic, while our object is to make it rational; moreover, if there be any intellectual activity connected with action under orders, it is likely to develop the element of resistance, which is the greatest enemy to all educative processes. The youth who begins to set himself against his natural intellectual leaders soon loses the habit of spontaneous sympathy which is the condition of his rapid advance in culture. If the discipline is made effective, it may give the youth certain important compensations for the lack of attachment to his teachers; it may make him patient and resolute, in a way give him soldierly

qualities; but the imperfect manner in which discipline is applied in all save the truly military training, commonly results in developing the obdurate habit of mind.

In my considerable experience with young men, I have more often found them suffering from the evils of an incomplete and ineffective discipline than from any other cause. The most hopeless cases with which the college instructor has to deal are those in which the youths have long been subjected to a control of some disciplinary kind; ineffective to reduce them to the state of the well-drilled soldier, who acts from pure habit, yet sufficient to destroy the sympathetic relation which should exist between the teacher and pupil.

It will doubtless be suggested that discipline is necessary to any form of education; and while opposing the ordinary form of such training, we may maintain without paradox this proposition, namely, that discipline of a certain sort is clearly necessary to overcome the indolence which affects most minds, as well as to secure the fixedness of attention which it is naturally difficult for any youth to acquire. The point at which I find myself at variance with the common method of obtaining these results is this: usually the effort is to secure this control through habits created from the will of the teacher impressed upon the youth, while in my opinion they can be profitably won only through the exercise of the will of the pupil. There is a world of difference between the diverse uses of the will power. If it be accomplished by sympathetic stimulus awakened in the student's spirit, the effect is truly educative; if it arises from the mere dominance of the teacher, the effect is to repress development.

There is undoubtedly a decided advantage in a certain amount of discipline of a purely military sort, but it is difficult to find a place for it in our American life. If we could send every youth for a

year or two to an army in campaign, we should in a certain important way enlarge his education, and from the stern, dutiful spirit of war he could learn many lessons. But the imperfect military life such as civilian schools with a military drill afford seems to me to be useful merely as gymnastic training, and perhaps for police uses. Soldierly discipline needs the sanction of military law to give it any moral value. As a gymnastic exercise, the drill of the recruit, as commonly practised, is by no means satisfactory, and the police effects of such amateur soldiery are not of much value.

Perhaps the worst feature of any routine discipline is that it fails to take account of the vast differences which exist between individual pupils, and treats a whole class of students as if they all were cast in one mould. A large part of the evils of society arises from this practice of making a rough classification of men, with the assumption that all who fall within each category are alike. This way of dealing with human beings leads in all our affairs to much injustice: but nowhere is it so prejudicial as in the treatment of youth. The fact is clear that the apparent likeness between men which is conveyed to our senses by the shape of their bodies is very illusory. Within this common envelope of a rigid form we find minds which vary in an almost incredible degree. The biologist perceives in man a singularly invariable species: in form he presents not a tithe of the variations under the diverse conditions of society which are shown in the domesticated animals; but when we consider his emotional and intellectual nature, we observe in man a greater range in characteristics than is discernible in the structures of any order of animals. Thus, the tests of the mathematical examinations in the University of Cambridge show that the variety in this single mental power is enormous. Reckoning the mathematical capacity of the ordinary intelligent man at one in the

scale, it is found that the ablest of say a thousand youths is something like one hundred times as great. No similar test can be applied to the other mental capacities; but when we consider the accomplishments of poets, orators, philanthropists, discoverers, and other path-breaking geniuses, it seems likely that about the same range in ability exists in all the powers of the mind. When we come to understand the vast scope of the variations in the dormant moral and intellectual abilities of youths, we perceive the essential folly of our Procrustean methods of culture.

For the task of educating or developing this variety of latent abilities our ordinary methods are as fit as if we gave the same training to eagles and hares, and sought to bring them to the same methods of life. We see that the very first task of the educator is to place himself in close and sympathetic contact with the pupil, and thus to discover what his nature offers to culture; the next task is to adopt measures to develop these offerings. In a word, the business of the true teacher is like that of the gardener who is dealing with hybrids, where the product of each seed is a problem to be studied at every stage of its development, to be fostered by all the resources in the way of soil and climate which can be applied to it through all the resources of art. We know very well what the measure of his success would be if he regarded these rare gifts of nature as the farmer does his crops, giving them no other care than the rude and general nurture which is due to commercial products. Yet this is substantially what is done in the work of routine education. In the society of our state every child embodies features which are in a measure unique; they are all from the common stock. It may indeed be said that there are no normal human beings in the sense that there are normal horses or oaks. Physically, man is a well-marked and only

moderately variable species; intellectually, he is utterly vagarious, each individual being a group in himself. Under this common physical mask of mankind there is a whole world of variations.

It is evident that this view of the basis of education makes the task of the teacher infinitely more difficult than it usually is conceived to be. In the old view, all that was required was a careful gradation of the scholars according to age and attainments, and a painstaking set of masters who should see that the allotted tasks were done faithfully. In a certain number of years the mill would grind out a satisfactory product with as much certainty as the system of army discipline would, by its training, develop trustworthy soldiers. In the new education, the school will have to be a psychological observatory, where men who conceive the nature of human beings acquire and practice the most difficult art of discovering the capacities of each pupil, and of fitting the culture to his needs. To attain this end will require a vast change in our school system, and a great increase in its cost. In the first place it will be necessary to alter the general conception as to the dignity and the value to society of the teacher's art. Even now the function of the primary-school teacher is held in relatively low esteem. He is the worst paid either in salary or honor of all the intellectual servants of society. It is rare indeed that any care is taken to teach primary-school teachers the true nature of their calling; and if they had every aid which instruction could afford, the conditions of their arduous service would make it impossible for them to apply their knowledge in any effective way.

While in the other important professional occupations, particularly that of the ministry, the candidate feels it his duty to ascertain whether he has a natural fitness for the calling, the teacher of young children generally stumbles into the place, or, if he — more commonly

she — deliberately chooses it, does so because no better chance of making a living can be at the moment secured. With men the primary-school teacher's place is always regarded as a stepping-stone to higher intellectual pursuits; with women it is adopted usually to meet what is supposed to be a temporary necessity of winning a support. Nothing is more certain than the true place of this function in the social system: it is in its nature the most important, if not the most exalted, position which civilization has created, and the organization of our society will be fatally defective until the position of those who lead up the youth to their duties, especially those who have them in charge in the earliest and most critical state of their development, is adequately recognized.

Through the advance in the arts which is taking place, our most civilized societies are rapidly securing an increase in the reserves of capital from which the means of education are drawn. The amazing development of the altruistic motive ever inclines men to spend more of their means upon the rising generation. Yet it will be long before the ideal of industrial culture can be attained. It will require the diversion of the expenditures which are devoted to war and other barbaric pursuits to the cause of education, before it will be possible to do justice to the offerings of capacity which our children bring to us. Although no general plan of such culture can yet be undertaken, it seems possible already to make a beginning in this better method in the higher schools. Our greatest colleges and universities probably afford the field in which a careful experimental study of the problems afforded by the character of the individual students can best be undertaken. The number of students in these institutions is relatively limited, their corps of teachers is proportionally large. Thus, in Harvard University the proportion of teachers to

pupils is about one to ten, and in our other American institutions of higher learning the ratio, though somewhat less, is approaching this standard. There are, moreover, changes in the methods of instruction now in process which will lead far towards the end in view, if indeed they do not of themselves compel a general resort to an attention to individuality in our more advanced teaching.

The reformation of our academic methods of instruction, which is now under way, has been mainly, if not entirely, due to the influence of modern natural and experimental science on the ancient branches of education. When natural science first came into our seats of learning, instruction in it was framed as nearly as possible on the then current methods of those schools. The teaching was almost entirely didactic and by class work. The inutility of this practice was quickly manifested; very rapidly the didactic system has given place to the experimental, and the success in this teaching has been so great that it has had an important influence on the methods of all academic work. The better teachers now introduce the principles of personal inquiry into such studies as mathematics, language, and history, where of old the whole labor was thrown upon the memory of the pupil. The great advantage of the method of instruction by experiment consists in the close relation which it secures between the teacher and the pupil, and the more sympathetic nature of their contacts. In such work the pupil finds the master more helpful than in class-room work, and the teacher thus secures a far clearer idea of the capacities and needs of the pupil than can otherwise be obtained. In no case can the youth there be treated as an average man; he must be dealt with as an individual, and his tasks gauged by

his necessities. Very soon the student finds himself in the position and with the strength of a pioneer; he begins to teach his master even while he is himself dependent upon him. Such are the depths of the phenomenal world that this mutual relation may indefinitely continue, and always afford beautiful opportunities for sympathetic contact between men who are united in the work as master and apprentice.

Although natural science has done much, and doubtless in the future has still much to do, incidentally, in promoting individualism in education, the task cannot be adequately begun until its exceeding gravity is well recognized. We need so far as may be to strip away the rubbish which a rude empiricism has gathered about the schools, and to find room for some research as a guide to our educational labors. Above all, it is important that the commonplace humor with which the subject is ordinarily approached should give place to a sense of its true and imposing dignity. If these gains can be made in our higher schools, where alone we can hope to see them instituted, they will undoubtedly be propagated downward to the primary grades of instruction. With such a system well formed, we should welcome the youth of each generation no longer to a grim scholastic mill, where they are to be treated as mechanically as the recruits of an army, but receive each stranger, as he comes to us from the darkness, with a tender consideration for the good and evil he brings with him, and with an apt adjustment of the resources of education to his individual needs. There are doubtless many ways in which men may make a new heaven and a new earth of their dwelling places, but the simplest of all ways is through a fond, discerning, and individual care of each child.

*Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.*

## KISMET AND THE KING.

THE king lay ill in Ispahan,  
And ill at rest.  
All day, all night, his couriers ran  
To fetch rare herbs to cure the man, —  
The king, opprest  
By Allah's ban in Ispahan.

The poet sat him at his feet  
With lute of gold.  
"Sing me a song for monarch meet,  
To hush me into slumber sweet, —  
To hush and hold  
Till they return, my couriers fleet."

From Khurasàn the hot wind sped,  
The hot simoom.  
"His wing of flame," the sick man said,  
"The fiery Angel of the Dead,  
With brow of gloom.  
Allah! not yet, not yet!" he said.

The poet touched a plaintive string.  
*The days are two,*  
*There are two days, he sang, O King,*  
*When useless are the prayers we bring,*  
*The deeds we do,*  
*For lease of life, O mighty King.*

*First, on the unappointed day,*  
*The day unset,*  
*Sword cannot kill nor tempest slay.*  
*Yea, second, on the appointed day*  
*Of dread Kismet*  
*Not Allah great can guard our way.*

The Ethiop waved a sleepy fan  
Above the bed.  
Even at the gates the couriers ran  
With potent herbs to cure the man, —  
The great king, dead  
Upon his bed in Ispahan.

*Florence Wilkinson.*

## BOULANGISM AND THE REPUBLIC.

Now that the Boulangist adventure is entirely a thing of the past, it is worth while to see how far this strangest of all political episodes seriously endangered the French Republic, and how it may affect its future.

When, in the spring of 1888, the series of by-elections began, in which General Boulanger was destined to score success after success against the regular Republican candidates, it must be said that the French Republic was in a very unenviable position. The Wilson crisis had just brought about the compulsory resignation of M. Grévy. Although no one doubted the personal integrity and honesty of purpose of the old President, his blind attachment to his unworthy son-in-law had caused the stain of corruption to defile the highest office of the state. There was no lack of evil prophets who were ready to liken the Wilson scandals to the famous Teste and Cubières case of June, 1847, so speedily followed by the fall of Louis Philippe, and to the many financial scandals which had cropped out during the last years of the Third Empire. In addition to this, it must be remembered that the elections of 1885 had been far from showing a success for the Republican party. The party had, in truth, retained a working majority in the House, but its opponents had gained fully one hundred seats, and more than doubled their numbers. With such revelations as those which had compelled the resignation of President Grévy, was it not to be feared that the elections of 1889 might prove more disastrous still, and that the newly elected President might have to confront an anti-Republican majority in the lower branch of the national legislature?

Just then a man appeared, surrounded by a halo of popularity, the very genesis of which seemed an unintel-

ligible mystery, who belonged to that profession, the army, which is still unquestionably the most popular before the masses of the French people, and who certainly was not unwilling to play the part of General Bonaparte after his return from Egypt; shaking hands with any one who might have a grievance, and turning to his own account the wave of popular contempt which was steadily rising against the then existing government.

When attempting to-day to judge the whole of the Boulangist adventure, no one should forget that, when he suddenly leaped into popularity, General Boulanger was considered by every one a Republican. His entrance into the cabinet was due entirely to the influence of one of the most active of the Republican leaders, M. Clémenceau. One of Boulanger's first acts had been the punishment of an uncle of the leading monarchical pretender, the Duc d'Aumale, for a breach of discipline, and his speech in the Senate in defense of his action had the true Republican ring. It was such a novelty in the French legislature to hear a general, a war minister, utter such strongly Republican sentiments that this alone might to a great extent explain the general's popularity with the Radical masses of the population of the largest cities in France.

Close students of history cannot deny that this was the most dangerous moment of the crisis. The new President had no prestige; he was not then believed to be what is called a strong man. In their long tenure of office the Republicans had committed many mistakes; some of them undoubtedly unavoidable, but none the less hurtful to the government in the minds of the people. As always happens when the same political element remains a long time in power, the selfish spirit of office-seeking



had fastened upon the ruling party all that was ready to live and thrive by corruption, and the old monarchical skit was again half jocosely, half seriously, uttered: "We do not say that every Republican is a thief, but every thief is a Republican." Conscious of having made mistakes, the Republicans disagreed as to what these mistakes were, and still more on what course was to be pursued in the future in order to regain fully the confidence of the nation. What an opportunity this rise of Boulanger into notoriety seemed to present to them! They had but to turn the eyes of the public away from all the disputed issues of the day, to hide behind the popular hero, to monopolize in favor of the Republic and of the Republican party that love of one man which history had taught was such an important element in the make-up of the political ideas of the French masses. And the general, with his unmeaning but good-natured smile, not only took care to discourage no one, but was sure to discover the weak spot which offered admission to the poison of flattery, and by this means to become the candidate for friendship with the smallest holder of any amount of influence or patronage. What a temptation! This was the critical hour. Was the Republican party really made up of Republicans, or did it consist merely of men who, for one reason or another, considered it impossible to identify themselves with any of the old monarchical parties, and were bent mainly upon retaining for themselves as large a share of power as possible?

We repeat that here was the temptation for the Republican party. How much easier to shout, "Vive Boulanger!" than to say to the country: "We have made mistakes; we shall try to discover what they are, and to correct them. We have allowed corruption to creep into our ranks; we have already taken one bold step against it: we have compelled a President, whose own person every

one of us respected, to retire, because his presence at the head of the government made it impossible to hunt down the corruptionists who were in his own family. We mean to continue the fight, and after getting rid of Wilson to get rid of Wilsonism too."

What now was the attitude of the general himself? He took great care not to offend the Republican party as a whole. He spoke against corruption; so did all the Republicans. He spoke against colonial enterprises, against M. Jules Ferry; so did a great many Republicans, and so would a great many more have done if they had not been afraid of being taxed with inconsistency. He was evidently waiting for the Republican party to take him up, to make him its leader, and insure the continuance of its tenure by the help of the popularity of the "*brav' général*."

What happened? Not a single one of the various and conflicting fractions of the Republican party for a moment consented to swallow the bait. True, the general for a while remained popular among the Radicals, but simply because they approved of his measures while minister of war, because they liked his attitude towards the Orleans princes and towards the Catholic Church. What they did not consent to was to make his black charger the emblem of their flag, and "Vive Boulanger!" their battle-cry.

So soon as it became apparent that this was the price to be paid for General Boulanger's alliance, the general was read out of the Republican party. He was not, it is true, abandoned by all the members of the party; a number of men who had figured either in the Moderate or in the Radical wing of the Left — MM. Le Hérisse, Laguerre, Laur, Laisant, Turquet, Naquet, etc. — remained with him; but they were only individuals, not one of whom, with the possible exception of M. Laguerre, had ever wielded any great influence within the party, and of whom it may be said that any

political organization was better without them than with them.

The Republican party had passed through the "corridor of temptation," and had not succumbed. The general was compelled either to fall back into comparative obscurity, and patiently to wait for an opportunity to display his military talents, if he had any, and thus earn the popularity which up to that time seemed only a freak of Dame Fortune, or else to engage in political intrigues, at the end of which he was sure to come to political suicide, if not to something worse.

How different, how much more dangerous to the existence of Republican institutions, the situation would have been if the Republican party had consented to go hand in hand with the ambitious general! On the surface everything would have favored the Republic. The general's popularity would have been more than an offset for the unpopularity of many a Republican leader whose acts while in power had given no little offense. Election after election would have been carried triumphantly, and every success of the general or his followers would have been considered a Republican success. But when the final victory had been won; when, under command of the Black Horse leader, the Republican forces had routed the remains of the monarchical parties in 1889, what would the condition of things have been? How could a party which had seemed doomed to defeat, and had been carried back into power by the popularity of an ambitious and unscrupulous leader, deny that leader any position of authority within its gift? The platform of the Republican party would have been Boulanger, and nothing else. The general's career would have been a consistent one. By the Republic he had been made a general; by the Republic, head of the department of infantry in the ministry of war; by the Republic, commander-in-chief of the French forces

in Tunis; by the Republic, minister of war. Thus, every one of his steps forward and upward being taken under Republican auspices, under Republican auspices, too, he would take the final step, which meant the absorption within his personality of all that had been the Republican party.

Who can for a moment doubt what the sequel would have been? Hardly was it necessary to read the malodorous revelations published recently in Paris newspapers, *Coulisses du Boulangisme*, *Papiers Secrets du Boulangisme*, etc., in order to know what the government of the general would have been, what an era, of corruption and incapacity would have been inaugurated. Soon the inevitable revulsion would have come, and then the monarchical opposition would have asserted itself, unstained by any contact with the adventurer; ready to welcome all those (their name would have been Legion) who turned away with disgust from a Republican party recreant to all its principles, from a leader whose name had become synonymous with ruin and dishonor. Where would the Republic have been then?

From such a fate, from such a danger,—the only danger it really ran,—it was saved by the simple honesty, the real republicanism, of the Republican party. Having to choose between the difficulties of their political situation and temporary ease and success through an alliance with a leader whose ambition they felt to be both unscrupulous and impure, they chose the harder path, sure that the way to win success was first to deserve it.

Then began the period in which the danger was much more apparent than real. The bait which had been offered to the Republicans and spurned by them was offered to, and greedily seized by, the monarchical parties. Yet it would appear as if everything made it impossible for them to coalesce with General Boulanger. Every one of the steps by

which he had won his popularity had been taken in open defiance of what they called their principles. He had exiled their princes. He had announced his purpose to send their priests to the barracks; "Les curés sac au dos!" had been one of his mottoes. They called themselves conservatives; he had been anxious to show his love of change simply for change's sake even in the smallest matters, such as announcing as a great reform the permission granted to soldiers to wear their beard,—a permission that still exists, by the way, and is the only thing remaining to tell the world that there was once a French minister of war by the name of General Boulanger. Not only did it seem morally impossible for the Royalists to follow such a leader, but, from the simple standpoint of expediency, nothing really urged them to take such a course. They had no reason to be dissatisfied with things as they were. They had won a comparative victory at the last general election; they had, it is true, not succeeded in repeating their victory of 1885 in 1886, when the time had come round for the elections to the departmental councils, but the rebuff they had suffered was not a very serious one; they had lost no seats, or rather, had won as many as they had lost. Since these elections the Wilson scandals had come up, and, moreover, the warring factions of the Republican party were as far as ever from harmony; the Radicals were always ready to upset any moderate cabinet, the Moderates to upset any radical cabinet; and the country was sure, some day or other, to get tired of this *chassé croisé* of politicians. Why should they unite with a Radical general whose policy they had time and again denounced, and who could not openly come over to them without at once being abandoned by the sole element wherein his strength appeared to reside, the ultra-radical part of the urban population of France?

Still they did it. Why? Herein lies the whole secret, the whole moral lesson, of the Boulangist adventure. The Republicans repudiated the general because they had principles; the Royalists struck an alliance with him because they had none. They saw that they held about two hundred seats in the House; that in many constituencies the Republicans had won by only very narrow margins; it looked as if the general controlled enough votes to carry the balance of power over to them in the doubtful constituencies, so that he and they together might easily win a majority of the House to be elected in 1889, if not earlier: and on this mere arithmetical basis the alliance was concluded. But the policy it involved was not such an easy matter for the Royalists as a Republican Boulangist alliance would have been. General Boulanger's own following was of such a nature that by nothing but the noisiest professions of republicanism could it be held true to the Royalists' new ally. It involved, on the part of the Royalists, a settled purpose of allowing the Boulangist wing of the newly formed army to have it all its own way during the electoral canvass; the Royalists might provide the candidates, but the platform had to be provided by the general's friends, or else there was no hope of having the ultra-radical workingmen of Paris, Amiens, Lille, Roubaix, Tourcoing, La Rochelle, Périgueux, etc., follow the standard of General Boulanger. Well! They had announced themselves ready to pay the price of the alliance. What that price was we now know from M. Mermeix's revelations in the *Figaro*: paid by Madame la Duchesse d'Uzès, three million francs; by other members of the Royalist party, two millions and a half; by the Comte de Paris, the Royalist pretender himself, two millions and a half,—a total of eight millions of francs. Persons who were ready to spend such enormous sums in order to carry an election—that is, persons who,

while raising their voices against corruption, were ready to base all their hopes upon corruption — were not going to be stopped in their course by such a flimsy barrier as moral considerations.

But let us see now whether the existence of the Republic was seriously endangered by such a strange combination. That it appeared to be in danger; that many of its friends were badly scared; that its most malignant enemies and its most perfidious critics thought its last hour was near at hand; that the *London Times* was already preparing the lofty editorial in which it would once more demonstrate to the world that the French were incapable of living twenty years under the same government, — all this is matter of public record. But it may well be doubted whether these hopes and fears had any real foundation in fact.

At first, of course, everything seemed easy to the coalition. The work had to be done in by-elections, the result of which could not alter the parliamentary majority, as the Republicans had a majority of over one hundred and fifty. The Royalists, therefore, were perfectly willing to let the general have it all his own way: he was to be the sole candidate; he had the votes of his own Radical following; through the influence of the clergy and of the Royalist and Bonapartist agents, he had the votes of all the enemies of the Republic, who were assured that the best way to destroy it was to vote for a man who shouted "*Vive la République!*" louder than anybody else. The Royalists went so far even as to sacrifice a seat which they could consider as rightfully belonging to them. Two seats became vacant in the department of Nord, which the Royalists had carried at the general election of 1885. The general announced himself as a candidate for one of them. But who would be his associate on the ticket? He could not, if he would, allow his name to go before the country side by side with that of a candidate

hostile to the Republic. The Royalists gave way; the general found an Alsatian, M. Koechlin Schwartz, who was willing to contribute liberally to the campaign fund, and who naively believed that General Boulanger was going to reconquer for France Alsace and Lorraine, and both were triumphantly elected by the coalition.

But could such things last? Was there any real danger of having a Boulangist House elected in 1889? Could any shrewd observer fail to see that, although the Royalists were perfectly willing to let the general, who had been ousted from the army for acts of insubordination, have himself elected time and again to seats which he could not occupy, every one of the two hundred anti-Republican deputies, when it came to sacrificing his own seat, would find reasons satisfactory to himself for refusing to surrender that seat, not to General Boulanger himself, but to any Boulangist whom the general might be pleased to designate? Even admitting that the coalition had serious chances of winning a majority at the coming general election, — and such chances it certainly seemed to have, — it was clear that at least three fourths of that majority would consist of Royalists and Bonapartists who in no way owed their seats to the general, and who would not consider themselves his tools and creatures.

Nobody knew that better than the general himself, and that undoubtedly is the reason why, as is now a matter of public record, he was so ready to sell himself to any pretender willing to pay his price; why he first offered himself to Prince Jerome Napoleon, who did not think the goods valuable enough for the price put upon them; then to the Comte de Paris, who, having neither his father's lofty patriotism nor his grandfather's shrewdness, paid his money and asked no questions.

Ah! if General Boulanger had been a man of extraordinary genius, perhaps,

without going so far as to pledge himself to work for the reestablishment of the monarchy, he might have blended such apparently hostile elements as the Royalists, the Bonapartists, and his own ultra-radical followers; perhaps the power, the fire, of his intellect might have molten all these seemingly antagonistic metals into some new, dazzling, and solid alloys,—perhaps! But if the general had been a man of extraordinary genius, he would never have thought of conspiring at all; he would have served the Republic faithfully, risen by the strength of his merits and services, and—who knows?—written his name on the most brilliant page of the history of France. If ever honesty was the best policy, it was for General Boulanger; but so soon as he saw that the devotion of the Republicans to their ideas closed to his ambition any but the legitimate channels, open to all alike in a democratic community, his weak nature made him a slave to his spite, and the traitor was born within his bosom.

Two things, however, he had achieved, for which, although not intentionally brought about, the Republicans must in some way feel grateful to him. First, he had united the Republicans. They were united in their purpose of depriving him of whatever help he could derive from the state of the political legislation of the country; and this they effected by substituting the *scrutin d'arrondissement* for the *scrutin de liste*, and by enacting a law against multiple candidacies. They were united in their purpose of using against him, if possible, the penal laws of the country; and this was done by impeaching him before the Senate, and so effectually that he ran away from the country rather than face his judges. Second, he helped the Republican party in its effort to fight against corruption within the party by drawing to himself nearly all the corrupt elements that still clung to it, all those who were Republican for revenue

only; and this explains why his following in the House consisted of men originally belonging to various fractions of the Republican majority, and not simply of men of one political faith. Political opinions had nothing to do with their joining themselves to him.

One important question remains to be examined. Would not the existence of the Republic have been imperiled if the general and his monarchical allies had been a little more skillful than they were, and if the coalition had won a majority in the elections of 1889? The answer to that question lies in the character of that majority, three fourths of which would have consisted of followers of the monarchy, and one fourth only of personal followers of the general, owing their election to the most radical part of the electorate. It must be remembered that the Republicans still held the presidency and the Senate. Any move of the majority looking toward the reestablishment of a monarchy would have been instantly followed by a presidential decree of dissolution of the House, approved by the Senate,—a perfectly constitutional device; and after such a movement there was no possible hope of getting a second time for the coalition candidates the votes of the radical workingmen. Such a course was therefore not to be feared. What was more likely to follow a coalition success at the polls was the constitution of a so-called conservative cabinet, which would have tried to govern the country in a way more acceptable to the Catholic clergy, and thus unwillingly to give the Republic one of the few sanctions that it still lacks, the demonstration that under its sway there is room for conservative as well as for progressive statesmanship. The worst enemies such a cabinet would have had would have been its former allies, who hate nothing so bitterly as clericalism. How long would have been its existence, unless it had formed with the most moderate among

the Republicans an alliance, the first condition of which would have been the giving up of all hopes of a monarchical restoration, and a sincere acceptance of the Republican Constitution?

Once, once only, the general found himself in circumstances that gave a direct attack against the existing government some apparent chances of success. It was on the evening of January 27, 1889, when the news of his triumphant and unexpected success at the polls in Paris itself struck with dismay the weak cabinet that was presided over by M. Floquet. But his attack would have had to be sudden and revolutionary, or rather insurrectionary. Calling to arms his excited and enthusiastic followers, he could have marched on the Élysée and tried what no French general had ever tried. He did not dare to do this. He knew that no one in the army had followed him in his career of insubordination; that against a mob such as he could drag at his heels not one company would refuse to fire; that if the government but tried to defend itself, the hour of his triumph was sure to be quickly followed by the punishment of a rebel soldier. The risk was too great.

Thus, little by little, the end came, leaving the Republic stronger than before, because its defenders had been tried and had not been found wanting. Now the Republican party is more

united; it is purer than it has been for nearly ten years. The President is no longer the comparatively unknown man he was at the beginning of the Boulangist adventure: he has represented France with admirable dignity whenever it has been his duty so to do; his name is as much respected as that of any ruler at the present time. The whole fabric of government has proved strong enough to withstand such a crisis as no monarchy that France has known since 1789 has been able to pass through. The Republican leaders are at last realizing the necessity of carrying out a policy; a cabinet is no longer upset as soon as it fails completely to satisfy a small body of its former supporters. The monarchical parties no longer believe in monarchy. The chief pretender showed them the way when he struck an alliance with the man who had sent his own uncle into exile. One after another, the most moderate of monarchical papers come out advising all true conservatives to accept as definitive the Republican form of government; and even in the House signs are not wanting of the final breaking up of the monarchical parties. So strong does the Republic now appear that no one but a man of extraordinary genius would be powerful enough to endanger its existence, while no one would think of assailing it but an egregious fool.

*Adolphe Cohn.*

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#### THE LESSON OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.

ALTHOUGH the recent election in Pennsylvania turned exclusively on local issues, those issues involve considerations of national importance, and the struggle aroused attention so general that a brief review of its causes and consequences may not be without interest beyond the borders of the State.

Among the various agencies of our political demoralization, not the least threatening is the development of that perfection of organization known as "the machine," of which the exponent is the "boss." The boss is a product of natural selection,—a man who by nature and training rises above his fellows in



all the baser arts of management, who unites shrewdness and audacity with executive ability, and whose profoundest conviction is the one so cynically expressed by Senator Ingalls, that the Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in politics. The power of the boss is based largely on the prostitution of public patronage,—the ability to reward his followers and punish his rivals by distributing or withholding the spoils of office, with the single object of maintaining his own ascendancy over the henchmen who do his dirty work in managing primary elections and controlling nominating conventions. In a community where the machine is highly developed there is small chance for the expression of healthy public sentiment. The avenues to public life are closed to all aspirants who will not pledge obedience to the boss; honorable ambition is stifled; politics becomes a game of thimblery, and the interest of the people at large is the last thing to be considered. Statesmanship thus is rendered impossible; the statesman disappears and is replaced by the boss, and the conduct of public affairs, which should be the noblest employment of the highest intellects, is degraded to a sordid trade, from which men of honor instinctively shrink. A nation which should contentedly submit to such debasement of its public life is foredoomed.

For a generation Pennsylvania has been a peculiarly boss-ridden community. The machine so skillfully organized by Simon Cameron not only lasted his lifetime, but was so strongly compacted that he was able to bequeath it to his son, the present Senator. Bossism, however, is essentially personal, and is not readily transmissible by inheritance; the perfected adept should pass through the lower grades to acquire the suppleness and knowledge of detail and the ability to choose his lieutenants which are requisite to continued success. Sen-

ator Cameron was handicapped by both good and bad qualities; he was too autocratic, and did not know when to yield gracefully to necessity. His course in 1880, when he endeavored to force the nomination of General Grant for a third term, led to an independent movement, which defeated his plans, and ripened into organized revolt at the gubernatorial election of 1882. Though General Garfield had carried the State by a plurality of over 37,000 in 1880, Mr. Cameron's slated ticket in 1882 was defeated by a plurality of more than 40,000; the Independent Republicans polled a vote of 43,743 for a third ticket, and thus elected Mr. Pattison, the Democratic candidate. The lesson was a valuable one, but was soon forgotten. The Independent organization, having accomplished its immediate object, dissolved, and Mr. Cameron's authority seemed to recover from the shock. Yet the weakness of its hold upon the people had been demonstrated, and the way was opened for an able and vigorous leader to supplant him.

Matthew Stanley Quay was one of the most useful of his lieutenants. He was energetic, troubled with few scruples, full of resources, and had been trained in the worst school of political management. In 1874 he had been appointed by Governor Hartranft Secretary of the Commonwealth; he had been reappointed in 1878 by Governor Hoyt, and had resigned the office in 1882, in view of the approaching change of dynasty. Vague rumors ascribed to him various delinquencies, but nothing was publicly and positively known; and as he remained out of office for several years the rumors died away, and he was generally regarded as one whose political career was closed. Suddenly he reappeared in 1885 and claimed a "vindication." The occasion was selected with his customary shrewdness. The only state office to be balloted for in that year was the treasurership. In 1884

Pennsylvania had given Mr. Blaine a majority of 80,000, and the Democrats were still greatly disheartened; there was nothing on which to arouse public sentiment, and a Republican nomination was equivalent to election. With consummate skill Mr. Quay laid his plans and captured the nomination. A feeble effort to start an independent movement against him failed, and he was elected as a matter of course. He was now fully "vindicated" and fairly in the saddle. In 1887 an obedient legislature elected him to the United States Senate, and his colleague, Mr. Cameron, found the reins rapidly slipping from his grasp.

In 1888 Mr. Quay carried to the Chicago Convention a delegation which, with few exceptions, was completely under his control. To a politician of less versatile resources the stubborn opposition which he made to the nomination of Mr. Harrison would have been suicidal, but he only gathered strength from defeat. The chairmanship of the National Committee would put him in position to exact his own terms, and this, it is said, he obtained, characteristically, by absenting himself from the meeting of organization, and sending an alternate who voted for him, thus securing his election by a majority of one over his competitor, Mr. Clarkson. From his management of the canvass there were observers who became apprehensive that he secretly courted defeat, and his strange control over the President has led to the suggestion that a few weeks before the election he visited Indianapolis, and threatened to sacrifice the ticket unless certain pledges were given.

Be this as it may, he has been the evil genius of the administration. By the appointment of his friend Mr. Wanamaker to the postmaster-generalship, and by the unreserved abandonment to him of the federal patronage in Pennsylvania, he became the dictator of the party in the State. Even his silence un-

der the damaging accusations scattered broadcast by the New York World and Evening Post had no apparent influence on either the President or the party. The press in Pennsylvania for the most part seemed muzzled, and to have entered with him into a conspiracy of silence. His power was unshaken, and the obedient convention of last June speculated on the torpidity of the public conscience by inserting as a plank in the party platform an expression of its sense of gratitude for his "matchless services," and a declaration that, "as a citizen, a member of the General Assembly, as Secretary of the Commonwealth under two successive administrations, as State Treasurer by the overwhelming suffrage of his fellow-citizens, and as Senator of the United States, he has won and retains our respect and confidence." Considering that there were unanswered charges against him of bribery as a member of the Assembly, and of unlawful use of public moneys as Secretary of the Commonwealth and State Treasurer, the allusion to his record in these positions showed a peculiar audacity of servility.

If the public conscience be sluggish, it is all the more powerful when aroused. The population of Pennsylvania, with its strong infusion of Quaker and Teuton, is by no means excitable; it is patient, enduring, slow to move from the beaten path, but all the more formidable when fairly convinced that action is necessary. As the scandal deepened of Mr. Quay's silence under charges generally believed to be well founded, and of his unwavering support by the national administration, ominous mutterings were heard. It became tacitly understood that, if he persisted in forcing the nomination of the slate which he had prepared, revolt would follow. Underrating the strength of the opposition, he carried out his programme undeviatingly; and indeed any retreat would have been a confession of weakness, — the one unpardon-

able failing in a boss. The larger portion of the party desired as gubernatorial candidate General Hastings, who had won popular regard by his management of affairs at Johnstown after the disastrous flood of 1889, and who refused to sell out his candidacy for an assistant secretaryship of war of which Mr. Quay apparently had the disposal. Mr. Quay, in fact, was understood to have given a positive pledge of the nomination to State Senator Delamater. Unfortunately, Mr. Delamater, like his chief, was the subject of damaging public accusations from a responsible source, and, like his chief, he adopted the policy of silence. The wires had been laid in advance. Mr. Delamater received the nomination, and was mounted on the platform which proclaimed the undiminished esteem and respect of the party for Mr. Quay. It was a challenge to battle for the vindication of both.

It is not worth while to enter into the vicissitudes of the canvass, which was the most hotly contested that Pennsylvania has seen since that of 1882, bringing out a vote closely approximating that of a presidential campaign. The Democrats wisely put in nomination Ex-Governor Pattison, whose previous administration had won the respect of all parties. Both candidates took the stump and vigorously canvassed the whole State. The efforts of the Republicans to inject national issues into the struggle were unavailing. Even when Mr. Blaine was brought to Philadelphia, on the eve of election, and endeavored to show that the tariff was imperiled, he preached to deaf ears; nor was his protest against a canvass of defamation heeded, for people remembered his own canvass of 1884. Mr. Wanamaker was equally unsuccessful when he personally vouched for the honesty of his traduced friend Mr. Quay.

The returns, in fact, show plainly that the result is not one to be claimed as a party triumph, but that it is the victory

of the people over the politicians of the baser sort in both parties, — a victory achieved for the most part by the independent voter. While there is not a county in the State that does not share in the revolt, it is highly significant that in the Democratic wards of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, where voters and bar-room leaders are approachable, the Republican ticket made large gains. From these sources it may be computed that Mr. Delamater received from 15,000 to 20,000 votes. Allowing for these, and taking as a basis Mr. Harrison's plurality of 81,000, it will be seen that Mr. Pattison's plurality of 16,500 represents some 70,000 Republican votes against Quayism. Yet that this was simply a revolt, and not a political revolution; that these Republicans desired merely to purify their party, and not to abandon it, is seen by the maintenance of the party strength unbroken on all points where Quayism was not an issue. Local candidates for municipal office, for the legislature, and for Congress received the full party vote. The four congressional districts which were lost were lost because their candidates were regarded as the special representatives of Mr. Quay. Even Mr. Delamater's associates on the state ticket were elected by respectable majorities, for many Independents contented themselves with striking at the head of the ticket as the conspicuous embodiment of the domination which they desired to destroy. It is perfectly safe to say that on a national issue, with an unexceptionable candidate and a fair canvass, Pennsylvania would to-morrow give her customary Republican majority.

While this result could not have been attained without a healthy popular uprising against a corrupt and corrupting domination, it cannot be claimed to be due wholly to unalloyed unselfishness. In all popular movements there are many factors and many motives, nor can the wisest ascribe accurately to each their effec-

tiveness. In our election there were revenges to be gratified. The distribution of patronage is a two-edged sword; if it confers power, it also awakens discontent. In Mr. Quay's brief reign he could not pay his political debts without creating resentments, and his methods were not such as to soothe the feelings of those who thought themselves deprived of the recognition that was their due. The spoils system is a treacherous source of strength, which betrays its manipulator in his sorest need. Mr. Quay thus found local antagonisms springing up against him in all sections of the State, and lending themselves to swell the healthier flood of popular indignation which overwhelmed him.

Yet, with all due allowance for this, the result is one which may well encourage the believer in our institutions, and refute the assumption of accelerating degradation in our public life. It shows that popular opinion is sound at the core, and that the popular instinct is in favor of honesty in politics; that the fanaticism of partisanship may be overcome when an issue can be fairly presented to the people; that the independent voter is multiplying and learning how to use his power; that the crafty scheming of astute and experienced politicians is but folly, when boldly confronted in a good cause. At the same time, it would be easy to exaggerate the importance of the victory. Though it may have overthrown a boss who a few months ago seemed to be the most powerful leader in the land, overshadowing even the chief magistrate himself, it has not put an end to bossism. That evil springs from roots too deeply planted in our careless political habits to be eradicated without long and painful effort. Unremitting watchfulness and labor is the price which we must pay for our Republican institutions, if we wish them to be honestly and wisely administered. Spasmodic and sporadic efforts effect little that is permanent. Popular uprisings are inspir-

ing to witness, like a gorgeous display of fireworks, which dazzle the eye only to leave the darkness more profound. Twenty years ago we watched eagerly such a spectacle, admirably arranged with impressive scenic effect, when the good citizens of New York drove Tweed and his gang to prison or to exile; but in a few years the old horde was succeeded by a new one, and these same good citizens have now, in spite of the Australian ballot, riveted upon themselves the domination of Tammany more firmly than ever. The trained politician smiles at such popular ebullitions, and hails them as an opportunity for filling the vacancies which they may occasion.

There are no panaceas for public disease. Even the abrogation of the spoils system, fruitful as that system is of evil, would at most be a palliative, unless accompanied by a far more jealous and exacting public opinion than at present exists. The only remedy for our ailments, in fact, lies with the individual voter. Until the millennium arrives we cannot expect every citizen to vote as we may think he ought; but at least every one can strive to free himself from the bondage of partisanship, and train himself to regard the exercise of the franchise as a sacred duty, not to be lightly or carelessly performed at the bidding of some self-constituted leader. The lesson of the Pennsylvania election is full of encouragement for such efforts, as it shows that ill-gotten and misused power, however securely entrenched, is at the mercy of a comparatively small portion of the voters, when that portion is ready to sink all partisanship in devotion to the public weal.

In the kaleidoscopic shiftings of American politics prophecy is proverbially dangerous, yet I cannot but think that the Republican party will eventually find itself stronger for its recent reverses. Containing, as I believe it does, the major portion of the intellect and culture of the land, it necessarily also

contains a larger proportion of voters whose allegiance is lightly held, and whose support must be purchased by deserving. The grotesque spectacle afforded by the predominance in such a party of a man like Mr. Quay was in itself sufficient to repel from it enough voters to defeat it in the next presidential canvass. From that danger it is to be hoped that Pennsylvania has delivered it. The rough good sense of the people elsewhere has taught its leaders a severe lesson; and such lessons, if rightly laid to heart, are the salvation

of parties. Experience has shown that reforms never come from within; they must be rubbed in from without, and the *unguentum baculinum* is the most effective excipient for the application. I think there is enough unselfishness and common sense in the party to profit by the warning; if so, there is yet time for it to repent of its follies, to set its house in order, and to come before the people in 1892 with a valid claim for support. Besides, it can always fairly reckon on the superior capacity of the Democracy for blundering.

Henry Charles Lea.

### A SWISS FARMING VILLAGE.

It is the season of the fall ploughing, the apple gathering, the potato harvest. The sun has smiled upon these occupations, shining all day long on the open upland plateau, which inclines one long side toward the east, catching the slant morning rays from across the Alps, and tilts slightly upward to meet the western sky and the descending rose of sunset, — shining upon the fields and scattered farms, and on the cluster of houses round a little church spire which stands for the village of Zimmerwald. September has passed gently into October, the autumn days succeeding each other, alike and yet distinct, each with its peculiar stamp of loveliness; complete, tranquil days such as that in our Indian summer of which Emerson wrote, "To have lived through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough." Yet the length of our October days is measured for us by their entire homogeneity, and it is rather the varied charm of the hours which gives one a sense, in this Swiss autumn weather, of living from season to season between two twilight pages. The dewy morning, the sunburnt afternoon, the solemn, rich-toned evening,

are worlds apart from each other, and speak to different ages of the imagination. The mountains have moods too many to mention. We walk every morning along a little winding path that passes through the garden, where a fountain splashes unobtrusively, and roses bloom in profusion side by side with high-ruffled dahlias, through the orchard, and past a straggling hedge of lilac bushes to the open fields. There, across the ploughed acres, beyond a stretch of vale and rolling country, tufted here and there with forest, rise the Alps, a row of shining ones; the Jungfrau in the centre with her attendant peaks, to the right the broad snow shoulders of the Blümlisalp thrown into dazzling whiteness by the intervening velvet slope of the Niesen. Masses of shadow lie in their hollows, softened by distance, and vivified by the morning freshness to a luminous, pale azure; their snows glisten in the sunlight; and clear-edged, unclouded, yet indescribably blended with faint sky and glittering vapors, they are a vision of light and blue too glorious for steady contemplation, seeming the Prospero creation of a moment,

evoked, yet scarce embodied. The Lake of Thun lies at their feet, a little brush stroke of gray, sometimes concealed under a lake of white mist, and waves of lower Alps roll away on either side to a far horizon. The drawback to snow mountains is their apparent negation of the homely truths which the old earth has been so long toiling to amass. They would contradict all the rest of the landscape in their utter brilliancy if the sun were not so alert, striking fire from dew and ploughshare, and lending a joy to common verdure and brown hillside. The air is fresh without coolness, alive with the ringing of cowbells and the stir of birds. Sparrows flutter noisily in the hedge; starlings fly in flocks, swoop down upon the field, and are suddenly off again, shedding the light from their plumage in silver reflections like a shoal of little fishes lifted wet and shining out of the water. A fortnight ago the field was newly ploughed, a blue steam rising from its umber furrows; to-day the winter wheat stands three inches high, in slender blades, each bearing aloft its little globe of dew; the brown clods are half hidden beneath a diaphanous green.

The landscape is seldom without figures. Young and old of both sexes have their part in the work that is going forward. In the wet grass of the orchard, sturdy flaxen-haired children are picking up the apples fallen overnight. There are apples russet and golden; apples which bloom like red roses on the tree, and others small and pear-shaped, of a dark wine color, which we took for plums, at first sight. A triangular heap of these dark red apples is piled upon the grass, against the barn wall, beside another heap, golden-green in hue, making a pleasant little *nature morte* happily framed in living nature. Smaller piles of apples clasp the rough tree trunks, button pears and purple plums lie on the ground, and tiny white daisies stand primly in the grass, blush-

ing underneath. An old woman is knocking down nuts from a tree with a pole, under which she staggers a little, and well may. The cheerful sound of flails comes from the barn, but will not last long, for the threshing at this season is only for immediate necessity, the bulk of it being left for winter work. The fullest activity of Zimmerwald in these October days is to be found in the potato fields. There whole families, sometimes it would seem half the small commune, are at work together. A couple of men go ahead with the plough, turning up a long furrow, sometimes passing out of sight with every turn in following the roll of the ground. Women of all ages, old men, and small boys stand by the furrow, ready, so soon as the plough has passed, to hoe up the potatoes with their *pioches*, and later to collect them in flat, curved baskets, which are emptied into a cart. The young fellow at the horse's head cracks his whip proudly, with loud reports which seldom fail to awaken a response like a pistol shot from another potato patch. There is a regular rivalry among the youth of the country in this exercise; the vigor of the strokes is noted by the line of workers in the furrow, who comment thereon as the plough passes, and the least successful of the competitors runs a gauntlet of jokes from the girls, and of experienced criticism from the old men who remember that they also were valiant whip-crackers in their youth. At nine o'clock they quit work, and sit in a row on the ground to partake of the repast called from its hour *s'nüni*, consisting of bread, with coffee brought hot from the farmhouse, and wine or schnapps. At eleven they go home to dinner, and at four in the afternoon comes another outdoor repast, *s'vierli*. These are great gossip hours, to judge by the laughter going on, and by the wagging of tongues in the indescribable Bernese dialect, — a language which is crunched hard between the teeth, and



gains but little amelioration from the admixture of French words.

They are a well-to-do race, on the whole, these peasants of the canton of Berne, sturdy and strong of aspect; but they have the reputation of being a little hard and close-fisted, and it must be acknowledged that prosperity has not lent them charm any more than the *merci*, often followed by *vielman*, has imparted grace to their speech. On Sunday the men walk among their acres like lords of the soil, with a rolling holiday gait, point-device in their attire, their immaculate shirt sleeves of a fullness suggestive of episcopal dignity. The beautiful peasant dress of the women appears in its completeness only on Sunday, — the sleeves a marvel of starching, the velvet bodice caught with silver chains and edelweiss. The people cling to their customs as to their dialect and costume; they cannot be said to be spoiled by contact with the purse of the tourist, as is sometimes the case with the Swiss peasantry, for Zimmerwald is not yet a popular resort; nor are they tainted by city notions, for some of them have never so much as seen Berne, which is within two hours' walk. The local spirit is strongly conservative. The youth in one Bernese commune who would court a girl of another district meets with a rude reception from her fellow-villagers, who consider their claims to her favor not only primary, but absolute. Landed property descends not to the eldest, but to the youngest son, saddled, however, with obligations which constitute an indemnity. Unfortunately, too, even in this region of stately, fertile farms mortgages are not unknown, and usury takes its tithe as elsewhere. Drunkenness is found here to a degree unknown in other cantons, the tax on wine, which is not a Bernese product, having led to the distillation of brandy by the farmers. Recently, however, the government has taken the distillation of spirits into its

own hands. There are customs surviving in the canton which, framed in an age of less moral sensitiveness than our own, leave much to be desired in the matter of delicacy. But to judge fairly of such things one would need to have a knowledge of the language, and a closer acquaintance with the country than can be gained by the passing tourist. We can see the Bernese peasant better in the novels of Jeremias Gotthelf than with our own eyes. Even industrial occupations and agricultural methods are not to be gauged by standards brought across the water. Again and again my New England partiality has welcomed some familiar trait in this Swiss farming scene, but beside the resemblance stands a difference of larger proportions, rendering comparison impossible. The tourist from Illinois has counted fifteen hands at work in one potato patch, "and at home," he declares, "seven men could farm hundreds of acres." It is true that Switzerland is supplied with a surplus of laborers for the harvest, which a large emigration has as yet only partially reduced, but it would be a hasty inference to conclude therefrom that the labor is unproductive, or that the habit of flocking to the field is a mere festivity. The Swiss farmer has his own resources to work with, his own traditions to follow, his own ends to meet. He is dealing not only with a mountainous country, but with a soil which even in the most fertile regions would have been exhausted long ago without careful planting and lavish use of fertilizers, a soil of which every inch must be made to yield its utmost. American machines have been introduced in a measure into Switzerland; but the chief working power used by the peasant is still the strong arm of his family; his special pride, the ornament of his front yard, his friend from year to year, is still his *fumier*. The Zimmerwald peasant can point to an imposing fumier, arranged in layers, with the straw co-

quettishly rolled at the sides. It stands proudly by the roadside, testifying, like the trim stacks of firewood along the house wall, to possession, order, and industry. The house itself combines picturesqueness with well being in a high degree. It looks enormous, and deducting the barn, which is under the same roof, and allowing for a six or seven foot projection of the said roof, is still of comfortable proportions.

They are quaint structures, these homes for man and beast, solidly built, sometimes of stucco with wooden beams, oftener of wood, which time and weather enrich to soft shades of tan and sepia, harmonizing with the vast expanse of blackened roof, high-pitched and covered with tiny shingles. The roof is of all ages, like a well-patched sail; the shingles, frayed and shredded till they resemble thatch, being renovated in places, or replaced by red tiles, which in time will spread over the whole domicile. It is a question of time and economy, however, to renew the whole head-gear of so large an establishment, the entire length of some of these peasant houses being not less than one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet. The roof is brought forward at one end in a gable, with beams crossed underneath, or with a curious boxlike structure, fitting into the steep gable above and forming a round arch below. The garret is furnished with hay, visible through an open space just under the eaves; the two lower stories show rows of shining windows with tiny round panes, each window sill adorned with geraniums and other flowering plants in pots, and the effect is as cheerful as a page of a Christmas picture book. Here are the living-rooms, clean and well kept within, with massive furniture, often beautifully carved, though the bricabrac hunter has wrought many a ravage, of late years, among the relics of Swiss peasant households.

Between the house and the barn are

two thick walls inclosing a passageway, with doors at either end. Our best New England barns are not more generous in size, better built or better equipped, than these great barns in the canton of Berne. The lower floor is divided into stables: some with walls of stones, others finished in wood, for greater warmth in winter. One apartment is for the horses, which are a large and sturdy race; another is for the cows, a row of sleek, beautiful creatures, each furnished with a bell only a degree smaller than that hung in the steeple of a New England village church. Other rooms are used for storage and for various occupations, and there is a workshop, where the wear and tear of tools is made good, and the big wooden hay shovels, pitchforks, and curious little carts are turned out new. A turfed road, slanting upward from the field at the back, leads into the great barn door between the well-stacked haylofts, which, as before mentioned, extend over the house, and are aired and lighted from all sides through an open space a foot or two in depth under the eaves. Here, were it still summer, one could feel one's self at home, and court the companionship of the grasshopper in the hay, who is as friendly a personage, to my mind, as the cricket on the hearth.

But the beautiful autumn weather will have us all day out-of-doors. Early in the afternoon the Jungfrau puts on its *croix fédérale*, the shadows of a deep hollow in its breast and of an opposite mountain meeting in a perfect cross, dark upon the brilliant snow. The sun has shifted to the westward of the high plateau, round which he seems to make a special revolution as round a little world, and the shadow lengthens in the yellowing grass. As the afternoon advances, a sort of tan spreads over the landscape. The woods glow with crimson and golden hues which blend in a rich auburn; they are less audacious in color than our New England woods, but more harmonious. Little feathers of

smoke curl upward here and there from the fields where they are burning the potato vines, and a larger smoke plume ascends from an unroofed oven of stone, over which some women are drying hemp, while others are beating it with a rapid, cheerful noise, which comes pleasantly to our ears across the fields. At dusk these women go home looking like corn shocks set in motion, with the hemp hanging in stiff, dun drapery from their broad shoulders. On all sides are pictures which seem to come fresh from the hand of Breton or Millet; for that poetry which is everywhere in the contact of soil and effort enfolds even our prosperous Zimmerwald peasantry, who, little as they know it, are already on canvas painted at Barbizon and in the Pas-de-Calais. In the green of the meadows — a soft, indefinite green which takes on beautiful tones at dusk — a slim girl, with skirts looped about her waist, is mowing, following in the wake of two stalwart men, laying the swaths quickly and evenly before her; then pausing — a sculpturesque figure in the gathering gloom — to whet her scythe. The hay-making was over long ago; these thick, soft swaths are for ensilage, to keep their sweetness all winter in underground furrows. Farther on, between the earth twilight and the sunset sky, a man and woman are hoeing potatoes with their heavy, deep-bladed pioches, dusky silhouettes in motion against the opal light; giving their whole strength and care to a struggle with the difficult dark element below, while bathed unconsciously in the peace and radiance above. There is no Angelus to check their labors, for we are in a Protestant country, and they go on without pause into the deepening of the evening.

Who can tell of the charm of these Swiss autumn evenings! After the sun has gone below the saffron horizon, and the blue has become purple on the slopes of the Jura, the Alps begin to light their fires: the federal cross lies on a field of

flame color; peak after peak lights up in the wonderful Alpine glow, which burns for a little while, then slowly fades, till the long snow range is left pale against a sky in which the glow is just beginning. But wait till it has faded from the sky, which is chilled to steel; then the mountains have their turn again. This time they are rose, not flame; standing in cameo relief against the cold, receding blue, they hold their soft rose tint longer than the red, and lose it by more imperceptible degrees, passing through shades of pearl and violet to an austere whiteness, like an armor of stern courage put on against the coming of the darkness. For a week this capricious fire of the snows had shone for us as regularly as the planets. At last came an afternoon when the aspect of things began to change. The sky became slowly overcast; white cloud wings unfolded above the Jura, and remained stationary for hours; clouds thickened in the west, and moved in gray masses overhead. The mountains were still clear, but we looked for no afterglow from behind the curtain which hid from us the sinking of the sun. But all at once the ranges of lower Alps, rising in successive terraces to the southward, caught a light which burned in a crimson spot on each brown summit, like the glow of warm blood in a sunburnt cheek; their highest and most eastern point, the Niesen, flushed darkly against the pale snow of the Blümlisalp. The valley showed that struggle between light and shadow which we see in the passing of a storm, but the mountains stood aloof for a time, white and indifferent. Then the Blümlisalp began to redden; the color mounted slowly up its snowy mouldings and crevasses, till they lay bathed in a soft, vivid carmine, which crept on to the Breithorn, touched the breast of the Jungfrau and the slender needle of the Finsteraarhorn, leaving untouched snows beyond and all about its capricious course. A ring of clouds in the upper sky caught the same

flush, and the effect was indescribably strange and tender, — the rose ring on the gloom above, the garland of white and carmine gemming the dusky horizon.

Another gift of the light to our eyes, on an evening when the mountains were veiled, was the suffusion of the whole country below us in deep rose color; fields, villages, and autumn copses being painted for the hour in the most artistic and delicious of hues. The charm of these autumn evenings is not wholly dependent upon the aspect of the Alps. The atmosphere is heavy with dew, which seems to give it a peculiar substance and richness, blending the violet of the sky with the darkening purple of ploughed fields, the evening green of the grass, and the velvet blackness of the pine woods on the upper slopes. A number of rustic sounds intensify the stillness, — the large cowbells ringing on the hillside, the occasional crack of a whip in a field where the plough is tracing a

darker furrow, the voices on the road where the carts are wending homeward, some laden with potatoes, others with milk-buckets. Only the largest vehicles are drawn by horses or cattle; the motive power of the numerous little carts is generally human, but often consists in the German combination of a woman and a dog, or a boy and a dog, who tug different ways in friendly yoke-fellowship. Greetings are always exchanged, the most common being *Grüsse*, or *Grüss Gott*, and *Guten Abend*, with the *a* prolonged beyond the amen of a chant. We respond to these friendly advances with as close an imitation of their sound as we can attain to with foreign organs; and, walking homeward amid a light in which the influence of the yellow moon above the treetops is blended with the western rose, we see the upland fields of Zimmerwald and the little spire-tipped village, after the busy, sun-steeped day, gathered safely and graciously into the large, tender darkness.

*Sophia Kirk.*

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#### A NOVELIST OF THE JURA.

THE review of French novels in *The Atlantic* last August included two Swiss names, those of M. Cherbuliez and M. Rod, both Genevese, and both of the number of Swiss writers who have made Paris their literary home, and count as French, finding their material in French life, and their readers and reputation on Gallie soil, though doubtless obliged to hear often enough from the critics that their style will never acquire the true Parisian accent. Of Swiss writers other than these we in this country hear little or nothing, any more than we hear of the internal politics of the little republic to which we make our summer pilgrimages. But the life which, in spite of Tessin revolutions, goes on noise-

lessly to the ear of the outside world under the government of the Confederation does not pass unrecorded. Each Swiss city, Geneva, Lausanne, Neuchâtel, Zürich, is a small literary centre; each canton has its written existence in song or story. The words of the Vaudois poet, Juste Olivier, "*Vivons de notre vie*," have sunk into the heart of a number of writers who, under the eye of their own public alone, are cherishing and seeking to reproduce the life about them, — dwelling especially upon those local and traditional phases which they feel to be daily giving way before the march of progress and of universal sameness. The Swiss talent, like the American, turns naturally to the short story

form. A catalogue of Swiss books presents a number of variations upon the same title, — *Nouvelles Montagnardes*, *Croquis Montagnards*, *Récits Vaudois*, *Nouvelles Jurassiennes*. M. Urbain Olivier, the brother of the poet, and M. Alfred Cérésolle interpret the *parler Vaudois* and the current Protestantism of that most Protestant canton. German Switzerland lost, last July, in Gottfried Kellar a writer known not only in his own country, but in Germany, where his work has been pronounced by some critics the best German prose since Goethe, naturalization being a less difficult matter in German than in French literature. French Switzerland also has just lost her strongest novelist, who was at the same time her military painter, Auguste Bachelin, who died on the 2d of August, a pupil in art of Couture, and the author of *Jean-Louis*, a book which has become a local classic, and is one of the most charming and truthful of peasant novels. It is to French literature that French Switzerland, *la Suisse romande*, as it calls itself, using the older family designation in preference to *Française*, looks for its language and its background, as we in America look to English literature; but the English still regard ours with a remnant of that "certain condescension," and France, though it furnishes every year a larger percentage to the statistics of Swiss travel, is not likely for a long time to come to leave its *décadents* and its *Maupassant* to rusticate among Swiss novels. The mountains and Protestantism are fairly substantial barriers between the two countries. The novels furnished by Swiss writers for the home public would hardly impart any new excitement to the French palate, nor are they calculated to create abroad a revolution in technique. But they are not imitations of the milder French novels; they are genuine and indigenous products, and, depicting as they do at first hand, a society in which decency is taken for

granted, they are far pleasanter reading than the occasional shop-window displays of virtue and unreality which are crowned by the French Academy, read by the many, and by the wary let silently alone. We in America may find in the life which they describe many traits which have their analogy in our own, and in the tone and treatment much that is sympathetic and even suggestive to us, while a certain Old World picturesqueness and poetry will remind us that they have their roots in a different soil, and can bring to ours a little perfume of strangeness.

In an article by the late Professor Émile Javelle, apropos of M. Cérésolle, occurs a passage which the latter, with a *naïveté* in the interchange of courtesies not altogether foreign to the literary habits of Switzerland, has quoted in the preface to his *Scènes Vaudoises*, thus making it a declaration of his own literary faith. "True art," writes Professor Javelle, "consists in knowing how to seize vividly a few traits of simple nature, in feeling them profoundly and rendering them with truth, although" — there is a lapse in sequence here — "it is not always suspected how much labor is required to be simple and true. . . . To determine thus the literary and moral physiognomy of a whole people at a given epoch is something as precious from the point of view of art as of science." This is the statement of a truth which, if not novel, is undeniably wholesome, and of the first importance to a writer. The mode in which it is enunciated, the modesty of outlook which contents itself with the ambition of rendering certain features only of nature, and the insistence upon the literary and moral aspects are characteristically Swiss. The separation by the mountain ranges of populations near and akin to each other, which led to the formation of so many dialects, also favored the growth and long continuance of local customs and traditions, giving to each neighbor-

hood a strongly marked individuality. In seeking to fix these local distinctions, to paint truly, if on a small canvas, the life immediately about them, the Swiss writers show the sureness of their literary instinct, and give the best promise of successful and valuable work. The present drawback to a larger success lies in the fact that the writers themselves suffer from the limitations of the life which they depict. If it be primarily essential for an author to know intimately and from within the society which he would reproduce, it is also necessary that he should be able to look at it from without. In Swiss society it is sometimes difficult to get far enough away from the object of study. The two leading intellectual interests of the people are Protestantism and education. The former, a source of pride in Swiss history, and a strong and precious element in the development of the national character, tends to absorb too large a share of the mental horizon, and, as is apt to be simultaneously the case, to become formal, level, and uninspiring. The latter is equally dangerous to literary interests, leading as it does to pedagogical standards and an undue regard for the inculcation of principles and theories. Many Swiss, and particularly Vaudois, stories tend too strongly to edification; they are the overflow of the pulpit and class room couched in that language of familiar intercourse with Providence which is expressively termed by the irreverent *le patois du Canaan*. Society, too, in Switzerland, like Protestantism and education, has its standards, its Mede and Persian rule. In T. Combe's novel *Monique* we find the little town of Launeuve divided into

two strata, the old and the new people. Some of the families belonging to the latter class had been established in the town for two hundred years, but they were still the new people. In town life a young girl is guarded almost as in France, with a little more freedom of social intercourse if she happen to belong to the newer stratum, but with perhaps an additional check in a training of the conscience similar to that of New England. If she be poor she is educated for a teacher, the result being that the proportion of qualified instructors to the square mile is as large as in New England. Young girls from French Switzerland are sent for a year or two to English or German schools, those of the German cantons receive their education in French cantons, and a regular interchange takes place of servants and farm laborers, who pass from one canton to another to learn the language, and are known as *changes*.

In the canton of Neuchâtel, the early development of the watchmaking industry gave rise to a population of what may be called rural townsmen in the place of agriculturists. There are few farms, the men even in the scattered houses being engaged in watchmaking. The closely built villages and small towns are settled almost entirely by watchmakers, who, though largely of peasant origin, form a class apart, having a sedentary occupation and one demanding delicate manipulation, with leisure for instruction, and leading a tranquil, monotonous existence. In these Jurassian towns the winter is long, and the isolation almost as great as in mountain villages. It is this life that T. Combe has depicted in a number of novelettes and short stories<sup>1</sup> which have

<sup>1</sup> *Croquis Montagnards*. Trois Nouvelles. Par T. COMBE. Lausanne: Georges Bridel. 1882.

*Pauvre Marcel*. Par T. COMBE. Lausanne: Georges Bridel. 1883.

*Bons Voisins*. Par T. COMBE. Lausanne: Henri Mignot. 1886.

*Jeune Angleterre*. Deux Nouvelles. Par

T. COMBE. Lausanne: Henri Mignot. Paris: Librairie de la Suisse Française. 1887.

*Monique*. Par T. COMBE. Lausanne: Henri Mignot. Paris: Librairie de la Suisse Française. 1887.

*Le Mari de Jonquille*. Par T. COMBE. Lausanne: Henri Mignot. Paris: Librairie P. Monnerat. 1888.



been coming out during the last ten years, many of them having first appeared in the pages of the *Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse*, published at Lausanne. It is a pretty open secret that T. Combe is the pseudonym of Mademoiselle Adèle Huguenin, of Locle, in the canton of Neuchâtel, formerly a town of watchmakers, now the seat of those watchmaking factories which are taking the place of the old *établissements*. It may be doubted whether the masculine look of the signature T. Combe, which does not, however, definitely announce itself as a masculine one, ever imposed upon the public of these stories as successfully as did that of Charles Egbert Craddock upon the readers and administration of the *Atlantic Monthly*; yet there is a report that in one instance the name served as a disguise, and that the circumstances recorded in *Aglaé* are drawn from the store of personal experience. *Aglaé*, a young and charming person living at Ferney, under the shadow of French propriety and of Genevan Protestantism, having written some stories and poems of a rustic character, conceives the idea of going to Paris to make her literary fortune. She asks of a gentleman in that city, known to her only by correspondence, the address of an inexpensive pension; and he, assuming his correspondent, from the bold, masculine handwriting, to be a man, recommends a shabby, semi-Bohemian house as likely to be suited to the requirements of a literary youth from the country, to whom the saving of pence and seeing the world are presumably of equal importance. Take a Puritan maiden, country bred, of the best New England type, shy, delicate, and sensitive, a little Lady of the Aroostook, who does not, like Lydia, "want to know," but who speaks with perfect correctness a language which it has been part of her training to keep un-

spotted from the world; put her down alone, in a strange city, in the midst of a noisy little crowd of people, not more eccentric, perhaps, than those of her native village, but of a different phase of eccentricity; watch her shrink quietly but unmistakably back into her shell, and you have *Aglaé*. Not that there is anything in her surroundings in the least shocking to the reader or dangerous to the modesty of the Ferney violet. The Hungarian lady who smokes cigarettes is a good soul; the old lady who nearly suffocates in a fit of hysterics at every meal would not hurt a flea; the flirtations of the young Greek are of a mild order; the Norwegian who seeks to discover a magnetic property in the soothing influence which the eyes of his prim little neighbor exercise upon his ruffled spirit has himself orbs of unimpeachable candor, though reinforced by a dubious amount of intelligence. The falsehoods of the landlady are venial and well bred, and the fact that *Aglaé's* door has no handle, and that Miss Pellicott, the American art student who was its former occupant, has carried off the key, is a mere inconvenience, a hook being finally discovered which answers as well. But to *Aglaé*, with her inexperience, her Swiss uprightness, her classic dreams of Paris and unlooked-for but inevitable homesickness, it is a world upside down.

The literary doors do not open; one by one her hopes are crushed, and at the end of a fortnight she is on the train for Ferney, taking back the rejected manuscript of her novel, *Branche de Soule*, and the little experience of Parisian life, which she is trying hard through her pain to see in a true and unexaggerated light. From the mere fact that a visit to Paris was made under similar circumstances by the author we should not presume to draw the conclusion, which indeed would be crude and unlit-

*Neiges d'Antan.* Par T. COMBE. Lausanne: Henri Mignot. Paris: Librairie P. Monnerat. 1889.

*Chez Nous. Nouvelles Jurassiennes.* Par T. COMBE. Lausanne: Henri Mignot. 1890. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

erary, that Aglaé is literally true. Internal evidence points, however, to a basis of keenly felt experience, while the element of fiction in the book would appear to be of the slightest. It is the story of a literary venture, whether or not it be a literary confession. Here is the scene in which facts are brought home to Aglaé by M. Noël Poysson, a young man of literary occupations, who has opened the door of the room where the judges of literature sit, and has made friendly efforts to secure favorable reviews. They have met by chance on a rainy day, and are crossing the Luxembourg gardens.

"So you have already found time to read me?" said Aglaé, holding her umbrella a little to one side to look at Noël, who in turn bent his head to see under the dripping cupola a face rosier than was its wont.

"Yes, I read you, — in part at least. I began with Branche de Soule; then I took the sonnets." . . .

"Noël was vexed that Aglaé should have been in such haste to turn the conversation upon a disagreeable subject. It is never pleasant to have to play the part of Alceste: it is particularly difficult to say to a pretty woman, whom one knows to be very sensitive and timid, and who awaits one's decree as if it were that of destiny: —

'Quel besoin si pressant avez vous de rimer,  
Et qui diantre vous pousse à vous faire im-  
primer?  
Si l'on peut pardonner l'essor d'un mauvais  
livre  
Ce n'est qu'aux malheureux qui composent  
pour vivre.'

"Moreover, his attention was divided between the conversation and his umbrella, which manifested at every instant a disposition to become a tulip.

"What do you think of Branche de Soule, taking it for what it is, a rustic sketch?" continued Aglaé shyly.

"I think . . . I think I have read much worse things; but it does not fol-

low that your story is good.' He had intended to soften the wording of this speech, but the wind made a rush for his hat, and he was just in time to seize it by the brim, finishing his sentence as he did so.

"I have too much esteem for you," he continued, after a moment spent by both in reducing to order two umbrellas in open revolt, 'to believe you are unable to bear the truth. My opinion is that you are very intelligent, judiciously trained, that you have good sense, — nay, even *esprit*.' (There! another blunder, he said to himself, 'nay, even'! These squalls blow the words out of one's mouth before one has time to think.) 'Not to speak of moral qualities, of your perfect candor, your sympathetic heart.'

"Sympathetic will do," said Aglaé, with a touch of irony; 'I absolve you from the rest. Some one told me, the other day, that I had on a most sympathetic hat. I am charmed to have my heart match the hat.'

"It is a much-abused word, but it does n't follow that it always is out of place. I hold to it. You have fine qualities of mind and heart, but I do not believe that you have what can properly be called a literary talent. You have graceful ideas, but they are vague and you express them vaguely. You have too much taste.'

"Too much taste?" Aglaé repeated.

"Yes, for your taste is that of a well-bred young girl brought up at the best boarding-schools, to whom every boldness is shocking. You would no more admit red and green on the same page than in the same costume. Your prose is gray, your verses are too proper; they walk along with docility, play no pranks, and arrived at the last line of the sonnet they make their little courtesy.'

"And what if I tell you," said Aglaé, 'that there is nothing in all you say that is new to me? I know that my style is colorless. From my childhood up I have been taught to repress rather than

to express. But I see things, I feel them, and some day I shall succeed in saying them.'

"No, no," said Noël, shaking his head, 'the temperament is not there. Let us take an instance. You must have passed yesterday by the Fontaine Saint-Michel: did you notice that the municipal electors, who respect nothing, had covered it with their bulletins?'

"Yes, I think I remember."

"And what color were those bulletins?'

"I have not the least idea."

"They were green. If you knew how to see, your eye would have instinctively noted this detail of color, and a picture would have been printed on your mind of a Fontaine Saint-Michel in patches of gray and green, which at my first allusion you would instantly have had before you."

"And yet," said Aglaé, 'all your novelists are not colorists. I know one whose descriptions are like architectural drawings, all line and tint.'

"I know whom you mean, but he, though inadequate on the artistic side, is incomparably delicate as a novelist, most penetrating as a psychologist. Another, who does not see the color of the posters any more than you do, is an admirable constructor of plots, in which everything holds together, and every incident, every word, is a nail and a bolt."

"Whereas my psychology is not better than my color, and" —

"Please excuse my frankness," said Noël."

Whatever hesitation he may have felt about assuming the rôle of Alceste, M. Poysson certainly proves himself equal to the part. It is true, he afterwards makes a practical attempt of the wild-est impracticability to launch Aglaé, but nothing comes of it. A point worthy of note in the story is that the *dénouement* which the novel-reader would instinctively look for is not there. M. Poysson can do no less than follow Aglaé to

Ferney, but we have no hint of a literary success to confound the critic or dazzle the lover. The author of Branche de Soule makes her exit as demurely as she made her entrance; and even the story of her failure has not yet got into a volume, but remains between the covers of the review in which it appeared in 1888.

It would require less literary acumen than is displayed by M. Noël Poysson to detect a lack of force and of color in the Croquis Montagnards of T. Combe. The incidents are of the simplest, and they are by no means handled with that mastery which makes the simplest things precious in literature. The washing and schooling of a neglected child, though a praiseworthy action, can hardly be said to rise to the height of climax outside of Sunday-school literature; and though in the feeling awakened by a child in a lonely old man, which forms the theme of the story called Monsieur Vélo, there is material for a far deeper interest, the opportunity is neglected by the author in her adherence to a certain fidelity of outside detail. But M. Poysson's criticism applied to the Croquis Montagnards does not take into account the possible development of this faculty of observation. It is not the quality of impressionism so highly and so justly valued in French literature. It is rather a feminine quickness to perceive the motives and details of every-day life, — a faculty, very slightly indicated at first, of making people move and talk naturally.

We have not the chronological data in reference to T. Combe's writings which would enable us to follow with any certainty the development of her talent. The order in which the stories are reprinted does not always correspond to that in which they were written, or to that of their publication in periodicals. She does not, however, present an instance of careful, definite progress, in which every step is a notch, of

continual advance in technique. Yet it is by no means a case of standing still, but rather of a number of attempts, more or less faulty, more or less excellent, resulting in the discovery of a certain line of work congenial and possible to her powers, and, with practice, a surer attainment within that line. The tone of these stories is from first to last wholly unassuming; their aim clear and free from affectation, — it is to be true, to depict things as they are. The hesitation to admit red and green upon the same page is a drawback to any large handling of truth as well as to the production of any bold literary effects; but by keeping true to her at first timid and restricted perceptions, T. Combe has proved herself to be on the road towards a larger range of verities. If she does not see the posters on the Fontaine Saint-Michel, she has seen and felt many things in the canton of Neuchâtel which are well worth seeing and feeling; and she has gained in her later books a very telling picturesque turn of expression, — a phraseology which brings sayings and characters into a light, delicate relief, and is an effective adjunct to her demure, restrained perception of the ridiculous. She never calls her books novels; the longer ones are novelettes. We would assert here that they are never so good as her short stories, if *L'Étincelle*, now in course of publication in the *Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse*, were not raising monthly a charming rustic voice in contradiction of such a statement. But the forte of T. Combe is the short story; and *L'Étincelle* is a short story which has somehow contrived to overgrow without awkwardness, and without losing its fresh, joyous, short-story character.

For purposes of criticism we can divide these stories of T. Combe's into three groups. The first, the Branche de Soule group, includes a set of tales of peasant life, — *Croquis Montagnards*, *Pauvre Marcel*, *Bons Voisins*. The tex-

ture of these stories is slight, as we have already indicated; they have the charm of the country in their faithfully noted rustic scenes, the monotony of the country in their even values and long delays of incident. They are tentative, pleasant rather than profound in tone, thoroughly likable. The gradual awakening of intelligence and conscious power in the peasant musician, Marcel, is very truly felt; and the cheerful, "chipper" old laborer, Papa Félix, in *Bons Voisins*, is a nice bit of portrait painting. The subjects are almost idyllic, but the treatment is not that of the idyl, which demands more harmony and suggestiveness, and a sense of the relation of the simple and local to the universal, and belongs, perhaps, rather to the masculine order of mind than to the feminine, which sees details positively and in relation to other details.

In the second group of stories, *Jeune Angleterre*, *Monique*, *Le Mari de Jonquille*, all novelettes, there is a closer adhesion to the lines of the novel. The author has not given the go-by to incident so completely as in the village stories, but the incidents are still inadequate, and are introduced hesitatingly, almost apologetically. "I did not see that myself," we read between the lines. The power of construction, the instinct for climax which perceives at once the right moment, and fits the action deftly and exactly into its place, is lacking in these books. There are traits which have a manifestly artificial air, but there is not artifice enough. In *Le Mari de Jonquille* occurs a scene which would be picturesque and effective if it had been managed as Craddock, for instance, would have managed it. Jonquille, to try the courage of the young smuggler, Manuel, feigns terror of a fierce dog; after Manuel has grappled with the brute, and by sheer physical strength fastened it to its chain, she goes calmly up to it, loosens the chain, and lets the dog free. Any writer with the gift of picturesqueness

would have saved till the last the revelation that Jonquille was not really afraid; but T. Combe naively reassures the reader beforehand, so that he is left looking on at a scene of which he already knows the end.

Le Mari de Jonquille is a Craddock subject, a tale of deeds done by the light of the moon. Across the Jura from Neuchâtel is France, with a market for Swiss productions, which would be a profitable one if it were not for certain ceremonies in the way of getting at it. The Jurassian countryman is a free trader by conviction; pending the conversion of the authorities to his way of thinking he shoulders his cheese, and makes a midnight excursion to dispose of it on the other side, and bring back his ration of tobacco. The watchmakers, too, sometimes find it convenient to send their wares by night express, and a considerable trade is carried on in this way; the smugglers seeking to cross the mountains by routes dangerous enough to be unsuspected by the officers of the law, who exercise a surveillance at the summits of the passes. Jonquille, baptized Barnabée by M. le curé in honor of St. Barnabas, a name "which hung on me like a blessed chaplet on a little imp," rechristened by an artist from her preference for yellow neckerchiefs and her resemblance to a proud, upright wild flower, is the queen and directress of a band of smugglers, whom she rows across a mill pond at midnight, on their way to the mountain. Through all her pride of sovereignty, her delight in physical activity and danger, come doubts and dissatisfactions, a sense of deprivation in not being like other girls. A young watchmaker, chafing under the restrictions of a sedentary life and uncongenial work, joins the smugglers and marries Jonquille. But the new occupation fails to satisfy his longing, which is not for freedom, but for activity, — for a work equal to his energy and physical strength. The cultivation of their bit of ground

is child's play to him; he feels himself made for a pioneer, and chafes under the constraint of the marriage tie, which has rendered emigration impossible for him; while Jonquille, unable to conceive of a masculine ambition which is not content with the excitements of smuggling, is unhappy in the consciousness that in her new rôle of housewife she has failed to make her husband's happiness. This conflict between restraint and freedom; this restiveness under the exigencies of a small country which demands of its subjects — artisans and agriculturists alike — a minute, patient, monotonous labor, is all truly Swiss, and might furnish themes for a stronger literature than *Le Mari de Jonquille*. We have spoken of the subject as a Craddock one, but the resemblance might be traced even farther, as the reader can see from the following passage, taken at random, in which, as in other places, we find landscape and talk sandwiched a little in the Tennessee Mountain fashion: —

"I will stay with you," Manuel said, in a firm voice. "I like that better, on the whole, than leaving my country. I don't see either crime or robbery in the matter. If the government does n't like it, so much the worse for the government. There are some risks to be run, but I would rather have life short and sweet than drag it out for eighty years, to die of disgust at the end."

"He spoke resolutely, his head thrown back, his eyes shining with a proud energy. But, as he finished, his voice fell all at once. He seemed to himself to have pronounced his own sentence; a sensation like physical pain, a strange presentiment, keen and chill as steel, went through his heart. He was silent, as if listening for the echo of his own words; it was too late to recall them. The ravine was now all in shadows; behind the high rocks crowned with pines the sun sank down with Manuel's last word, and the young man remained mo-

tionless, seized with a solemn, indefinable fear."

There is a more masculine energy in the style and characters of *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*, although we have all discovered, since we had the key given us, traits of feminine delicacy in the Craddock mountaineers. T. Combe does not claim to be considered "servigrous." She has no dialect, either, wherewith to fortify the utterances of her outlaws. The Neuchâtel *patois* has passed away almost entirely from the daily speech even of the peasant class. Bachelin, in his *Jean-Louis*, treating of a day in which it still existed, though even then not universally, gives a scene in the *patois*, with a French translation; but the rest of his book is in French, with many familiar locutions and local words inclosed in quotation marks, a usual custom with Swiss writers. T. Combe follows the same plan, but her French is a little too choice for rough work such as is required in a novel like *Le Mari de Jonquille*, while in the village society in which she is most at home it is perfectly in keeping; the French spoken by the *horloger* class having no marked peculiarity save in certain words and phrases, which, for the English reader particularly, are very conveniently ticketed by the little quotation marks.

From a scene like that of *Le Mari de Jonquille* to the social conditions of Monique would be a Sabbath-day's journey in our country, but in Switzerland the two phases lie in the same nutshell. If Monique does not prove the novel to be the form most congenial to the powers of T. Combe, it points distinctly to a small town life as the field best suited to her range of observation. It has admirable touches of character, things which now and then recall Cranford. The position of a young girl, intelligent, eager, impatient, but conventional withal, amid the restrictions of a staid society, in which every act and

movement has been regulated beforehand by the law of custom, is very well indicated; and the demeanor of her pompous suitor, M. Colomb,—we had almost written Collins, from a *souvenir* of *Pride and Prejudice*,—is entertaining throughout. In *Jeune Angleterre*, which bears evidence of being an earlier book reprinted late, the author indulges in a smile and a little sarcasm at the ways of the English; taking the æsthetic craze for the theme of one novelette, and for another and more clever one the sovereignty of the advertisement. But though her quick eyes have made some little discoveries in watching the crowd in a London park, we like her best in the Jura, *Chez Nous*.

A small scene, a small canvas, detailed, careful workmanship,—these are the restrictions favorable to the moulding of her talent, and within these lines she has accomplished admirable results. We must read *Neiges d'Antan* to know how people used to live in a Jurassian village; we must read *Chez Nous* and *L'Étincelle* to know how they live now. T. Combe writes of her native canton with the fondness that Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins have for New England; reproducing the little ways and customs, the types and individualities; dwelling rather upon the typical and usual features than upon extravagant manifestations; quick to perceive the humorous in act or motive, and indicating it by fine, gentle similes of phraseology. One must visit the region, nay, live in it, to know how exactly the people resemble the figures in these stories, but one need not travel thither to see how true the stories are to the life described; that fact is as visible from Concord meeting-house or North Bradshaw as from Locle or the Val de Travers. The characters make a series of clear, strongly modeled life sketches, each vivid and distinct in aspect as in speech. There is the grandfather of ninety-and-nine in *L'Étincelle*, with head bent forward and hands clutch-



ing the arms of his chair, listening with intent eagerness to the newspaper account of the celebration of the hundredth birthday of an old man in the next commune. "And what next? . . . Was he able to answer in a becoming manner? It does not even say whether he thanked the people. Yes, yes, he must have lost his head. I can see just how he looked, confused and mumbling, poor old François! Ah, old age must be a sad thing when one loses one's faculties!" And Zoé, the delightful heroine of the book, with her hair braided over her ears, and her pretty face; Zoé, who has been brought up with no company save the old, in a loneliness which her cherished novels have only half dispelled, listening at last, with the sense of a new joy, to the bedtime conversation of a girl of her own age, — all about fashions and freckles. "It was finer even than her dear Dumas." There is Abdias, the farm servant in *Chez Nous*, loquacious and dictatorial, arguing daily with his mistress, Mademoiselle Caroline, about every detail of agronomy, and declaring that "the time which a wise man spends in speech is not lost; it is a seed planted in the earth. The speech of woman is as the smoke which vanishes." There is Jenny, the timid, receiving in trepidation the advances which M. Sully Arnaudin is astonished at himself for being courageous enough to make; and Daline, the slow maid-of-all-work, who, incapable of doing two things at once, conscientiously and regularly puts off thinking till her work is done; and Mademoiselle Violande, — but we will speak of her later.

The life led by these people is a simple and quiet one, recalling our New England farm and village life of yesterday by certain traits, but with less social equality and less intellectual sophistication. The little republic of Switzerland is the seat of a whole ramification of class prejudices, rooted firmly and in ancient soil. We have spoken of the

old and new people in Monique; into that upper circle the most brilliant political career, the highest personal distinction, is powerless to effect an entrance. Many less favored inclosures are hardly less inaccessible; between the watchmaker and the tradesman is a gulf fixed. But we find in these stories certain lapses indicating more of a practical ease of intercourse in some directions. Master and servant in country regions are not so far apart. Caroline marries Abdias with no reserves save a stipulation that he shall buy no more black cows, shall allow her to use her favorite butter-print, and employ his utmost efforts to prevent the calves from devouring their bedding. If the reader would see, however, how one peasant may differ from another peasant in degree, and what a source of suffering there may be in the distinction, he should read the tale of Bachelin's Jean-Louis and Louise. If he wish to see how *noblesse oblige*, and how a well-born lady of the olden time in Switzerland was an example and pattern to her sex, let him read of Mademoiselle Violande, the heroine of one of the four stories which form the volume called *Neiges d'Antan*. The obstacles which interrupt the course of her love are not, it is true, of a mountainous nature; but the evenness of Mademoiselle Violande's existence is such that a small deviation from the level produces a visible and uncomfortable saliency.

"Her name was Mademoiselle Violande Roberdagon. Her father had been *justicier*; her brother was M. le gouverneur of the commune, and wore a sword. She was what they called in those days a *demoiselle de la société*; she knew how to work samplers; she was on visiting terms with the minister's wife and the wife of the lieutenant, and she wore a black silk dress on communion Sundays. Mademoiselle Violande had black eyes, a brilliant complexion, and long dark braids fastened by a

giraffe comb at the top of her head. . . . In society she passed for a handsome girl, but rather imperious." She was twenty-five and still unmarried, but her heart was already in the keeping of M. Firmin Robin, who was "blond, timid, and an architect by trade." He had once kissed Mademoiselle Violande in a game of forfeits at a party; since then he had taken her out sleighing, and had presented her with a pair of gloves. Her brother, who wished to have his sister married and off his hands, looked with a favorable eye upon M. Robin; but just as the latter was about to present himself formally as a suitor his aunt died, and his demand had to be put off till the season of mourning was over. In the mean time he walked every day past the governor's house, in the hope of seeing Mademoiselle Violande at the window. "She was sometimes there in the afternoon, between the white curtains and the wall flower-pots, bending over her lace cushion. She worked assiduously, never turning her eyes to the street so long as her lover was there. Mademoiselle Violande was obliged by her position to set a good example to the women and girls of the commune. What would people have said if the sister of M. le gouverneur should commit such an indiscretion as to let her eyes wander towards the men's gallery during the sermon, or turn her psalm-book upside down, in amorous distraction, as the drummer's daughter had once done! That was why Mademoiselle Violande systematically ignored M. Firmin's existence throughout the period of his mourning; but even the sight of her high comb had a secret charm for this love-smitten architect."

At last the proper interval has gone by. M. Firmin hastens to make his proposal. Mademoiselle Violande goes to pick plums with her maid, Esabeau, leaving matters of business to be properly conducted by her brother. She is joined in the orchard by M. Firmin,

who does not venture to kiss her, but begs that his happiness, having been so long deferred, may be consummated as soon as possible. They are to be married in a year, provided an apartment is vacant in the village. If obliged to build, they will have to wait longer; it would not be healthy to live in a new house.

The engagement is duly announced to the social authorities of the village, who are pleased with the match, but a little scandalized at the indecorous haste with which the affair has been conducted. Such a thing as being married at the end of a single year's engagement was never heard of. Madame la mairesse had been engaged four years, and had not had a minute too much time; but young people are in such a hurry nowadays. Mademoiselle Bégueline Sandol had heard a Bavarian prophet declare only last year that the sun would devour the moon after *quatre semaines de mois*, and that would be the end of all things. Four times seven months made two years and four months, which, deducting a year, would bring that catastrophe alarmingly near to Mademoiselle Violande's wedding day. "Instead of spending you had better put by your money; the end is near at hand." This was Mademoiselle Bégueline's provident advice.

The lovers saw each other officially on Thursdays and Sundays, a programme to which M. Firmin's methodical devotion contrived to add an extra day of bliss, namely, Saturday. On that day he betook himself to the market-place, which was adorned with an imposing fountain of his own construction, and, after a thorough examination of its pipes, stationed himself on the pedestal formed by the three steps which led up to the fountain, from which elevated position he set himself to survey the horizon.

"Soon Mademoiselle Violande appeared upon it, enveloped in a long redingote of maroon cloth which reached

to the hem of her dress, and brought out all the elegance of her figure. She was followed by Esabeau, but she herself did not disdain to carry a large basket. The heart of M. Firmin overflowed with a joy which he struggled in vain to repress. Mademoiselle Violande went to an old market-woman whom she usually honored with her preference; she was careful never to turn her eyes in the direction of the fountain, but she lingered beside the good Reine Dumont, who understood all without appearing to know anything, till M. Firmin found courage to draw near. He bowed respectfully to Mademoiselle Violande, then he conversed a little with Reine.

"What is your opinion of politics, Madame Dumont?"

"Coton pears," she replied, "are at six *pidcettes*."

"That expressed her entire knowledge of the state of Europe. As long as pears sold well, Napoleon might do what he would with his own."

After a moment or two Mademoiselle Violande went on her way, and M. Firmin betook himself to another market-woman, from whom he purchased a bouquet, which he hastened to deposit on the lamp-stand in the front hall of the governor's house, before Mademoiselle Violande should return from her marketing. These were the excitements of Saturday, preferred by M. Firmin to the Sunday afternoon walk or the Thursday evening visit.

Fortune seems to favor the lover's haste. An apartment is vacated in time by the death of its occupant. Mademoiselle Violande has forebodings about stepping into a dead man's shoes. M. Firmin tries to argue them away, but ends, as he always does, by agreeing with her; they will put it off. But she conquers her fears; the apartment is engaged; the wedding presents begin to arrive; a porcelain service, the gift of the governor, stands on a new little centre table in the salon; there is a yellow

velvet lounge; Mademoiselle Violande is making the curtains, trimming them with a ball fringe. The *fiancés* are not more demonstrative than at first; they are still "Monsieur" and "Mademoiselle" to each other. "Mademoiselle Violande had no witnesses when, in a transport of domestic bliss, she had kissed the pretty pots of cherry jam which she was labeling, exclaiming as she did so, 'It is for my housekeeping, *pour mon cher petit ménage!*' Shortly before the wedding day, the two, accompanied by the governor, make a visit of inspection to the new apartment, and there a catastrophe happens; for Mademoiselle Violande, in stepping back to watch the effect of her new curtains, knocks over the centre table, and the whole porcelain service lies upon the floor. M. Firmin rushes to the rescue, and inquires if his beloved is hurt.

"No, no," she murmured, without lifting her head, "but the salt-cellar, — find the salt-cellar."

It is found, but in splinters. "Bah!" says M. le gouverneur, "worse things have happened. I will give you a new set, Violande."

"She was very pale; her black eyes had a tragic expression. She moved towards the door, took the key from the keyhole, and handed it to M. Firmin. 'Take it,' she said; 'I shall not need it any longer.'

"He looked at her with a frightened air.

"This accident is a sign," she continued. "I will not be mad enough to resist. We were wrong; we wanted to force time. Every one told us that a year's engagement was too short."

"M. Firmin, stupefied, felt his organs of respiration slacken their speed. 'You have not the idea — you do not mean to say' — he said, his lips moving with difficulty.

"It is Providence which hinders us," Violande resumed, with a growing excitement. "Do you not know what a

broken salt-cellar signifies? It is the worst of all omens; it prophesies loss of money, illness, d—' Mademoiselle Violande buried her face in her hands. She was trembling from head to foot. Her brother gave her his arm and led her home, while M. Firmin followed them, looking completely upset, and replying only by a shake of the head to the interrogatory glances of the people they met."

The marriage is put off for a year. Mademoiselle Violande dare not, for her lover's happiness more than for her own, disregard the omen; and he, relieved at not being sent away altogether, declares himself willing to wait for her as Jacob waited for Rachel, "and longer if necessary." During the year of waiting Mademoiselle Violande goes out very little, considering seclusion more becoming in her position, and M. Firmin is the most respectful, perfect, and devoted of lovers. The summer comes round, — a summer of intense heat. M. Firmin, working hard at the erection of some houses, unable to sleep for impatience of the coming bliss, has a sunstroke. He discovers all at once that the governor squints. He does not attribute any such defect to Mademoiselle Violande; on the contrary, he commiserates tenderly her ignorance of her brother's misfortune, but facts must be told. He is placed under medical treatment, and M. le gouverneur declares the match finally and absolutely broken off.

M. Firmin gets well, but is forbidden the door. Mademoiselle Violande alone is true to him. She corresponds with him, consigning letters to the flour bin. She even consents — ah, example to the commune! — to elope with him to France, where he has an uncle who has offered him a home. He writes to the uncle, and they are only waiting for the answer. It does not come. After long delay comes a communication from the uncle. He has not received the letter; he announces that he has given up his

house, and is coming to live with his nephew. This news is imparted by M. Firmin to his beloved, who exclaims with resignation, "Let us no longer brave these warnings. I will be your *fiancée* till my death, M. Firmin; we will be married in a better world."

But Fortune turns her wheel; the uncle is rich, the governor relents, and M. Firmin and Mademoiselle Violande, much to their surprise, are married here below, and sit side by side on the yellow sofa, which Madame Violande pronounces to have been the cause of all their misfortunes. "We owed an example of simplicity to the commune, but we allowed ourselves to be carried away by the vanity of the age."

"It was my fault, — it was I who ordered the sofa," murmured M. Firmin. "But let us forget the past, my Violande."

Not less charming than Mademoiselle Violande is Vieilles Silhouettes, which strikes a deeper note of feeling. The relation of the lonely, cultured French exile, who has become a village school-master in Switzerland, with the simple, good women who befriend him is very delicately drawn, and the scene in which he tells them, in a few short poignant words, of the grief which lies beyond their hospitable firelight, in the darkness of his past, is a bit of keen pathos. Touching, too, and very pretty is the story of the conscientious little *messagère* of seventeen, acting as post and express between two villages, who, refusing in her honesty to be the bearer of a clandestine correspondence between two lovers, loses her heart in sheer sympathy to the man whom she has subjected to disappointment, and her place in consequence of her sympathy with the girl. A note of sadness, suggesting itself rather than expressed, runs through these stories of Neiges d'Antan, but it is never a heavy cloud; it is too delicate, too close to the humorous, to be oppressive.

In *L'Étincelle*, on the other hand, and in *Chez Nous* the measure is blither and more joyous. The latter volume, like *Neiges d'Antan*, is made up of short stories, and is a holiday quarto, with illustrations by two of the author's fellow-novelists, Bachelin and Oscar Huguenin. *Laquelle des Trois*, which treats of the courtship of Abdias, is the most amusing of T. Combe's stories, and is very deftly done. She has gained a surer touch, a stronger command of incident; and she has done so without repeating

herself, without straining after effect or losing her unassuming truthfulness of tone.

When a writer experiences technical difficulties, he is apt to resort to purely extraneous means to overcome them. An experiment more interesting to watch is that of deepening the channels of observation and of truth, and this T. Combe seems to us to have been doing, in her modest, feminine, clear-sighted way, between the *Croquis Montagnards* and *Neiges d'Antan*.

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#### HOLIDAY BOOKS.

THE use of photography in connection with various chemical and mechanical processes of fixing and printing has led to a marked effect upon the decoration and illustration of books. The artist who once was satisfied with the aid of photography, because it relieved him of the necessity of drawing his design upon the block, now is supposed to take an added pleasure in having his work made ready for the printer without the intervention of an engraver, who bears to him somewhat the relation of a translator to an original author. It cannot be gainsaid that the step taken when an artist's design was transferred by photograph to the block at once enlarged enormously the scope of wood-engraving; for whereas, before, there was a special class of designers who mastered the technique of drawing for the engraver, and rarely painted at all, now not a painter but could see his work engraved even though he never put pencil to block, and that without the perilous aid of a draughtsman.

When the next step was taken, and a dumb process was substituted for an intelligent engraver, the artist had reason to be divided in his mind. The first ef-

fect undoubtedly was to play havoc with the engraver's trade, and for a time some seemed to fear that the engraver's art also would be lost. The most serious impact thus far has been upon the art of engraving on steel, which indeed was at a somewhat low ebb when the photogravure process sprang into existence, and it is doubtful if it will ever recover its old standing. Engraving on wood, on the other hand, though suffering a temporary check in prosperity, is now gaining from the use of the processes what portrait painting gained by the introduction of the daguerreotype and the photograph; the art of the engraver is confirmed, but there is little place left for the mere mechanical artisan. It appears, moreover, that the illustrated magazines which gave an impulse to the art of engraving on wood, and then began to experiment with the process, thereby causing something of a panic in the engraving camp, are now perceiving the limitations of process, and settling down to more uniform reliance upon the graver. The artist, therefore, who began to fear that the multiplication of his designs through printing was to be accompanied by a loss of artistic

excellence is now adjusting his work to the conditions, and is adding process to his resources, not substituting it for engraving.

So far, then, as the relations of the artist to the engraver are concerned there has been a gain, and both our illustrated magazines and holiday books show this gain; but the introduction of processes in connection with photography is leading to another result, which deserves to be considered with some care. The publisher, who is most frequently the plotter of illustrated books, has been a very interested observer of the changes which have been going on. The element of cost has been that which he has most closely studied. As the processes have been developed, he has seen with increasing gratification that he could get rid of the engraver, and so reduce greatly the expense of his plant and the amount of his risk. An immense addition of illustrated books, of every degree of slovenliness, bears witness to this activity of the publishing mind. Having rid himself of the engraver, he has speculated if he cannot rid himself of the artist also, and thus still further reduce the cost of manufacture. While thus studying the case, he has been greatly aided by the improvement which has been going forward in photography, especially as practiced by amateurs. The artistic sense, which might not be so accompanied by patient study as to make its possessor a good painter, may yet be so cultivated as to permit him to place his camera in exactly the right spot for obtaining a pleasing effect. Nature now and then arranges herself to the eye of man or woman, and keeps still for a time even longer than is required to press a button. Hence the multitudinous studies in landscape and architecture which are hung in exhibitions of photography by societies of amateurs. It is needed only to add, not portraits alone,

but figures, then groups, then tableaux, and presto! the work is done; the artist has gone after the engraver.

It will be seen by this that there are scarcely any limits to the extent to which photography may be employed for book illustration. It is a common enough occurrence for tableaux to be arranged illustrative of the successive scenes in a poem. How easy to reproduce these groups in a series of photographs, to pass the photographs through the photogravure process, and thus to publish them as accompaniments to the text in a holiday edition! Instead of the artist, then, we should have the costumer to deal with, the stage manager, and a new field would be opened for the exercise of the talent of the leisure class.

We are moved to these rather random speculations by considering certain tendencies in book illustration which are in evidence this season. It is not a new thing to provide books with photogravures, but the number which place their chief reliance on photogravures after nature, so to speak, is conspicuously large and respectable. The fashion may be said to have been set last year by the issue of Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun*<sup>1</sup> in this style. As the preface of that book states, the scheme was suggested by the very common practice, indulged in by travelers to Rome and Florence, of binding in photographs of localities and monuments referred to in the tale, inasmuch that booksellers in those cities did a thriving business in furnishing books thus extended, ready made for the tourist. It is at once a cheapening of a pretty fancy when the trader steps in to do for the indolent or ignorant what the intelligent enthusiast does for himself; but the change from the photographer's or bookseller's clumsy extension of *The Marble Faun* to the publisher's edition, in which all the arts of bookmaking were studied with patience and nice attracted by photogravures. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

<sup>1</sup> *The Marble Faun; or The Romance of Monte Beni.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Illus-



tention to detail, was one worth making, and the result was notable for the good taste which marked it throughout.

A more agreeable because more legitimate use of the same scheme of book illustration is seen in the edition this year of another of Hawthorne's works. The *Marble Faun* was a work of the imagination, using for its background a scene which was transferred from actuality with pretty close and full regard for fidelity to nature. Hawthorne could not help touching even inanimate objects in his story with something of the glow which suffused his human creations, but one can readily see that there are masses in his picture which are almost literal transcripts from his note-book. He meant to employ his English note-books in somewhat the same manner, as his several ineffective attempts intimate; but whether from a sense of his failing power or because he was tired of waiting for the right subject, he made a more prosaic use of his material, and followed such a merely topical arrangement of his notes as issued in the series of papers gathered into the volume *Our Old Home*. In the illustrated edition of this book,<sup>1</sup> which is an exceedingly beautiful example of the bookmaker's art, Hawthorne has been made to annotate himself; and if the editor could have had access to the original manuscript of the note-books from which Hawthorne drew his papers, we do not doubt that he would have been able to show even more conclusively the art which sprang into form so soon as the great artist set himself to building his daily record into the simple literary structure of the descriptive essay.

The annotation which the photographer has made is of a similar sort. Here the study has been to reproduce the objects which Hawthorne described as they might have been made, so to speak,

in the note-book of Hawthorne stripped of his personality, of that divine reason which transmutes nature and the work of men's hands into an image seen in  
 "The light which never was, on sea or land,  
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream."

The process of the footnotes is carried a step farther, and one observes by this the gradual divergence of art as seen in literature, and the mere reflex of nature as seen in the permanent photograph. The separation is less obtrusive, as we have intimated, because Hawthorne's art, in this instance, borrows least from his higher power, and also because the photogravures are in most cases copies of human art. It is when we leave cathedral and castle and statue, and come to look upon some representation of nature, even where nature is modified by human touch, as in the Devonshire Farmhouse and the Bridge over the Avon, that the questions rise, What does this print add to the text? Is it in itself beautiful? Does it illustrate,—that is, throw light upon the printed page? The most that can be said for such a picture is that it stimulates the memory of one who has seen the original spot. But if we ask ourselves, What would such a picture be, if, reproduced by whatever process, it was the design of a painter who had Hawthorne's eye, and a corresponding power of expression through light and shade, line and mass? we perceive at once how far the photogravure from nature falls short of the possible photogravure from the picture of an artist. Instead of getting the real thing, as we sometimes triumphantly exclaim, we are getting the mere superficialities.

The doubt which springs up as to the satisfactoriness of an illustrated *The Marble Faun*, where the background only is illustrated, recurs with even greater force in the case of *Romola*, which has been issued in much the same style, in

gravures. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

<sup>1</sup> *Our Old Home*. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Annotated with passages from the author's note-book, and illustrated with photo-

two rival editions.<sup>1</sup> To take up these books and judge them by the illustrations alone, one would suppose they were histories of Florence in the time of Savonarola. One of them does, indeed, contain a solitary picture of Romola and her father, which has a pathetically human air amidst the palaces, and streets, and churches, and statues, and mural decorations which afford the subjects for the abundant photogravures. It is indeed a bit of irony that the writer who took the human soul for her subject, and traveled with weary steps the countless roads down which her pursuit led her, should be illustrated, forsooth, by stone walls, and towers, and prisons. It is as if one asked to be shown a city, and was conducted to the cemetery.

We do not deny that pains has been taken with these books; that they are intended to be exemplars of the bookmaker's art; that the photographs thus made permanent have been selected with care; and that the text itself refers to the subjects of the pictures, so that one has in the accompanying illustrations a slight substitute for a walk through Florence or Rome with Romola or The Marble Faun in his mind. But we deny that they are in any true sense illustrated books; they are simply, in the parlance of the collector, extended books. As such they have an interest and a certain value, but it is idle to suppose that they serve any ends of art except as by their cheapness and attractiveness they drive out of the market inferior specimens of illustrated books; on the same principle as daguerreotypes and photographs indirectly served the art of portraiture by diverting into that occupation many who might otherwise have made a trade of portrait painting.

The use of mechanical processes for

making an artist's work available in illustrating a book is well shown in a noticeable book of the season. Mr. Frederic Remington, whose designs have a curious likeness to instantaneous photographs, and whose nimble pencil has long been busy over Indian subjects, brings his skill and knowledge to the ample illustration of *Hiawatha*.<sup>2</sup> In a score or more of photogravures he takes up salient points in the poem, and treats them as if he caught the Indian of this day putting himself in the attitude or going through the motions of Mr. Longfellow's mythical Indian. Now and then something in the woods, or the water, or the sky, comes to his aid, and his naturalistic figures are suddenly invested with a direct poetic value, as in the Death of Kwasind and *Hiawatha's Departure*; but when he essays the supernatural, his frankness is in his way, and his ghosts have no nonsense about them. In a word, his interpretation of the poem is refreshingly candid and openly rebellious. Mr. Longfellow saw *Hiawatha*, but never saw the North American Indian. Mr. Remington has seen the North American Indian, but never has seen *Hiawatha*. His gloss on the poem, for such it is, is admirably enriched by a great number of marginal drawings, which copy with every mark of fidelity the objects which form the furniture of an Indian's life, — wigwams, weapons, animals, dress, pipes, utensils. The only point we note as questionable is the moose head on page 185. Is the position of the ears correct? The collection, a graphic museum of Indian objects, is so comprehensive that we know not where else to look for so striking a commentary on the limitations of existence in this race. It is like being told that the ordinary English farm laborer uses only about two

<sup>1</sup> *Romola*. By GEORGE ELIOT. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1891.

*The Same*. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1891.

<sup>2</sup> *The Song of Hiawatha*. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. With illustrations from designs by FREDERIC REMINGTON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

hundred words. We cannot dismiss this book without high praise for the care with which all parts of it have been considered, and the skill which has been shown in harmonizing the parts. The ingeniously fit binding, the well-proportioned sheet, the clear type and good page, the admirably arranged marginal sketches, and the good color and printing of the photogravures combine to leave a most agreeable impression. It is an illustrated book which gives pleasure by its studious regard for the best form.

Perhaps some day we shall have Daudet's trilogy of *Tartarin* set forth with photogravure illustrations of railway station and bridge and castle and the like from Nîmes. But happily time has not yet set its final seal upon the classic, and we may at present enjoy a bit of contemporary wit, and enjoy it all the more because such contemporary artists as Rossi, Myrbach, Montégut, Bieler, and Montenard have appreciated the wit, and have quickened the perception of the reader by their clever characterization of the persons and scenes. *Port Tarascon*<sup>1</sup> is translated with volatile energy by Mr. James, who makes one almost content to read Daudet in English; the French artists who accompany the text need no translation, but speak a French dialect of pictorial art which is not merely intelligible, but penetrates the sense with a pungency of meaning which is truly exhilarating. One may indeed guess that these artists never visited an island in the southern seas, and even forgot once or twice the wretched realities of island architecture which Daudet insists upon; but when it comes to the figures in this lively tale, and the scenes which are independent of locality, one is entirely satisfied, and finds the delicate, witty drawings not extru-

sive of his own conceptions, but most happy materializations. To discover how successfully a draughtsman, possessed of the spirit of the literature he is illustrating, may throw light by the very simplest treatment, let the reader study the figure of *Tartarin* in his rocking-chair, on page 259. If a few slightly commonplace pictures, hard in treatment, were thrown out, the book would represent an entirely satisfactory combination of text and illustration, and as such would be placed in the small class of illustrated books where a new piece of literature carries with it embodiments of its characters not likely ever to be dissociated from it.

We began our discussion of the holiday books of the season by noting the departure from old ways which the introduction of new processes of reproduction is bringing about. We close with calling attention to a book which owes its excellence to no experiment in new ways, but to a faithful use of the best resources of artist, engraver, printer, and binder. There is an uncommon pleasure in taking up a work like Mr. Parsons's selections from Wordsworth's sonnets,<sup>2</sup> merely as regards the solidity of the execution. Here is the result of patient, steadfast labor. No short cuts have been taken; the artist has, one may guess, studied his pictorial treatment in Wordsworth's own country, and has placed himself as nearly as may be at the same point of view as that taken by the poet himself; the engravers have done their part firmly and with admirable success in preserving color, and the entire effect of the volume as a piece of bookmaking is one of thoroughness and dignity. More than this, Mr. Parsons's attitude toward nature is poetic, like Wordsworth's, so that we have a great

<sup>1</sup> *Port Tarascon; the Last Adventure of the Illustrious Tartarin*. Translated [from the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET] by HENRY JAMES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

<sup>2</sup> *A Selection from the Sonnets of William Wordsworth*. With numerous illustrations by ALFRED PARSONS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

deal more than a cartographic representation of the scenery which lay under the poet's eye and recurred to his imaginatively vivified memory. No one can feast his eyes on these lovely pastoral pictures, and call to mind what the same book would be illustrated by the most faithful photographs of Westmoreland and Cumberland, without perceiving that as Wordsworth's sonnets are not a guide-book, so Mr. Parsons's pictures are not photographic reports. The

book is a worthy addition to the very small class of illustrated books which are works of art. It is a pleasure to think that the separate pictures, with the verses they accompany, have found inexpensive publication through their appearance in successive numbers of Harper's Magazine, that multitudes have had the opportunity to enjoy high poetry and art in fine communion, and that the sum of the matter is now in permanent and most fit form.

#### COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

*Fiction.* A Cigarette-Maker's Romance, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) Mr. Crawford always has a story to tell, and he has a way of inspiring his readers with the confidence that he knows the end from the beginning, and is not at the mercy of his characters and their vagrant moods. The sureness of his movement was never better seen than in this compact, epical romance. The time covers but a couple of days and the intervening night; the scene is chiefly in a cigarette-maker's shop; the characters are a Russian noble in exile, his mind itself also being in exile, and a few Russian, Polish, and German men and women of limited range of thought and experience. Yet the theme of the book is high, and by the simple transmuting power of this theme the whole action is raised from the commonplace into the pathetic and noble. There is one passage, that on pages 145 and 146, which is masterly in its English. — Modern Ghosts, selected and translated from the works of Guy de Maupassant, Pedro Antonio de Alarcón, Alexander L. Kielland, Leopold Kompert, Gustavo Adolfo Becquer, and Giovanni Magherini-Graziani; the Introduction by George William Curtis. (Harpers.) The chief difference between modern ghosts and classic ones is that the modern are invented for literary and psychological purposes, and that they are explainable, not by any of the clumsy devices of former days, but by subtle reference to physiological psychology. The modern

ghost-raiser first reads a medical work, then artistically arranges the stage for his ghost, and, all things being in readiness, the ghost comes. An ingenious method of securing *vraisemblance* is to make the teller of the story repeat what he has heard, and then confirm it by his own experience. But not one of these story-tellers believes in the creature he has invented. — The House by the Medlar-Tree, by Giovanni Verga; translated by Mary A. Craig; with an Introduction by W. D. Howells. (Harpers.) A story of peasant life in an Italian fishing village. Detail enough there is here, and we can understand easily that an Italian reading the pathetic and lifelike tale might enjoy every touch. Unfortunately for purposes of enjoyment, the translator, though using excellent English, has no power to supply the American reader with a translation of all that myriad-threaded network of circumstance and heredity which makes the modern Italian a continent different from the American. However, since our duty as novel-readers appears now to be plain, to bring all our sociological, theological, historical, and geographical wits to bear upon the pleasure we undertake, we must not complain too loudly. Mr. Howells bids us on, and on we go, casting a furtive look backward upon our damaged idols. — Spirite, by Théophile Gautier; translated by Arthur D. Hall. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.) Curiously antiquated already, and made even remoter from nature and art by being

put into English dress. The introduction smells of musk, and the close suggests violet light.—*The Canadians of Old*, an Historical Romance, by Philippe Aubert de Gaspé; translated by Charles G. D. Roberts. (Appleton.) A lively reproduction of scenes about Quebec during the change by which Canada passed under English control. It is more than an historical picture, for the author had an ambition to preserve in literature the characteristics of a people gradually ceasing to have autonomy. The book has further interest in its English form as an illustration of the eager movement of young Canada in its resolution to conserve its varied and promising national life.—*Fra Lippo Lippi*, a Romance, by Margaret Vere Farrington. (Putnams.) The love of the painter for the novice who sat to him as a model for the Madonna is the subject of this tale, which is only faintly mediæval in character, the situations and the personages being taken with some care from life, but the emotions and thoughts and general expression being quite contemporaneous and overcharged with sentimentalism. There are fourteen photogravures from famous paintings and views of places.—*Sidney*, by Margaret Deland. (Houghton.) In essaying a novel delineating the birth of love in a soul which has been purposely sterilized, Mrs. Deland has saved herself from writing in the air by making her by-characters singularly vivid and of flesh and blood. It is true that a thick set hedge seems to wall them all in from the actual world, but the remoteness from familiar experience does not vitiate the reality of the men and women. To have imagined these people, and then set them to acting out this somewhat fantastic drama without dissolving into misty forms, is a striking achievement.—*The Demagogue*, a Political Novel, by David Ross Locke. (Lee & Shepard.) A disagreeable piece of fiction without the redeeming quality of cleverness or special nearness to nature. No doubt the facts can be paralleled in our political life, but that does not make the story either a work of art or interesting.—*A Ward of the Golden Gate*, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) There is almost always a point in Mr. Bret Harte's novels, where it is uncertain whether the heroine is to turn out a good girl or a bad one; the point is not at all in the character of the

person, but in the exigencies of the story. There never is any doubt, however, about the seedy reduced gentleman; he is a fatalist in goodness, and you have only to rid him of his sham gentility to find the genuine article beneath. The present story illustrates well the toss-copper style of Mr. Harte's art. But how readable his books are, and how cheerfully we allow him all the liberties he takes!—*The God of Civilization*, a Romance, by Mrs. M. A. Pittock. (Eureka Publishing Co., Chicago.) By a contrast between the false civilization of, say, Chicago and the true nature to be found in the South Sea Islands, each being fictitiously set forth, the author appears to expect that the one will be condemned and the other justified; but it will take both more fiction and more reasoning than she seems to possess to convince the reader who has been neither to Chicago nor to Kaahlanai. Money, it may be added, is the God of Civilization.—*Her Great Ambition*, by Anne Richardson Earle. (Roberts.) It was to be a painter, and thereby hangs the tale, as all the criss-cross of the novel was occasioned by this ambition. It is a pleasantly told story, with a discreet suppression of localities and an agreeable humor. The stiffness seems to be that of one not yet wholly freed from novelettes, but the close study which the book intimates augurs well for possible other novels. A trifle more sprightliness in the deliberate conversations surely is not beyond the power of the writer, if she will accept the freedom of fiction; and if, after building her story, she would clear away more of the scaffolding, the total effect would be better.—*Gilbert Elgar's Son*, by Harriet Riddle Davis. (Putnams.) The writer uses a somewhat new class in fiction, Maryland fox-hunting Quakers. The fox-hunting is only one of the marks of English country-gentleman life which is reflected in the American story, and the English warp is woven with a woof of womanly independence of the latter-day and American sort. The descriptions of outdoor scenes and of minor characters are carefully and often well done. The hero is painfully conventional, and the heroine far too noble; there is not a crease in her robe of dauntless young womanhood. As a piece of storytelling, the book has some good points, but one main defect,—that it ends in the

middle. The interest dies away after that ; the reader knows the end, and waits for the author to catch up with him. There is, however, so much that is good in the story, one wishes it better. — *At the Dawning*, by S. S. Morton. (Keystone Publishing Co., Philadelphia.) A conventional story, in which all the characters are like those curious figures with which children play, — paper dolls, flat and thin reproductions of life. — *Grim Truth*, by Alexia Agnes Vial. (John Lovell & Son, Montreal.) A somewhat amusingly told story of what befell a village where an epidemic of truth-telling raged for a week. The plan is better than the execution. Gilbert has used the same motive in a nonsensical little play, and others have also entertained themselves with the notion. — *Little Venice*, and *Other Stories*, by Grace Denio Litchfield. (Putnams.) Eight stories which have appeared in the leading magazines. They are all bright, and marked by good taste and refinement. They may miss the touch of nature which is beyond art, but they have much that stories of the same order lack. — *A Kentucky Colonel*, by Opie P. Read. (F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago.) A novel which has all the outward appearance of liveliness. Full of conversation, it keeps the reader in constant expectation of the story ; and not only the absence of long descriptions, but the quick, summary fashion it has of dealing with situations and people, leads one to think it must be interesting. There are, indeed, occasionally glimpses of life as it is, but one who reads it through for the sake of the best it has to give is like a man who tries to keep warm at a fire made of hemlock boughs. If he stops throwing on the boughs he begins to freeze. — *Ardis Claverden*, by Frank R. Stockton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A tightly built novel of actual life, with Mr. Stockton's peculiar humor escaping now and then through the cracks. — *Thomas Rutherton*, by John Henton Carter. (H. C. Nixon, New York.) A story of personal experience, told by the writer in a plain, straightforward way, not without a touch of humor and a gleam of bright characterization. A little more, and one would think this was another *Story of a Country Town* ; a little less, and he would pronounce it commonplace and flat. As it is, it reads like the record of actual experi-

ence, varied and enlivened by some imaginative power. The story is western in longitude, and takes one to New Orleans. — *Campaigning with Crook*, and *Stories of Army Life*, by Captain Charles King. (Harpers.) The first and longest sketch relates with considerable spirit the Sioux campaign of 1876. The other stories are less important. They have animation and a generous tone, but belong to a somewhat conventional order of story literature. — *Ascutney Street*, a *Neighborhood Story*, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. (Houghton.) Mrs. Whitney has a little story to tell, the growth of love between two people wide apart socially, and the reader is not long in finding out what the end is to be ; but before he, more probably she, comes to the end, she has the little world which lies between these two travelers approaching each other well described in sentences which have an amusing way of cocking their heads and pursing their mouths. Mrs. Whitney's mannerisms are well known to her readers, and do not displease them, for they trick out a good many wise observations. — The third number of *Lee & Shepard's Good Company Series* of paper-covered novels is *Three Millions ! or The Way of the World*, by William T. Adams ; the fourth is *Cudjo's Cave*, by J. T. Trowbridge, which will recall to many the interest which they felt in a writer who threatened to be the American Dickens.

*Poetry.* Lovers of poetry in the making will find exceeding interest in *Poems* by Emily Dickinson, edited by two of her friends, Mabel Loomis Todd and T. W. Higginson. (Roberts.) The brief prose preface tells in choice phrase of the isolation of the remarkable spirit whose poetic, we do not say literary, labor was interrupted by death. Whether or no Miss Dickinson ever would have struck out a lyric satisfying to soul and ear we have not the temerity to say ; but the impression made upon the reader, who interprets her life by her verse and her verse by her life, is that there could not well be any poetic wholes in her work. Nevertheless, such is the fragmentary richness that one who enters upon the book at any point, and discovers, as he surely will, a phrase which is not to be called felicitous, but rather a shaft of light sunk instantaneously into the dark abyss, will inevitably search the book through eagerly for the perfect poem which seems just be-



your his grasp. Words, lines, even stanzas, will reward him, and he will turn the leaf over and over, to make sure he has missed nothing. — Galgano's *Wooring*, and *Other Poems*, by Sarah Bridges Stebbins. (Dillingham.) A collection of verses of very varied subject, but indicating much fertility of thought and feeling. Some of the contrasted poems are suggestive, and there are vigorous single lines, but the book appears to be the work of a lavish hand rather than of one which, knowing its cunning, has learned restraint and directness. — *Il mio Poema* (Coi tipisuccessori le Monnier, Firenze) is the name Pietro Ridolfi-Bolognesi gives to a volume of two hundred and fifty pages of blank verse. The poem is cut off into lengths called cantos, bearing titles such as "Illusioni," "Alla Donna," "Padore," etc.; but beyond this arbitrary division the poem shows no evidence of plan, purpose, or structure. It is a rambling monologue of a so-called philosophical type, shows very little poetical talent, and is marred by frequent descriptions of sensuality. The English reader will recognize familiar bits of Shakespeare turned into flabby Italian verse: —

"Se la donzella espone ai bianchi rai  
della luna le sue belta già troppo  
prodiga n'è stimata.  
Val meglio supportare  
I mali conosciuti a cui è aveauo  
Che di conere incontro amali ignoti."

— Verses along the Way, by Mary Elizabeth Blake. (Houghton.) The division at the Children's Hour contains some merry, musical verses, and hints at the bright color which characterizes the book as a whole. Indeed, the lighter poems, with their simple mirth and playfulness, make the book especially worth note, and one may do as one pleases about the more serious work; at least one will not find it morbid. — *Piero da Castiglione*, by Stuart Sterne. (Houghton.) A strong, intense, and, like all this author's work, somewhat strained and high-pitched blank-verse narrative. Piero is betrothed to a beautiful maiden. He comes under Savonarola's influence, sacrifices his love, and becomes a priest. She gets her to a nunnery. — *The Feast of St. Anne*, and *Other Poems*, by Pierce Stevens Hamilton. (John Lovell & Son, Montreal.) The title-poem furnishes a setting for half a dozen tales, which might better have been told in prose — or in better poetry. We

only wish the author promised to be sufficiently popular to insist on people saying Niagara.

*Holiday and Fine Arts Books.* Christmas in Song, Sketch, and Story; nearly three hundred Christmas Songs, Hymns, and Carols, with selections from Beecher, Wallace, Anerbach, Abbott, Warren, and Dickens; illustrations by Raphael, Murillo, Bouguereau, Hofmann, Defregger, Story, Shepherd, Darley, Meade, Nast, and others. Selected by J. P. McCaskey. (Harpers.) Here, certainly, is a varied entertainment. It must be said, however, that the effect is of a very miscellaneous collection. The music, which occurs on almost every page, appears to be the main element. The songs are set in the middle of the page, and above and below are columns of reading matter, seven stories and rhapsodies. The pictures are sometimes engraved, sometimes process work, from famous paintings, and also conventional Christmas pictures bearing no relation to the text. There is no collection of great Christmas poems, and the uninformed reader is unable to tell who is the poet and who the composer of the musical contributions. It is a pity that a good scheme should have found its issue in such a hotch-potch. — It is late to be noticing the July number of the Portfolio (Seeley, London; Macmillan, New York), but art is quite indifferent to monthly dates. The illustrations include a photogravure of Alfred Stevens's bronze statue of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral; an etching, *The Strand*, by Pennell; and a mezzotint of Caernarvon Castle. We speak under correction; these are the apparent modes of reproduction, but in this day of skillful process work it is easy for one to fall into traps. There is also a lively sketch, *Charing Cross to St. Paul's*, by Justin McCarthy, accompanying a half dozen clever pen-and-ink drawings by Mr. Pennell. Mr. Hamerton, the editor, has an agreeable paper on St. George's Channel, with interesting copies by process (?) from drawings by David Cox and others. Mr. Moore's recent work is criticised, and in general the reader gets what one may properly call a specimen of English work at its lightest and best. — The October number has for its chief illustrations in the *Dukenès*, engraved by Alfred Dawson, after Henry Dawson; *Home Again*, by J. C. Hook; and *By*

the Law Courts, by J. Pennell. The text, which is a very interesting feature of the magazine, continues Mr. McCarthy's Chasing Cross to St. Paul's, and Mr. Purves's The British Seas, and includes a readable paper on Millet's pastels and drawings. — *L'Art* for the 15th August (Macmillan) is occupied principally with the serial notes by Paul Leroi on the Salon of 1890, with sketchy reminiscences of paintings exhibited. The main illustration is an etched portrait of Verdi by Paul Lafond, after Boldini, a very vigorous piece of work. — The October number has a special interest for Americans, since it contains a paper on J. G. Low, whose decorative work in tiles at Chelsea is so well known. The writer of the article, Emile Molinier, is delightfully frank in his airy scorn for American art, and has his word, also, for "Le bill MacKinlay." He thinks we have been influenced largely by South Kensington, but reminds his readers that Mr. Low owes his artistic skill to a French education under Couture and Troyon. The paper is accompanied by a number of designs, and is a hearty recognition of the value of Mr. Low's work. — *In and Out of Book and Journal*, by A. Sydney Roberts. (Lippincott.) Apparently an idler's notebook shaken out, the leaves being sometimes worth keeping, sometimes mere waste. The pages are sprinkled with clever little drawings, more or less appropriate, by S. W. Van Schaick. The general effect of the book, with its pretty covers, is attractive, barring the super-calendered paper required for the process cuts. — A new number of *Knickerbocker Nuggets* (Putnams) is *Love Poems of Three Centuries*, compiled by Jessie F. O'Donnell, and issued in two volumes, divided between English and American writers. There is a patriotic balance struck by giving as much space to American poets from Emerson down as from Spenser down. Even Bryant is credited with a love poem, but our surprise is lessened when it turns out to be *The Burial of Love*. These pretty little volumes need not be too closely scrutinized. All the world loves a lover, but once one is launched on seven hundred pages, he must get into his tub of philosophy or else into his canoe of youth, if he would enjoy himself thoroughly; the critical wherry would go to pieces. — *The Day's Message*, chosen and arranged by Susan Coolidge.

(Roberts.) A neat little volume of selections, each page headed in succession by the day of the month. Twice only, we think, are birthdays noted, — in the case of Lincoln and of Washington. A brief passage from the Bible stands first, and frequently gives the keynote of the selections for the day, which are in prose and verse from ancient and modern writers, but pretty uniformly religious or of high ethical import. Good taste has been shown, and the book is one to encourage and strengthen. — *Our New England*; her Nature described by Hamilton Wright Mabie, and some of her Familiar Scenes illustrated. (Roberts.) An oblong book, containing a dozen photographs from photographs of characteristic New England scenes, touched with what the publisher calls Remarks by Frank T. Merrill, really footnotes in pen and ink, each picture prefaced by a motto from Whittier, Longfellow, Lucy Larcom, and others, the whole going along with an agreeable piece of contemplative writing by Mr. Mabie. We are not very confident that nature illustrates literature, or properly accompanies it. Somehow the photographs, interesting as they sometimes are, do not always make pictures. — A group of *Literary Gems* (Putnams) consists of small books, usually of seventy or eighty pages, half of them sometimes blank, rough-cut edges, and flexible leatherette (?) covers, with frontispieces of portraits or otherwise. The books thus set forth are Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, Ruskin's *King of the Golden River*, Froude's *Science of History*, Butler's *Nothing to Wear*, Carlyle's *Niebelungen Lied*. The type is good, and the giver of the book — for we take it the books are made to give, and not to keep — has the satisfaction of knowing that no one can possibly object to the matter. — *All Around the Year* (Lee & Shepard) is a card calendar for 1891, formed of a dozen cards prettily ornamented with quaint figures by Pauline Sunter, the whole with rings, chain, and tassels. The fortunate receiver can snap off the tassels and cord. — *Summerland*, illustrated from the original designs of Margaret MacDonald Pullman. (Lee & Shepard.) An oblong volume, containing a score or so of landscapes and as many little vignettes. The refinement of feeling in the drawing is very evident, and so some-

times is what refinement now and then lapses into, — indefiniteness. The engraver has kept the same treatment throughout, so that the effect is even; but the evenness after a while wearies one, when an occasional sharper accent would have quickened the pleasure of the eye. — From an Old Love Letter. (Lee & Shepard.) Miss Irene K. Jerome, who has won a success in previous seasons in landscape work, here turns her hand to a piece of decorative work, illuminating some of the tender passages from the Epistles of S. John the Divine. Some of the color strikes one as a little crude, but the effect, on the whole, is agreeable, and the text, in missal manner, is good, save for an occasional effort at novelty. The millinery of the book is the poorest part of it. — Mr. Lowell's *A Fable for Critics*, first published forty-two years ago, and ever since included in his poetical works, is reissued now as a separate volume, accompanied by thumb-nail sketches of the authors sketched in it. (Houghton.) These portraits aim at the faces as they were when Mr. Lowell saw them with his mind's eye, but it seems a pity they could not have been a little larger, a little more characteristic. As for the verse itself, how clever it is, and what a sigh one heaves as he thinks of the unlikelihood that we shall have, this year, anything so capital in its way of the men who will be old or dead forty-two years from now! — *Thoreau's Thoughts: Selections from the Writings of Henry David Thoreau*. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. (Houghton.) Thoreau is good to minee, for his thought is fragmentary and his expression epigrammatic. There is less violence done to him, therefore, than to some others by separating these passages from their context, and the reader gets more wholes. We suspect that all but the most studious readers of Thoreau will be surprised at the wealth of idealism which is here presented in these gleaming nuggets. To live the ideal life, — that alone is worth while, is the sum of these thoughts, and we commend the book for its pungent, aromatic salts. It will quicken the breath of life. The careful bibliography at the end of the volume indicates how much of a hold Thoreau has on the writing public. — *Dreams of the Sea* is the title, read with considerable difficulty owing to the foamy and washy style of the lettering, of an oblong, lithographically illustrated book, profanely ded-

icated to the Almighty, faintly discernible apparently in the clouds. The text is a series of poetical extracts from various authors; the decorations and illustrations are from the sea and sea-objects, expressed mainly in an artistic splutter and splatter. The use of the religious element is offensively histrionic.

*Books for the Young.* *Pards, a Story of Two Homeless Boys*, by Effie W. Merriman. (Lee & Shepard.) The author has tried to make her little ragamuffins true to nature by going down into the depths of what she plainly regards as the newsboy dialect; and she has, in her soft heart, not been willing to invest them with any very evil propensities, so she has made what on the face of it is a realistic tale into a pretty palpable romance. — *Wonderful Deeds and Doings of Little Giant Boab and his Talking Raven Tabib*, by Ingersoll Lockwood. (Lee & Shepard.) The reader is likely to look first at the illustrations by Clifton Johnson which are scattered abundantly over the pages. Occasionally they have a humorous touch, but for the most part they are mere nonsense with the humor evaporating. The text is of much the same character. The author labors through three hundred pages of fantastic and grotesque narrative, now and then striking a spark of wit; but the sparks emit little light and no warmth, and one has to fumble for the story. — *Elsie Yachting with the Raymonds*, by Martha Finley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) One is at first a little puzzled, as he enters the book, at receiving no introduction to the persons whom he finds in it, but discovers soon that he is, as it were, reading the nine hundredth chapter of some work which began once and shows no signs of ending; also, that it is of no particular consequence, as the characters exist only for the sake of conversing about battlefields, West Point and other places connected with American history. The yacht plays a very small part in the performance. — *The Boy Travellers in Great Britain and Ireland*, by Thomas W. Knox. (Harpers.) The sub-title, *Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England, with Visits to the Hebrides and the Isle of Man*, indicates the scope of the book, and those who are familiar with the other volumes in the series will understand what is the treatment. If one does not ask too much in the

way of characterization of young people, and is indifferent to graces of style, he can pick up a good deal of information, as he could have done if the main matter of the book had been used baldly as material for a scrapbook. The author sometimes takes one also out of the beaten track, as when he treats of mock parliaments and house boats. There is a profusion of good pictures. — *The Knockabout Club in North Africa*, by Fred A. Ober. (Estes & Lauriat.) Of very much the same general character as the last named, though the pictures are poorer, the fictitious machinery is less formal, and the author helps himself to long quotations without indicating the source. The book is a good deal of a jumble, and in falling upon a greater abandon of style we get more slang also. Mr. Knox's puppets spoke schoolmaster's English, but Mr. Ober's are not above the use of newspaper English. — *Three Vassar Girls in Switzerland*, by Elizabeth W. Champney. (Estes & Lauriat.) Mrs. Champney cares more for her story than do the writers of the other books with which this naturally is classed, and the scenery and history hold a more subordinate position. She makes her story improbable enough so far as the plot is concerned, but there is a rattling sort of good nature in the book which almost takes the place of humor. — *Chatterbox*, edited by J. Erskine Clarke. (Estes & Lauriat.) The bound volume of an English weekly which has secured a large yearly sale. It is not difficult to see why. The pictures are not as a rule too good; the poems are generally of a domestic character; there are anecdotes of canine sagacity, short papers upon natural history, little moral tales, — even Boccaccio is called into service, — riddles, and bits of advice, the whole very cheap. It is the old principle of Chambers' Miscellany applied to a stratum of intelligence a little lower, but a stratum occupied by vast hordes of persons, young and old, who know how to read and take a serious view of that accomplishment. — *Little One's Annual*; *Stories and Poems for Little People*. With 405 original illustrations. (Estes & Lauriat.) An annual made up of weekly issues, but less of a scrapbook than *Chatterbox*. It is of a higher order of juvenile art and literature. There is a brightness of appearance in the fair type and sketchy pictures which

counts for a good deal in the attraction of the book. — *Crowded out o' Crofield*, or *The Boy who Made his Way*, by William O. Stoddard. (Appleton.) The boy is one of those chaps (in books) who are always on hand when there is a runaway horse, or a fire, or any emergency calling for presence of mind and pluck; by dint of using with great promptness all these skillfully arranged circumstances he comes to success. There is a spasmodic, bang-bang sort of style in the telling which gives a certain movement to the story, so that we can easily imagine a boy marching straight through the handsome pages. — *Among the Moths and Butterflies*, by Julia P. Ballard. (Putnam.) A revised edition of an agreeable little book published a few years ago. We think the writer is at her best when she is describing simply and naturally what she has observed, not when she is dramatizing her subject and aiming at a seductive liveliness. — *On the Blockade*, by Oliver Optic. (Lee & Shepard.) A story for boys, in which the scenes are laid during the war for the Union. The characters have the destiny which always awaits them in this writer's books, and the incidents are selected for their interesting nature and their helpfulness to the story, as all incidents should be. — *The Kelp-Gatherers, a Story of the Maine Coast*, by J. T. Trowbridge. (Lee & Shepard.) Mr. Trowbridge always has a story to tell. That is the secret of his success. It may not be an important story, but it is regularly laid out, and all the parts fit. It goes without any tinkering on the part of the reader. — *Think and Thank*, by Samuel W. Cooper. (Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.) As the name of Moses Montefiore is used for the young hero of this story, and the last chapter shows the old man in reverie, we suppose the tale is intended to set forth the youth of the famous Jew. It shows the odds against which the Jews have had to contend in England, and in general, with good taste, but with no singular power, permits us to see ourselves as the best Jews see us.

*Travel and Nature*. *The Tsar and his People, or Social Life in Russia*. (Harpers.) A collection of papers on Russian topics, originally printed in Harper's Monthly, and not quite enough relieved of the magazine element when brought together

into a volume. The authors are the Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Vogüé, Theodore Child, Clarence Cook, and Vassili Verestchagin, the first two occupying most of the volume. The cities, the country, court life, and art are all treated in a fresh, interesting manner, and the pictures are not only abundant, but of a high order of execution, looking even better than they did in the magazine. It was worth while to save such good matter in book form.—*Outings at Odd Times*, by Charles C. Abbott. (Appleton.) Mr. Abbott is a capital observer. He likes especially the odd ways of nature, and those aspects of human life which are most closely connected with the secrets of the world in which he lives. The quaint, the picturesque, the outlandish, are attractive to him; and he prefers to note the scenes which lie just about him to going far afield. It is a pity that, with this faculty for minute observation, he should be so angular in his English; yet often when he forgets that he is making literature, he drops into a simple, unaffected style which is very agreeable. This book is more fragmentary and more readable, we think, than some of his sketches of outdoor life.—*Wild Beasts and their Ways, Reminiscences of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America*, by Sir Samuel W. Baker. (Macmillan.) This veteran huntsman has a scorn for mere "pig-sticking" and a boasted game-list. He hunts from the love of a noble sport, and with a constant care to study the nature and habits of wild beasts. His book, thus, while it treats of the elephant, tiger, leopard, lion, bear, hippopotamus, crocodile, buffalo, rhinoceros, boar, hyena, giraffe, antelope, deer, and similar game, is at once a record of personal experience and a summary of observation. Sir Samuel enters the menagerie of the globe with the safely conducted reader, and proceeds to show off the creatures in the open air. The excitement of the reader is a healthy one, and is stimulated both by the animated narrative of his guide and by the capital pictures which accompany the book. In these engravings the animals seem almost life-size.—*Aztec Land*, by Maturin M. Ballou. (Houghton.) Mr. Ballou made a journey through Mexico in a Pullman car, under the management of an excursion agent. This means that he enjoyed his trip in the most comfortable

way imaginable, that he kept pretty close to the railway lines of communication, and looked upon the scenes which engage the ordinary traveler. He gives the customary information, modified by personal observation and reflection. His long and varied experience as a traveler has made him an adept at the business of description and narrative.—*A Russian Journey*, by Edna Dean Proctor. (Houghton.) A score of years ago Miss Proctor visited Russia, and wrote this book in the glow of enthusiasm and with an eye for color and effect. To-day she reissues it with a *Prelude*, in which she gathers some of her impressions of the Russian nature, and takes a fresh outlook upon the scene. Her picture of scenery and life can hardly call for much modification, we fancy, and she writes with a poetic touch which preserves descriptions as scientific precision could not.—*Stratford-on-Avon, from the Earliest Times to the Death of Shakespeare*, by Sidney Lee; with forty-five illustrations by Edward Hull. (Seeley, London; Macmillan, New York.) The scheme of this book removes it from the class of ordinary guidebooks or local antiquarian gossip. Stratford is taken as a characteristic English midland town, and, after its history has been narrated briefly, the life which flowed through it in Shakespeare's time has been reconstructed carefully. Shakespeare's own probable experience runs as a thread through the book, and the entire effect is very pleasing.—*The White Mountains, a Guide to their Interpretation*, by Julius H. Ward. (Appleton.) Mr. Ward's intention is to base upon a description of characteristic passages in the mountain region the reflections which a contemplative mind, already enlightened by the prophetic voice of poetry and religion, naturally makes. The blending of narrative and comment relieves the book of the strain of mere rhapsody; and though ready-made reflections for mountaineers are liable not to fit, there is no doubt that some minds will be led to more thoughtful account of the localities when their attention has been called to what may be termed the spiritual landscape.—*Old Wine in New Bottles, for Old and New Friends*, by Brinton W. Woodward. (Journal Publishing Company, Lawrence, Kansas.) A collection of rambling papers and verses, first published,

many of them, in the Lawrence Journal. A good part of the book consists of travel-sketches. The style is careless, though the matter sometimes is fresh. — Mungo Park and the Niger, by Joseph Thomson. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A volume in the series *The World's Great Explorers*. Although the main part of this book is devoted to a *résumé* of Park's explorations, Mr. Thomson's scheme includes both the early movements for the discovery of the sources and course of the Niger, and the history of explorations since Park's time down to the formation of the Royal Niger Company. There is thus a unity about the book which adds to its value. Mr. Thomson knows his subject well, and his narrative is clear, though his style is somewhat diffuse and occasionally a little turgid. — *The Trees of Northeastern America*, Illustrations from Original Sketches, by Charles S. Newhall; with an Introductory Note by N. L. Britton. (Putnams.) A curiously constructed book; for while it gives the technical names of trees, it describes them with freedom from purely scientific terms, and, moreover, now and then introduces anecdotes, poetical quotations, and the like. The illustrations are simple, and the purpose of the work is accomplished if it enables the user to determine the various trees he sees and quickens his interest in tree life.

*Textbooks and Educational Helps.* In Heath's Modern Language Series, a recent number is *Selections from Heine's Poems*, edited, with notes, by Horatio Stevens White. The selection intends the best and most varied expression of Heine's masterly lyric power, and is accompanied by an admirable bibliographical note and collection of annotations. Another number is *A Compendious French Grammar*, by A. Hjalmar Edgren, which is divided into two independent parts. The first is a *Practical Survey of French Grammar*, calculated for half a term or less, and occupies less than seventy pages; the second is a *Methodical Presentation of the same subject*, with *Historical Introductions*, *Versification* and *Sketch of the Relation of French and Anglo-French words*. This part is calculated for two terms or less, and is three hundred pages long. — *A Brief History of the Empire State, for Schools and Families*, by Welland Hendrick. (Bardeen.) The reader must not be prejudiced against this

book by its ungainly dress and appearance. It is a capital textbook, if one once admits the desirability of teaching state history. Concise without being dry, vigorous and thoughtful, it is a worthy addition to the small number of reasonable American histories. — *Sir Philip Sidney's The Defense of Poesy* has been edited by Professor Albert S. Cook (Ginn) with excellent judgment. His Introduction, besides giving a brief outline of Sidney's life in its external phases, contains a study of the date of the composition and publication of the treatise, and an inquiry into Sidney's style and philosophical theory. The notes are possibly a little too exhaustive, and tend to make lazy scholars, but they furnish often suggestive comparisons. — Recent numbers of the useful little texts issued as *Old South Leaflets* (Heath) are *Federal Constitution of the Swiss Confederation*, *The Bill of Rights of 1689*, *Coronado's Letter to Mendoza*, *Eliot's Brief Narrative, 1671*, and *Wheelock's Narrative, 1762*. — *Shakespeare's Poems*, edited, with notes, by W. J. Rolfe. (Harpers.) Mr. Rolfe has here gathered his previous work on the poems and sonnets into one comely volume, carefully revising his matter. His method is well known. He relies mainly upon others for general observations, and draws also from the abundant commentary of other editors, but he edits the text with scrupulous care, and leaves no expression unnoticed. For the careful text all thanks; for the abundant comment, we can only say that it should be the last, and not the first, resource of the student. — *The Theory of Music, as Applied to the Teaching and Practice of Voice and Instruments*, by Louis C. Elson. (New England Conservatory of Music, Boston.) Mr. Elson, noting the tendency of musicians to become specialists, has prepared this book with a view to supplying a convenient course of study which shall familiarize students with those underlying principles, such as the laws of acoustics, the succession of tones, musical rhythms, and the like, which apply both in the construction and diversity of musical instruments, and in the orchestral grouping, as well as in the use both of instruments and the voice. There are a good many curious and interesting bits of musical lore tucked in by the way, and the book will be especially serviceable to teachers. — *Tabular Views of Universal History*; a



Series of Chronological Tables, presenting in Parallel Columns a Record of the more Noteworthy Events in the History of the World from the Earliest Times down to 1890. Compiled by G. P. Putnam, and continued to date by Lynds E. Jones. (Putnams.) This is from the old *The World's Progress* improved and continued. It is a moderately convenient chart, but is too brief to be of very great service. The selection of topics does not always show a good sense of proportion. It is as if the compiler had regard in each year to what the people of that time thought of consequence. As a result, it is a sort of newspaper system which he follows, rather than one justly historical. — *Latin Pronunciation*, a Short Exposition of the Roman Method, by H. T. Peck. (Holt.) A clear, concise account of what was once known as the Continental pronunciation, from the fact that the obstinate English had refused to accede to the system worked out by the Germans. The gradual accession of scholars is now so nearly complete that this handbook seems designed chiefly for those who, brought up under the Anglican system, have perforce adopted the Roman method empirically, and yet would gladly know the reason of their new faith. — *Elementary Composition Exercises*, by Irène Hardy. (Holt.) This, with the preceding, belongs in the series of *Teacher's Handbooks*. It is designed to stimulate teachers who are commonplace or weary, and in despair what subjects to suggest to children for composition writing. It grew out of school-room practice. Much of it is very useful, but we think the custom of picking to pieces good literature in order to make poorer out of it not to be commended. — *Our Mother Tongue*, by Theodore H. Mead. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) This is a book designed for Americans, and especially for American women, who dress well, act well, talk well, but have a fatal defect of style in the tone of their voices and the enunciation of their words. A few sensibly written chapters on Tone, Articulation, Pronunciation, the Vowels, the Letter R, Pause, Inflection, and kindred topics are followed by a *Pronouncing Vocabulary*, which indicates the incorrect style to be avoided as well as the correct style to be followed. Let us humbly hope we have made some little progress since our first school-masters

took us in hand. Webster, in one of his early lists of a similar character, taught young America not to say "rozum" for "rosin;" Mr. Mead warns against "rah'zn." But why should we be told to say "pay-triot," and may n't we say "mat-rass'?" and must we not say "cem'ent" when the word is a noun? We recommend this book as one adapted to set the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law. — *Our Dictionaries*, and other English Language Topics, by R. O. Williams. (Holt.) A collection of somewhat desultory papers, other topics being the origin of the word "metropolis," some Peculiarities Real and Supposed in American English, Good English for Americans, Cases of Disputed Propriety and of Unsettled Usage. The first topic of all is so good that one is disappointed at finding it treated in a sketchy fashion. Mr. Williams seems to have regarded it chiefly as offering tidbits. He gives chapter and verse for his illustrations of the use of language, and points out one interesting result of his observation, namely, that the irregularities of Cardinal Newman are the irregularities also of Hawthorne. A caution should be given in these nice matters, observed no doubt by Mr. Williams, against an indiscriminate use of editions. Reprinters, having perhaps parted with their consciences in reprinting without leave, sometimes commit the greater crime of improving their author's English. — *A Pocket Hand-Book of Biography*, Containing more than Ten Thousand Names of Celebrities, in every Sphere of Human Action, Showing their Nationality, Rank or Condition, Profession or Occupation, the Dates of their Birth and Death, and effectually answering the frequent query Who was He? Compiled by Henry Frederic Reddall. (Bardeen.) One might demur at the notion that this query would be effectually answered respecting, say, Robert Burns by the information that he was a Scottish poet, who was born in 1759 and died in 1796. In truth, the handbook is only a collection of headstones. It follows in plan and style the excellent Hole's Brief Biographical Dictionary, published a score of years or so ago. It serves the purpose of those who do not like to lift from the shelf their big Webster, which has, one may say, almost exactly the same list, with the addition of pronunciation. Upon comparing a page of Mr. Reddall's book with

the corresponding titles in Webster we find the two exactly alike, except that Mr. Reddall adds three new names. — A Guide to the Literature of *Æsthetics*, by C. M. Gayley and F. N. Scott (University of California), has its chief value as directing the attention of students to such material as is easily accessible, and indicating something of the scope of the subject. Work in this field is so desultory, for the most part, that any attempt at philosophic systematizing, if it goes no further than this pamphlet, is a good sign of progress. — Haverford College, Pennsylvania, has fallen into line with other colleges in printing Studies, two parts of which have reached us. We have no sympathy with the criticism which deprecates separate collegiate publication, and demands that the several colleges shall contribute to the support of some central journal. The latter course may be more convenient for the student, but the former is infinitely more likely to bring out scholastic enterprise, and that is the main consideration. The chief strength of the two parts before us is in the work of J. Rendel Harris and his associates in the direction of New Testament textual criticism, Number 5 being devoted to the Diatessaron of Tatian. The numbers are very handsomely printed. The Secretary of Haverford College is the agent for distribution.

*History and Politics.* The *Veto Power*, its Origin, Development, and Function in the Government of the United States, by Edward Campbell Mason. (Ginn.) The

first of a series of Harvard Historical Monographs, edited by Professor A. B. Hart. The historical introduction, connecting the veto as known in our Constitution with its germ in Teutonic government, is brief and to the point, and is followed by an interesting analysis in a series of chapters of the practical working of the veto. An appendix gives as full a list as could be made of presidential vetoes. A bibliography and index complete a work which augurs well for the thoroughness of the series which it opens. — The *Unwritten Constitution of the United States*, by C. G. Tiedeman. (Putnam's.) It is interesting to observe how historical studies are affecting the study of constitutional law, and how, also, the comparative study of constitutional government is modifying the old-fashioned, merely legal and doctrinaire view of the American Constitution. Professor Tiedeman, himself a lawyer, takes up some of the topics which are fundamental, such as citizenship, natural rights, electoral processes, and discusses them in the light of actual facts to show how impossible it is to base a living organism upon pragmatic documents. As some one has said, the Constitution of the United States is a sort of false bottom for political thinkers. His book, which is brief, is suggestive rather than exhaustive. — The *Story of Scotland from the Earliest Times to the Present Century*, by John Mackintosh. (Putnam's.) A business-like but rather dry chronicle, with somewhat juiceless judgments of men.

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#### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

*One of the Lost Geniuses.* THE telegraph announces the death in the city of Mexico, October 21st, of Henry Ward Poole, one of the oldest American residents of that city. It speaks of him as a man of rare attainments, and as having received the degree of M. A. from Harvard College.

Mr. Poole was so unique a personality and so much of a public character that some reminiscence of him may possess interest. I believe he was a native of Danvers, Mass., but for some years the family

resided near Worcester. I first knew him at Yale College in 1842, where he was a member of the class of 1845. His brother was a classmate of mine, and became a somewhat intimate friend, and the two roomed together. I do not remember that I made much progress in Henry's acquaintance at that time, although I saw him frequently. He appeared to me to be always intensely busy about something, and had a preoccupied air.

At the beginning of his junior year he

did not return, and as his brother was also absent for a while I lost track of him. I next met him at Worcester, at a house where I was visiting, and where he had called to borrow a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. I found that he wanted to consult the article on Music, and especially the mathematical portion, and that in regard to everything relating to the theory of music he was well informed. He told me that he was studying the subject of organs, and invited me to come and see him at his home, two or three miles from the city. I afterwards made the visit, and on this occasion I referred to our acquaintance in college, and asked him why he left.

"Oh," he replied, "I was there for a temporary purpose only, and having accomplished that I left."

"Well?" said I interrogatively, intimating that I should like to know more.

"Yes," said he, "I will tell you all about it, if you care to listen. The fact is I have a taste, or I might say a natural aptitude, for mechanics, and I thought I should like to do something in a mechanical way which was worth doing. I investigated a good many mechanical pursuits, and I came to the conclusion that organ building was about the most difficult, and therefore the best worth doing, of any.

"Now, you see, to build an organ it is necessary to know a good many things. First of all a man should thoroughly understand the theory of music, and to do that requires a considerable knowledge of mathematics. It was that which took me to college. I did n't care anything about Latin and Greek and other things, but I did want mathematics, and I decided that I could get them in college better than elsewhere; so I fitted for college. Of course I had to study Latin and Greek and other things, but I got the mathematics that I wanted, and although it took a good deal of time, on the whole, I am not sorry. Well, when I had the mathematics, that was all I cared for, and then I left.

"Now, in organ building a good deal of leather is used, and it is necessary to understand something about the tanning and preparation and finish of several different kinds of leather; so I apprenticed myself to a tanner, until I could do a respectable job in tanning and finishing piano leather.

"Also there are the metal pipes. In order

to understand them one must be familiar with certain kinds of metal work: well, I learned that, and then filing, turning, forging, and finishing steel and iron, — in short, the ordinary work of a machinist. I did enough at that to be a respectable workman.

"Next, there is the ivory work: that is a department by itself, and had to be learned; but I had done so many similar things that I found it quite easy. The cabinet work and the other wood work was more of a task; for it is not only necessary to know all about working woods, but one must also know a great deal about the different kinds of wood, — their peculiarities and possibilities. There is more wood about an organ than anything else, and everything depends on the kind, quality, condition, and workmanship of this wood. It took me a long time to master this, although I did not find the mechanical part difficult. There is some of my work. I made everything in that, and he pointed to a highly finished parlor organ which I had already remarked on account of its beauty."

"You made that?" I said, doubtless indicating some surprise.

"Certainly," said he; "why not? I ought to do as good work as another man after having learned the trade. Well," he continued, "to make a rather long story short, I have mastered, I think, what there is to be known in this country about organs. Now I am going abroad to see if they have anything to teach me there, and in twenty-five years from the time I began I expect to be able to make as good an organ as has ever been produced."

The coolness with which he laid out half of an ordinary business life to the purpose of acquiring an art almost took away my breath; but I found that he was perfectly serious. No commercial view seemed to present itself in the matter. His one thought was that he should himself be able to build a perfect organ.

Four or five years later, in 1850, Poole produced his *Enharmonic Organ*, which for a time attracted much attention in musical circles. His own account of it appeared in *Silliman's Journal of Science*; and there were several articles in other magazines, and numerous notices in the papers of the time. As nearly as I can recollect, this invention was an attempt to give every scale

perfectly, by having pipes that were accurately tuned for each scale, and machinery so adapted that all the scales could be controlled from one keyboard. B flat and A sharp would no longer be represented by the same sound as they are in the ordinary organ or piano, — which sound is in fact neither B flat nor A sharp, but a compromise between the two, — but each should have its true sound, and so on. Many thoroughly practical and scientific musicians spoke warmly in favor of the new instrument, but after a while the interest died out, and nothing practical came of it. Whether this was because the instrument was too elaborate and complicated for general use, or because no one took up the enterprise in a business way and applied to its furtherance the necessary capital and energy to insure success, I do not know. Perhaps no one does. Probably Poole himself lost his interest in it as soon as he had accomplished what he undertook.

It was about this time that I met him, one day, in the railroad station at New Haven. While we stood talking together, a small bell, perhaps a porter's call or something of the sort, rang out near us rather sharply, but not, to my ear, disagreeably so. Poole jumped as though he had been shot, put both hands to his ears, and looked wistfully at me, as much as to say, Let me know when it stops. I can't take my hands down until I am sure. Then, gradually recovering his equanimity, he said, "Ah! we'll soon put an end to all that sort of thing. No use going through life in agony, when everything can just as well be made pleasant."

"No," said I; "but how do you propose to do it?"

"Simply have all our sounds musical," said he; "easiest thing in the world. That bell, now, might be a source of absolute pleasure instead of throwing people into fits with its horrid din." And he proceeded to give his theory of common concordant sounds which should produce this elysium; but I have forgotten the details.

After this I lost sight of Poole for a good many years. I heard, however, that he was in the city of Mexico, that he had acted as professor (I think of modern languages) in a college there, and that he was pleased with the country. One day, later on, I met him at the Athenæum Library in Boston, and had a talk with him, interesting, in-

tense, and iconoclastic as usual, about Mexico. During the conversation he took from his pocket a handful of brilliant gems, which he was apparently carrying loose with his knife, small change, and other articles. I remember among them some very large and beautiful rubies and emeralds, evidently of great value. Poole immediately went off into a dissertation on gems. Each kind had its history, and each individual stone its biography. He made it all very interesting. I referred to his old interest in music. "Oh," he said, with a far-away, dreamy look, "I had forgotten about that; so I had. How long ago it seems!"

That was the last time I saw him. A few years ago, a friend of mine was about visiting Mexico, and upon his asking me if I knew any one there, I gave him a letter to Poole, knowing no special address, nor even if he were still there. My friend told me afterwards that he found him without difficulty. He was living by himself with a housekeeper and servant (he never married) in a small house with a considerable yard, surrounded by a high wall, and guarded by a number of dogs. At first there appeared to be some doubt about the visitor being allowed to enter, but he was finally admitted. The style of living, although perhaps not uncomfortable, seemed, to an American eye, very careless and helter-skelter. My letter was presented, but Poole was apparently not quite sure that he had ever heard of me. He said, however, that he had known and forgotten so many people that one more or less made no difference, and he began talking immediately on Mexican affairs, showing much more interest in them than in anything that was happening at his old home.

This was the last, I think, that I heard of him, until I saw the notice of his death; but he was so full of resource and genius and a certain kind of energy that one cannot help wishing to know more of a life that must have been, to say the least, very picturesque.

— It is generally admitted that a Modern Dogberry, the salient types of humanity, simple, sublime, or grotesque, as delineated by the great universal writers, are always reappearing on the scene. Sometimes, indeed, they turn up with the identical words in their mouths which were given them to say by the masters of fiction. For instance,

I am almost ready to give deposition that Dogberry but lately has been seen in the flesh : in official character a little different from his counterpart in the historic page which all remember ; for this time Dogberry was a young man of Yankee extraction, the conductor of a horse car in the city of New York. We had reached the junction of two lines, and some of the occupants of our car were to be "transferred." Among these was a bewildered old dame, speaking no other word save that she had brought from the Vaterland. Our kind-hearted Dogberry (for kind-hearted he was, be it placed to his credit), after vain endeavors of a verbal character, proceeded to direct his Teutonic passenger by conducting her a few steps towards the cross-town car. In a moment he returned, his honest face reddening with indignation. "If ever I help a woman agin, I'll know it! She did nothin' but call me 'donkey, donkey!'" A passenger suggested that she was thanking him in her own language, but he still maintained his original opinion. "She called me *donkey*, and *don't you forgit it!*" It is safe to say that Dogberry is still "donkey" to those who listened to his asseverations, and I have even written him down so, which is no less in keeping with his own injunction than with that of his ancient prototype.

Russian-Eng-lish. — The experience meeting which the Club held last month on the problems of translation has set me to thinking of the difficulties which confront the translator from the Russian. Whether or not we wholly accept Shakespeare's dictum that

"There is no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face,"

there are yet some of us who deduce for ourselves the axiom that the mind's construction betrays itself fairly well through the tongue. Every sentence which reaches our ears furnishes us with circumstantial evidence, through its tone, construction, and pronunciation, of many facts concerning not only the speaker, but his whole nation.

No prose writer, assuredly, has ever known the heart-secrets of his own tongue more thoroughly than Turgeneff. Almost the last words he wrote confirm this view as to the revelatory character of language. "In days when doubt and boding thoughts as to the fate of my fatherland oppress me," he cries, with his customary sadness,

"thou alone art my staff, my support, O thou great, true, and free Russian language! It is impossible that such a speech should have been bestowed on any but a great people." We may omit the opinions as to the physiognomy of language uttered by competent judges of other lands, since our interest lies, for the present, solely with Russia.

Probably no one more fully appreciates this eulogy than he who attempts to do justice to Russian masterpieces of literature in translation. He recalls the miracle of tongues at Pentecost, and begins to wonder whether the marvel was not wrought in the atmosphere or upon the ears of the hearers rather than in the tongues of the Apostles, and whether he can be as successful as the medium which was so potent on that occasion in conveying words and thought.

For, in truth, it is much the same sort of miracle which the translator is called upon to work at the present day. The thoughts of great speakers must pass through him to hearers of another land or time. In him they must be so transmuted that not alone may every man hear them in that tongue wherein he was born, but he must also be almost persuaded that they were originally written therein.

If it be objected that the translator's work generally appeals to the eye rather than to the ear, as this theory demands, the answer is simple: the eye not only hears every word that it reads in a language with which it is acquainted, but tries to fix a sound upon every foreign word whose letters it can decipher. Assuming that the translator's mind, the medium through which the speaker reaches his hearers, is more tangible than the wonder-working medium on Pentecost, it is well to define its form. The translator's mind is a prism. Its three sides are formed by the three possible manners of reproducing the light which it has received. First, the translator may reproduce it crudely by translating literally, school-boy fashion. The result is apt to be both awkward and ridiculous, nay, even misleading, like the child's "cow's buttons" for *boutons de vache*. Second, he may use perfect freedom, in the style chiefly prescribed as an antidote to the preceding. It is the favorite French method, and, like the first, is also popular

with heedless zealots of inaccurate knowledge. It is a covert insult to the reader, since it assumes that he is incapable of comprehending any style, idea, or vocabulary but that of the machine-made novel; and it is an open insult to the author, who is thus rebuked and martyred by the pen of the uncritical and inartistic executioner. The American translation, through the French, of Count Tolstoy's *My Religion* furnishes an instance. How many readers suspect that the *twice* or *thrice* mentioned "Sea of Galilee" really represents the author's *Galilee*, French *Galilée*? Third, he can resort to the alternative which we may call picturesque literalness, which is an art. The higher types of the first two methods may, at times, be applied to other languages without the results proving too disastrous; but the picturesquely literal process is the only one which can be used with any justice or effect in translating Russian. Pray, do not fail to observe that my mind and Goethe's, as set forth by Mr. Andrews, have been working independently on parallel lines.

In this modern Pentecost the translator-prism is not called upon to decompose the ray of white light which enters him into colors, — say, red, French, violet, Spanish, green, English, and golden, Italian. That is the philologist's task. But what is demanded of him is really more difficult. He must decompose and recombine the white ray within himself, and send it forth uncolored by himself, as white as when he received it, but alive with all the possibilities of color. He must be like a pure block of Iceland spar, — he must allow the object to be seen perfectly through him, and he must also produce a copy essentially indistinguishable from the original. How is this to be accomplished without the gift of a sixth sense? As a matter of fact, the intuition which is almost equivalent to a sixth sense is as characteristic of philologists and of first-class translators as it is of composers and first-class musicians.

In no case, among European languages at least, is this intuitive sense, which expresses itself in picturesque literalness, more requisite than in an attempt to translate Russian. In French, Italian, Spanish, one can dash along, with constant suggestions as to the proper word furnished by the text. The customs and the spirit of the

countries are well known. The question of construction is practically non-existent. In German all the above is true except as to construction; and there the translator actually receives valuable hints as to novelty and ingenuity, especially in poetry. In Russian hardly any of this holds good. A sort of reversed construction often adds piquancy or force to the original, but this is lost in the transfer. Russian is generally, but erroneously believed to be harsh. In reality, this Italian of the North is so soft that strangers find it difficult to pronounce, on account of the harshness of their own consonants and of their tongues in general. Hence the English translator encounters a sonorousness and melody which he is reluctantly forced to omit from prose, and which constitutes his despair in attempts to render poetry and blank verse.

Moreover, the delicate shadings of the language are as elusive and indescribable as the exquisite opaline tints of a June midnight in Petersburg. Verbal forms are differentiated until they remind one of Hudibras's controversialists, who could "split a hair 'twixt south and southwest side." Tenses are used out of time; endless diminutives discriminate between the fine gradations of approbation, love, respect, friendship, scorn, worthlessness; augmentatives, somewhat less numerous, indicate degrees of superiority, admiration, depreciation. Untranslatable words, syllables, letters, are thrown in with no aim save euphony or added intensity in some direction, and shift position, force, and sense at the will of the speaker. Racy turns of speech, as witty and apposite as those of Sancho Panza, abound. Add to this that the point of view is different from the Anglo-Saxon, and that one must possess, if not a practical, certainly a sympathetic and intuitive appreciation of it, as well as of utterly unfamiliar ceremonies and customs, if one is to render thoroughly characteristic passages, not to mention the general tone conveyed by constantly occurring delicate national touches. Evidently, this difficulty, entering into the spirit of the country, constitutes one half of the problem, which is equally important with the half presented by the peculiarities of the language, and its tense, terse, grammatical forms.



Comedy of the Custom House. — There is no place in the world where human nature is so thoroughly human or so purely natural as on the New York docks, when a great steamer load of returning travelers is being put through the *peine forte et dure* of the United States custom house. Everybody is striving to play a part, to assume an air of indifference which he does not feel, and of innocence which he knows to be fallacious; and, like Mrs. Browning's Masker, everybody betrays too plainly in his "smiling face" and "jesting bold" the anxiety that preys upon his vitals. Packed snugly away in that wilderness of trunks and boxes are hundreds, nay, thousands, of pretty trifles, which it is the painful duty of every man, and the proud ambition of every woman, to carry in unscathed and undetected. The frank, shameless delight which a woman takes in smuggling has long puzzled the male moralist, who, following the intricacies of the feminine conscience, can find no satisfactory explanation of this by-path. He cannot bring her to understand why, when she has purchased and paid for an article, it should not be hers to take where she likes, to deal with as she pleases; and a dozen discourses on political economy and the laws of nations leave her unshaken in this simple and primitive conception. As the English are said to argue best in platoons, so a woman argues best in action; and, while her husband or brother is proving to her in the clearest possible fashion that a high protective tariff is a blessing to the land, she is assiduously storing away embroidered table covers, and silk stockings, and silver spoons, and tortoise-shell combs, and tiny jeweled pins, and bits of frail Venetian glass, wherever her practiced eye tells her they will best escape detection. In the abstract, of course, dear Edwin is right, — he always is, — but she is far too busy with her task to enter into abstractions just now. Whatever mental subtlety she possesses is reserved for a much more important ordeal, — that of getting clear with a clean conscience from the searching questions of the inspector. "When I am asked if I have any presents I always answer no," said a devout, church-going woman to me one day, "because I do not consider them presents until I give them away."

<sup>1</sup> The Rivals, Act I, Scene 2.

A Little Case of Borrowing. — It always seems a very shabby thing to show, or try to show, where a famous author obtained some of his most brilliant ideas; but the hunting instinct which is in every man will not let him rest until he has brought down some tangible result as his prey. Though it is but seldom that such a hunter finds every one agreeing that his game is worth the chase, even a few followers will keep up his spirits. For example, there is hardly a better known character in English literature than Mrs. Malaprop, and it seems a little cruel for any one to say that her delightful errors of speech were copied from another character of fiction, but this I think I can show.

Frances Chamberlaine Sheridan was the talented mother of a still more talented son, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Among other things she wrote a comedy called *A Journey to Bath*, which has never been acted or published. It is now reposing, in an incomplete state, among the Sheridan papers in the British Museum. Whether or not it was ever finished is not known with certainty, but Mr. Edward Scott, the Keeper of the Manuscripts, thinks Sheridan destroyed the later acts after making use of them for *The Rivals*, and holds that he was justified in doing this because the play was his by inheritance at his mother's death, which occurred in 1766. On the other hand, Mrs. Alicia Lefanu, a granddaughter of Mrs. Sheridan, in her life of that most interesting lady, thinks the play was left unfinished. Thus we have two opinions. It was Mr. Scott who, years ago, when young in the service of the department of which he is now head, discovered that "Sheridan had undoubtedly taken his character of Mrs. Malaprop from his mother's character of Mrs. Tryfort."

Of course, the most striking thing about Mrs. Malaprop is her misuse of words, and we find this characteristic in Mrs. Tryfort, but not so strongly accentuated, for she can say some things correctly. This is very strong evidence, and is of much greater importance than the resemblances of action, which might be accidental. In one place<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Malaprop says that she would not have a daughter of hers "to be a *progeny* of learning." Mrs. Tryfort declares<sup>2</sup> that Lord Stewkly, who is after her daughter's

<sup>2</sup> *A Journey to Bath*, Act II, Scene 2.

fortune, "is a perfect *progeny*." A little further on in the same speech<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Malaprop, in describing her supposititious daughter's curriculum of study, says she would have her instructed in geometry, "that she might know something of the *contagious* countries." Mrs. Tryfort, again<sup>2</sup> eulogizing Lord Stewkly, says, "Oh, if you were to hear him describe *contagious* countries as I have done." In another place<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Malaprop orders Lydia Languish "to *illiterate* him [Ensign Beverly], I say, quite from your memory." Mrs. Tryfort misuses the same word, though in a different sense, when she describes<sup>4</sup> Lord Stewkly as taking "as much pains to teach my Lucy and make her *illiterate* as if he were actually her master." In Mrs. Malaprop's note to Sir Lucius O'Trigger<sup>5</sup> she says, "Female *punctuation* forbids me to say more." We do not find Mrs. Tryfort getting quite so far astray as this, for she says *punctuality*, which is a little bit nearer punctiliousness. "I know nothing of him, Sir Jonathan. Do you think Miss Tryfort does not understand *punctuality* better than to go into corners with young fellows?"<sup>6</sup>

These are all the verbal similarities between the two characters, and they seem to show that, if Sheridan did not have the play before him when he wrote *The Rivals*, he at least remembered something about it. Mrs. Tryfort and Mrs. Malaprop are also alike in becoming fascinated by the men who are after their wards' fortunes, namely, Lord Stewkly and Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

But a piece of indirect evidence shows that Sheridan must have modeled Mrs. Malaprop from Mrs. Tryfort, and this is a speech of Sir Lucius O'Trigger's which is taken almost directly from *A Journey to Bath*. In the challenge scene of *The Rivals* Sir Lucius says to Bob Acres, "Ah, my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the old O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room; every one of whom had killed his man! . . . For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank Heaven our honour and the family-pictures are as fresh as ever."<sup>7</sup> In *A Journey to Bath* Sir Jeremy Bull is talking to his nephew, Ed-

ward, and Lady Filmot, who is an adventuress trying to trap Edward into marriage. He says, "If I had your ladyship at Bull-hall, I could shew you a line of ancestry that would convince you we are not a people of yesterday. Ed. Pray Uncle how came it you never shewed them to me? Sir Jer. Why the land and the mansion-house has slipped thro' our fingers boy; but thank heaven the family pictures are still extant."<sup>8</sup> All these resemblances seem to give ground for a belief that Sheridan made use of his mother's play, not necessarily directly, but that he had read it, and thought some of its portions worth repeating.

We must not blame Richard too severely for borrowing ideas from his mother, for she set him the example when she took the idea of Mrs. Tryfort from Lady Wishfort, a character in Congreve's *Way of the World*. Mark the similarity of their names, Wishfort and Tryfort. We wish-for-it, and then try-for-it. There is nothing in the dialogue which is directly borrowed, but the same pompous style and misuse of words are to be seen in both characters. Here are some of Lady Wishfort's speeches: "Nothing is more alluring than a levee from a couch in some confusion." "Dear Cousin Witwould, get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably." "I have an affair of moment that invades me with some precipitation: you will oblige me to all futurity." "I fear I shall turn to stone and petrify incessantly." "Unbend the severity of decorum." "Prone to any iteration of nuptials." So says Mrs. Malaprop's grandmother, and we see that the inheritance, instead of becoming weaker, has been growing stronger and more marked in the successive generations. The lack of verbal repetitions renders it improbable that Mrs. Sheridan actually copied from the *Way of the World*, but the resemblance of the characters and their manner of speech seem to show that Mrs. Sheridan was indebted to Mr. Congreve for her idea of Mrs. Tryfort. So we see that lovely old Mrs. Malaprop, who has been dear to us from childhood, and who always will find a place in the hearts of English people, has to share some of the honors of her posi-

<sup>1</sup> *The Rivals*, Act I., Scene 2.

<sup>2</sup> *A Journey to Bath*, Act III., Scene 3.

<sup>3</sup> *The Rivals*, Act I., Scene 2.

<sup>4</sup> *A Journey to Bath*, Act II., Scene 2.

<sup>5</sup> *The Rivals*, Act II., Scene 2.

<sup>6</sup> *A Journey to Bath*, Act III., Scene 13.

<sup>7</sup> *The Rivals*, Act III., Scene 4.

<sup>8</sup> *A Journey to Bath*, Act III., Scene 11.

tion with her predecessors, since they have rightly established their claims to relationship.

The Day of Small Kindnesses. — Perhaps I should not have reached my present views regarding a little matter of social ethics if I had attained the mental status enabling me to overlook the whole subject in the largest possible way. If my individual ambition were greater, my aims in life more distinct and unswerving, my habits of industry more confirmed, why, then (so I am assured by impartial observers) I should not allow myself to frequently be so diverted by what appear to me precious opportunities to serve my friends in deferring to their pleasure and comfort in little things! "Why do you go with A— when you do not care to go yourself? It is sheer idleness on your part to lend yourself to everybody's whim, and fritter away your time, when you might better serve your friends by refusing to be interrupted, and by going steadily on about your own proper work." My censor spoke with great earnestness. She may have been entirely right, yet it still seemed to me that I should prefer to be of service to my friends in numberless small, casual, but endearing instances, rather than in that remote altruism dependent upon the consummation of the lofty aims of the individual Ego. Moreover, I could but reflect that, had the very interruption so disapproved of by my censor come through herself, my thriftless compliance would have had a less culpable complexion.

It is common enough for people to express surprise that you should go out of your way to give others small pleasures, free oblations of invaluable minutes, patient ear to confidences not concerning yourself (and perhaps not vitally concerning those reposing them). At the same time, the objectors to such frivolous ministrations on your own part do not cease taking great pains to gratify their own desires in trifles. Their dinner (when and what), a comfortable bed, the choicest ingle-nook, a taste for sweets, a crotchet for some particular article of dress,—these are not matters of no consideration where they themselves are concerned. Now, I grant it may be somewhat senilely good-natured, even partly selfish, to potter about with a view to making people comfortable by gratifying their

small wants and whims; but why, then, take so much anxious thought for one's self in the same trivial matters? To seek one's own creature comfort cannot be a pursuit more worthy than to have regard for another's. But grant that in either case the pursuit is ignoble, obliterating our view of spiritual issues: then it is high time that human nature should be disciplined to do without its childish indulgences; and discipline, like charity, is well begun at home. So why should I lose sight of spiritual issues (to say nothing of this world's affairs of pith and moment) by disturbing myself to find the easiest of easy-chairs, or to open my mouth when the *bonne bouche* is about to be dropped, or otherwise to have so tender a forethought with regard to such unimportant small kindnesses towards myself?

Word-Shadows. — If shadows of material objects are grotesque, even more so are the shadows cast by words from fairly educated lips into the minds of almost totally ignorant people. Display in utterance of these quaint word-shadows, if one may so call them, makes dialect.

This grotesquerie, this quaint transformation of something well known, real, and admirable into something queer, fanciful, and awkward, yet bearing resemblance to the fair formation it shadows, gives to dialect writing and to dialect speech that piquant flavor that all the world favors. Especially is this true of that lately full fashionable style of literary production, song and story, in negro dialect. The words of our language that enter the mind of the old-time negro have indeed found their way into a dusky realm. Here is with us a race which has wholly forgotten its own language, or whatever methods of communication it made use of in its African home. The language of an utterly diverse race it must perforce employ, since it has lost the tongue of its own people. Into the minds of the individuals of this race, a people hardly a century out of barbarism, the light of civilization shines with dazzling effect. The language they must use is the growth of centuries of civilization, its roots reaching to even older civilizations, its branches grafted with luxuriant word-growth of almost every nation on earth. It is little wonder that this language of ours assumes in these startled brains most fanci-

lief shapes. To take down some of these shadowy effects, with our language for cause, would be to make a dialect dictionary, a glossary of plantation *patois*, a work for which, happily, there is now no need. But an effort to show a few of these vague, dusky shapes that our words take on may not be wholly uninteresting.

See, for instance, how our simple word "fertilizer" becomes on the tongue of an old darky gardener "pudlie." A giant is dubbed a "high-jinted man." A maid who will prove obedient to orders is described as an "orderly gal." A piece of ground that shows a bad yield of cotton or corn is called "fairy lan'." Farming in the mouth of a negro laborer is "crapping." The favorite food of the cotton-field hand, the food he cannot live without, the strengthening bread made from corn meal, has its expressive name, "John Constant." Wheat bread, a rare treat to the field hand, is "Billy Seldom." Bacon has its name, "Ole Ned." The best field laborer is the "lead hoe hand." To quit work for the day is to "lay by." To rise early to go to the field is "ter be in patch by hour by sun." An early breakfast is "a soon brekkus." Our word "accuse"—alas! one the negro often has occasion to use—is "'scuse." There are too few of the race who have not been, at some time or other, "'scuse of a pig," "'scuse of a cow," "'scuse of cotton-pickin' by night," "'scuse of a pa'r shoes," and so on down a long list of material and tempting articles.

The quaint technical phrases that the negroes make use of in their business talk are innumerable. To be ready to hire for a cook is to be "des on han' ter jump in de cook-pot." In ironing, to leave a cluster of wrinkles on the garment in hand is to put "cat-faces" on it. To wash only for visitors to a town or village is to "des only take in trans' washin'." To take day boarders is to take "transoms." To say that one is obliged to turn a hand to anything is to say, "Ever' little drug dere is, I hatter wag it."

A half-starved calf is a "calf dat's been whipped wid de churn-dasher." A good ploughman is a "noble plough han'." Rich land is "strong ground." To keep down grass is to "fight wid Gen'l Green."

To leave the technicalities for generali-

ties, we find that any matter that is but ill adjusted is a matter "squowow;" ill adjusted in a lesser degree is "weewow." A well-arranged matter is pronounced all "commojious,"—a shadow of our word "commodious." A matter well accomplished is "essentially done;" as, for instance, "When she cooks, she des essentially cooks good." A person fit to adorn wealth is a "high-minded person," or "big-minded," or "great-minded." A wealthy person is one "stout in worldly goods." A proud person is an "umptious somebody." One who is only proud enough is "proud to de ikle." One who is slightly petted by good Dame Fortune is "des pettish." To be in trouble or distress is to "walk on de wearried line." To live easily and happily is to live "jobly and wid pleadjure." To be ill is to "have a misery." To be quite well is to be "des sorter tollerble." Entertaining conversation becomes in that shadow-language "mock-in'-bird talk." A girl who loves to stay at home, what the poets would call "a home-keeping heart," becomes a "homely gal;" keeping for the word its English meaning, not its American perversion.

A queer gamut of color they run in their descriptions of their race: "a dark man," "a bright man," "a light gal," "a mustee 'oman," "a gingerbread boy," "a honey-colored lady."

Entering the mystic world, we find that a ghost is "a hant." Magic, black art, becomes "conjure;" the accent on the first syllable. Entering the world of song, we find that all lively lyrics are "sinner-songs," or "reels," or "corn-hollers," "jump-up-songs," or "chunes dat skip wid de banjo." Religious songs are "member-songs" or "hymn-chunes." Long chants are "spirituelles."

The dweller in the realm of negro religious beliefs and forms of worship endows our language with meanings entirely new to our experience. Not to be a church member is to be "settin' on de sinner-seat," "still in de open fiel'," "drinkin' de cup er damnation," and many other such phrases. To enter the church is to "jine de band," to "take up de cup er salvation," to "git a seat wid de members," to "be gethered in," to "put on a shine-line gyarment," and so on *ad infinitum*.

